To

Her Darley Jones

from his

loving Nana

Paris Christmas 1893

The Camelot Series.

Edited by Ernest Rhys.

ENGLISH FAIRY AND OTHER FOLK TALES.

ENGLISH FAIRY AND OTHER FOLK TALES. SELECTED AND EDITED, WITH AN INTRODUCTION, BY EDWIN SIDNEY HARTLAND.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE following collection of English Folk Tales does not pretend to be more than a presentation, in a more or less literary form, of a few of the traditional stories, formerly no doubt rife in this country, but now fast disappearing under the stress of modern life. The reader will of course miss many of those with which he has always been familiar—many for which the term Fairy Tale has always seemed to him to have a special connotation. One of the reasons for this is that several of such tales are not of true native growth, but were introduced from France by means of the chap-book translations to which I shall have occasion to refer presently. Another reason is to be found in the complaint recently made by a distinguished writer that a good version of his old favourite, Jack the Giant-Killer, was hard to procure. I have indeed ventured to include a version of this particular tale, though it can by no means be denied that time and circumstances have dealt hardly with it, as with many like it. The story bears marks of the weathering

of ages, and can no longer be given with its details as clear and sharply cut as are those of corresponding stories in other countries. Nay, even many of its outlines are broken and destroyed: it is but a poor maimed thing, and, what is worse, it is by no means solitary in its ruin.

This blurring of detail and destruction of outline, moreover, only repeats within the limits of the individual story what has been going on with every class of traditions. Whole stories have disappeared, and are disappearing from day to day. In England and in Scotland we have perhaps managed to keep specimens of every kind of traditional narrative; but from Wales one entire class—and that one of the most important—has vanished utterly. The different fates of English and Welsh folk tales lead us so far beyond commonplace generalities about the decay of tradition, that I am tempted to spend a few words upon them. In doing so it will be needful first of all to explain that Tales or Traditional Narratives are capable of being divided into at least five classes—namely, Sagas, Nursery Tales, Drolls, Apologues, and Cumulative Tales. Beast Tales may perhaps be added as a sixth class; but most of the examples can be assigned places in one or other of the classes previously named. I will not trouble the reader with a definition of all these classes: it is only necessary for my purpose to explain the first two.

A Saga is a traditional narrative which is believed to be true, and which relates to some definite human person who is held to have really lived, or to some definite locality, or to the power and deeds of some deity or other supernatural being or race of beings. Frequently the human person, the definite locality, and the supernatural beings are all brought together into one Saga; more usually two only of these elements. But in any case it is essential that the people by or among whom the story is told should have faith in the veritable occurrence of the events related. A Nursery Tale, or *Märchen* (to use the simpler German name), on the other hand, is not believed as an actual narrative of fact. Its hero is quite unknown to history: its scene is not laid at any special place or period. "Once upon a time, in a certain town or village," is a sufficient description of place and period for the obscure son of a nameless poor widow. Occasionally, it is true, names are fitted to persons and localities. But they are selected at random; and we hear of Scotland, Norway, France, or Spain, and their kings, not because it is intended to make any assertion concerning those realms and their monarchs to which our credence is asked, but simply to assist the imagination in following the flight of the tale. A Nursery Tale is, like a Saga, a narrative which, for want of a better word, and as opposed to Drolls, or comic tales, we must call

serious; it usually deals with the supernatural, and its termination is invariably fortunate: Jack *must* marry the princess, and Cinderella the prince, at last. As its name implies, it is a tale told to children.

A considerable number of English and Welsh folk tales have been collected and written down. But whereas Nursery Tales, or *Märchen*, form a large proportion of the stories found in other countries, those recorded in England are very few, while it is a remarkable fact that not a single *märchen* has been discovered in Wales. By far the greatest number of English and Welsh stories are Sagas. The connection between Sagas and Nursery Tales is very close, in spite of the substantial distinction laid down above. Indeed, so nearly are they related that the same story is frequently told in one place as a Saga about a well-known man, or locality, and in another as a Nursery Tale, without any greater claim upon belief as an account of actual events than the fable of the Fox and the Grapes. Many of the *märchen* of foreign nations assume in this country the form of sagas. What the exact relationship is between these two classes of stories has not yet been determined. Did all these traditional narratives exist first as Sagas? and did men in the process of time, and in the course of their tribal wanderings, forget the persons and the periods and the places to which properly belonged the incidents they remembered,

and continue to relate those incidents apart from the names and other particulars? Or were Nursery Tales the first slow growths of human fancy? and after they had been floating about on the waves of speech for awhile, did they one after another anchor themselves at different spots and upon various human and superhuman personalities, and thus obtain more or less credit as facts? Or again, are Sagas and *Märchen* independent, but similar, growths, assuming the one form in one set of circumstances, and the other in a different set? The present state of our knowledge does not admit of a definite answer to these questions. Their solution, if it is ever to be attained, must be wrought out in detail by tracing the history of each story separately. But the determination of the relations of Saga and *Märchen* is not necessary for the consideration of the present problem; for in any case it is quite clear that both kinds of tradition are of immemorial antiquity. Not only do we find them both fully developed among distant savages, such as the Hottentots and the American Indians, whose grade of civilisation the Aryan races had passed and left behind long ere the dawn of history, but the ancient Egyptians have bequeathed to us stories of the same kind in manuscripts computed by scholars to be at least five thousand years old. And it is quite inconceivable that the Welsh alone of all the earth were destitute of nursery tales. Moreover,

the form and incidents of more than one of the famous Mabinogion in the Red Book of Hergest are such as to render it highly probable that they have been evolved from *märchen*. It is equally inconceivable that the Anglo-Saxon race, which produced Beowulf, the Robin Hood ballads, and Chevy Chase, to say nothing of the masterpieces of imaginative literature whose authors we know, should have been poor in those stories which earliest feed the fancy of the child. Why then have these *märchen* disappeared?

We can only reply by conjecture. But it must be observed, in the first place, that sagas, by their very nature as pretending to record actual events, have a greater chance of life than stories told only for amusement, and *that* chiefly the amusement of children. Grown-up men and women forget the latter, or become ashamed of them, and try to believe that they have forgotten them, while they still accept and gravely repeat the former. These they tell to travellers, who write them down for the information of more advanced or more inquisitive peoples. Credulous chroniclers weave them into their narratives as authentic history. Preachers discourse on them at large; and moralists, or simply gossiping writers of anecdotes, use them to illustrate some laboured theme, or drag them in for their very strangeness. In all these ways English and Welsh sagas have become preserved in the amber of litera-

ture; and poets, enraptured with their beauty, have rendered many of them imperishable as the mind of man. But to the nursery tale, as such, these avenues of transmission are closed. The continuance of its existence depends upon its popularity with successive generations of mothers and children. If anything occur to diminish or destroy its popularity, it fades out of memory and is no more. True, its separate incidents, or the more striking of them, may retain an independent life by virtue of their hold on the collective imagination of the race. They may be taken up into sagas, or even into other *märchen*, or transformed into drolls; but the tale of which they originally were part vanishes.

Now, could we suppose that by some means a whole cycle of nursery tales should lose its popularity and thus be lost, we should have exactly the state of things we actually find in Wales, and to a somewhat less extent in England, and perhaps the Lowlands of Scotland. Every other European country possesses an ample store of these narratives; but few have been recorded in the Scottish Lowlands, fewer still in England, and none at all in Wales. It may of course be said that they have not been sought for. Because they are mostly recounted for the enjoyment of children, who, as they advance in years, outgrow the infantine condition of thought which delights in them, they are less easy of collection. Adults who have not really

forgotten them do not care to repeat them except to their children; and strangers who do not specially seek them, and *that* with very great tact, do not hear them. It is no uncommon thing for even an experienced collector of folktales to meet with much difficulty in obtaining *märchen.* Although he may find persons willing to communicate their traditional lore, he will not easily make them understand that he can attach any importance to nursery tales, and when he succeeds in doing this his story-tellers will simply suppose that he wants to hear them in order to turn them into ridicule, and will consequently pretend not to know any. It requires, therefore, much patience to extract them, and frequently they are only discovered by accident. Yet, when all this is taken into account, if the Welsh have any *märchen* remaining, it is at least odd that none of them have been recorded. We are accordingly driven upon the supposition that they are lost; and in looking for a cause we must not omit from our consideration the partial loss of similar traditions among the English and Scotch. If we can find a cause sufficiently strong common to all three nations, and not operating, or not operating with anything like the same power, among the other European peoples, we shall probably be right in assigning that as the true cause. This is an historical enquiry which cannot be more than summarised here.

A reason which would occur to most readers is the spread of education. Scotland, since the days of John Knox, has been covered with a noble network of schools, wherein Scottish boys at all events have got the rudiments of literary learning. In England, notwithstanding many valuable foundations, education, even of an elementary kind, has been greatly restricted until the last few years. Yet throughout the country such knowledge as existed among the unlettered classes has been effectual to the destruction of most of the native *märchen* in a somewhat curious manner. Perrault's tales, which achieved in France a popularity so sudden and complete at the end of the seventeenth century, were translated into English, and speedily appeared in the form of chap-books with gaudy covers and coarse woodcuts. These were disseminated far and wide; and Cinderella, Bluebeard, and the rest we know so well, like the young cuckoo in a sparrow's nest, seem to have ousted the proper brood. But in Wales the difference of tongue would have prevented the irruption of these foreign stories. Schools were not absolutely non-existent, but they were very few and poor; and we cannot lay to their charge the loss of nursery tales. It must be due, therefore, to some other cause, much wider, much more powerful. I find such a cause in the Evangelical Protestantism which has so largely prevailed, not only in the Principality, but also in Scotland and

England. Sternly monotheistic, its heroes, and they have been many, have never been exalted into demi-gods, like the saints of the mediæval Church. Severer in its repression of much of the gaiety of life than any other religion influential in Europe, it has frowned upon all imagination except that of a strictly theological cast; and it has substituted for the idle tales of tradition the more edifying and veracious histories of Noah, Jacob, and Samson. This is a process which has been going on in England and Scotland since the Reformation. In the latter kingdom it was perhaps weakened by the cessation of active religious propagandism down to the early years of the present century, owing to the almost entire absence of Nonconformity. In England, where Nonconformity has always existed, the process has been continuously more or less active, and doubtless under its influence the obliteration of *märchen* from the popular memory had already begun before the introduction of the translations from Perrault's work. Since the Act of Uniformity, Wales, too, has never been without Nonconformists; but, especially in North Wales, their numbers were insignificant until the rise of Methodism under the preaching of Howel Harries and his coadjutors. At that time a religious revival similar to, but proportionately much greater than, that which was taking place in England shook the Principality from end to end. It had an

immediate and important effect on the manners of all but the highest classes. Nor was it only the manners which were affected. It is no exaggeration to say that the whole current of a nation's thoughts was changed. Sermons were substituted for football, and religious meetings for drunken bouts. Those who could read read the Bible to their neighbours; spiritual concerns drew men together and formed the staple subject of their talk. Nor was this a passing phase. The clergy, a great number of whom, intruded into their cures from England, were utterly ignorant of the language, cared not for the salvation of souls. Their duties were performed in the most perfunctory manner; and they gladly escaped from the pulpit to the alehouse, from sacred rite to rustic sport. Harries, Williams, and Rowlands, the fathers of the Welsh Methodist revival, were men of another type. Sabbath-breaking, drunkenness, and swearing they could not away with; and dancing and the village games seemed scarcely less evil to them, in the face of the awful realities of life and death. They could not afford to let their converts slip back into these sinful practices; and they accordingly formed them everywhere into societies whose moral code, as well as their orthodoxy, was of the narrowest and most rigid description. Their teaching and example quickened the faltering faith of kindred religious bodies, and assured the overwhelming predominance

of Protestant Nonconformity. In England, Whitfield, Wesley, and the other leaders of the evangelical movement were actuated by the same lofty motives and pursued the same policy, though with more partial success. The general result was beyond all question beneficial. Apart from the effect for which these earnest men looked and prayed—namely, the salvation of souls—civilisation made a great stride. Open immorality was suppressed; brutalising sports, such as cock-fighting, and other sorts of ruffianism, were discountenanced. Men began to have ideals of which not physical, but moral and spiritual, force was the distinctive mark.

In such a movement it was inevitable that many of the old popular traditions should be crushed. The heart of the movement was the Bible; and the enthusiasm of the early Christians against classic heathenism seemed to be revived and directed against everything which did not savour of the Bible and things divine. The ignorance which had hitherto enwrapped the peasantry began to be lifted; but the light that fell upon them was only that of theological speculation and Scripture narrative. A careful quest among the writings of the Fathers of Methodism—perhaps of other Dissenters—would probably reveal condemnation repeatedly directed against lewd songs and "old wives' fables." The tendency at any rate of their teaching is unmistakable. But we must not

forget that they themselves were extremely credulous. John Wesley's diary teems with ghost stories, stories of miraculous interpositions of Providence, and so forth, in all of which he placed the most implicit faith. His fellow-workers, both in England and Wales, were to the full as trustful. Hence they would readily accept some sorts of folk-tales. Nay, the imagination would be quickened in certain directions under the influence of powerful religious emotion; and sagas of corpse-candles and of evil spirits, whether ghost or devil, would become doubly dreadful. But stories untouched by the prevailing impulse, or which afforded no arguments in favour of a preacher's doctrine, would naturally recede from view and be lost; while if any were condemned as idle or sinful they would cease to be repeated by those who attached any importance to the condemnation. Now, nursery tales are treasured chiefly by women, for to their lot it usually falls to narrate them to their little charges. But women are peculiarly susceptible to religious feelings; and if such stories were obnoxious to those whom they were accustomed to reverence as spiritual guides, there can be little doubt what the result would be.

The influence of such teaching would last as long as the religious belief which called it forth retained any hold upon the popular mind; and its prohibitions would be extended to every sort of fiction, though

they might be modified in course of time. Within my own knowledge, however, and doubtless within the recollection of many of my readers, in England the narration of nursery tales to children has been discouraged, and, in some cases, forbidden, for reasons in no wise differing from those I have indicated. This is a subject on which no statistics can be made available; but I suspect that these objections to *märchen* have been very widespread. And they have been unquestionably reinforced by the discoveries of the past century in physical science and by the popularisation of knowledge. For many years the voice of well-meaning persons has been heard in the land exhorting mothers to feed their babes on the milk of science and the bread of fact, and not to fill young minds with fairy tales which are not true and can do no good to them. It is a matter of thankfulness that these tedious beings are no longer listened to as they were a generation ago, and that they scarcely penetrated into Wales or into the remote country districts of England and Scotland. Children there were always bred up on stories from the Bible and sagas of elves and goblins, ghosts and corpse-candles. *Facts* such as these (and they were all looked upon as equally authentic) cultivated the imagination, and thus preserved for us many precious fragments of old-world thought.

To the foregoing reasons must be attributed, I

think, the large preponderance of sagas among the folktales of this country. A collection like the present, though it aims to be representative, may perhaps be found to contain a proportion of sagas great even beyond the proportion of such tales actually extant. For not only does its plan exclude the familiar adaptations of nursery tales from Perrault and other French collections, but sagas are in themselves of greater interest than any other class of folktales except *märchen*, and are therefore more frequently the subjects of literary reproduction. Probably, however, none but scientific students will be concerned with the disproportion here hinted at; and, after all, it may be replied that this volume is not intended—mainly, at all events—for them. It is addressed rather to readers whose interest has yet to be enlisted in the fairy tales of science—of that science which is the Science of Fairy Tales. For such readers a few of the traditions of their fatherland may perhaps be found a not inappropriate introduction.

That which is chiefly interesting in all these stories is the question of their real origin and meaning. There are some readers who, though not scientific students, cannot be satisfied without some sort of an explanation, some "philosophy," as they are pleased to term it, of the stories. To such I might recommend the plan adopted by several of the philosophers of antiquity, and weighted amongst moderns by the

authority of the great writer of *The Instauration of the Sciences*. It is also the plan of the monkish compilers of the *Gesta Romanorum*, who fitted their stories with long-winded "applications," as if they were expositions of moral and theological truth, veiled by parable. The advantage of this mode of exposition is that you are not at all concerned with what the people who first told the story meant, or how they came to tell it. All that need be done is to consider how you can exhibit your own ingenuity by reading into the tale any meaning—preferably an ethical one—that may happen to suit your taste. Those who have the privilege of listening to the sermons of some theologians know the process.

Theorists like Professor Max Müller and his disciples cannot be put on even terms with clever people of this kind, because they profess to tell just what the others do not trouble about—namely, the origin and true meaning of these tales. It does, however, seem a pity they should hamper themselves by assuming such a regard for facts. For in truth they have a fine imagination, and it would be difficult to find in recent English literature more picturesque, more glowing passages than are to be met with in descriptions of the sun-hero or the dawn-maiden and their various adventures, as seen through the spectacles of the Aryan philologists.

He must be hard to please who cannot content

himself with one or other of these modes of interpretation: he can deserve nothing better than to be condemned to seek truth by the hard and pitiless process of scientific investigation. That is what real students of folk-lore are doing. Discarding ethical and literary prejudices, they strive first of all to track custom, superstition, tale, or song back to its earliest form and to discover its analogues wherever they can find them. Next, they inquire what interpretation, if any, do the people among whom the custom, the superstition, the tale, or the song is rife put on it; what is their habit of thought, degree of civilisation, previous history; and what can we learn by comparing the customs, superstitions, etc., of nations in a similar condition. In these inquiries special stress is laid on the principle that Tradition is one and indivisible. Custom cannot be studied apart from superstition, nor superstition from tale or song. All are inseparably connected, for all go to form one whole, which is the general body of culture possessed by a nation, or, as it may happen, by a given class within a nation. No doubt this is very laborious, very dry perchance, when contrasted with the methods expounded in *The Wisdom of the Ancients* and *The Mythology of the Aryan Nations.* But how fruitful of results has it been! In the hands of men like Tylor, Maclennan, Lang, and Gomme, it has taught us more about the real thoughts and practices, not

merely of savage tribes, but of our own forefathers, than we ever knew before. We are learning gradually what kind of men our forefathers were, how they really looked at the world, what was their social and economic organisation, what were their religious beliefs, and in what manner all these have been gradually modified and developed, or else have dwindled and decayed, down to the present time. The fairy tales now presented to the reader are survivals from a period when the supernatural beings therein depicted, and the wonderful powers wielded either by them or by mortals, were a vital part of the belief, and exercised daily and hourly influence on the sayings and doings, of everybody—even as similar creeds do on the barbarous tribes in every quarter of the globe to-day. They were part and parcel of a social and intellectual condition which has passed, or is rapidly passing, away everywhere. But behind this social and intellectual condition our inquiries are leading us to the psychological problems involved. Why did men believe in witchcraft and totems, fairies and giants, gods and devils? Why did they practise animal, and even human sacrifice, the couvade, infant baptism, initiatory rites on attaining manhood? What is the meaning of their funeral ceremonies? of their marriage laws? of the extraordinary variety of regulations affecting social intercourse? What mode of reasoning drew them to

these and a thousand other beliefs and practices? and why were they led to these rather than to quite different ones?

Here I can do no more than indicate in this feeble and general way the vastness and fruitfulness of the field laid open by the scientific method of investigation of the phenomena of Tradition. To attempt an answer to these questions is not my present task. If I have succeeded in awakening the reader's interest in the subject, the writings of the distinguished men just referred to, and of other anthropologists, and the works issued by the Folk-lore Society, will not fail to reward him with that true pleasure which the really earnest and scientific study of any subject always gives. And that is, above all, the pleasure that he who has once tasted it must wish for every one whom he desires to benefit.

I have to acknowledge with many thanks the kind permission given me by the Council of the Folk-lore Society to include several stories from volumes of their publications, and the very ready courtesy of Messrs. Chatto & Windus, to whom I am indebted for liberty to make numerous extracts from the late Mr. R. Hunt's *Popular Romances of the West of England.* That book is by far the fullest collection of English traditions; and although the author thought it necessary to give a literary clothing to his tales, they may nevertheless be regarded as in their

main lines genuine. The *Popular Romances* has indeed long been recognised as invaluable to the student, and full of interest and amusement to all. It would also be unpardonable if I failed to mention the generous interest taken in this volume by Miss Burne, the enthusiastic author of *Shropshire Folk-lore*, and queen of English folk-lore collectors. To her I owe several valuable suggestions, as well as some of the best stories. I have also to thank Messrs. Geo. Bell & Sons for their hearty response to my application to be allowed to make such large use of Keightley's *Fairy Mythology;* Mr. Merton C. Thoms and the Right Hon. Sir Chas. W. Dilke, Bart., for permission to insert stories from *Choice Notes;* and Mr. Joseph Cowen for a similar permission in regard to the *Monthly Chronicle of North-Country Lore and Legend.* No greater service could be rendered to students than to compile a continuation of *Choice Notes* from the folk-lore lying scattered about the pages of the second and subsequent series of *Notes and Queries.* Can not some one be found with sufficient energy and love for the science to do it?

BARNWOOD COURT, GLOUCESTER,
1st March 1890.

ENGLISH FAIRY AND OTHER FOLK TALES.

NURSERY TALES.

English Folk and Fairy Tales.

NURSERY TALES.

JACK THE GIANT-KILLER.[1]

In the reign of King Arthur, there lived in the county of Cornwall, near the Land's End of England, a wealthy farmer who had one only son called Jack. He was brisk and of a ready lively wit, so that whatever he could not perform by force and strength he completed by ingenious wit and policy. Never was any person heard of that could worst him, and he very often even baffled the learned by his sharp and ready invention.

. . . . . .

In those days the Mount of Cornwall was kept by a huge and monstrous giant of eighteen feet in height, and about three yards in compass, of a fierce and grim countenance, the terror of all the neighbouring towns and villages. He lived in a cave in the midst of the Mount, and would not suffer any one else to live near him. His food was other men's cattle, which often became his prey, for whensoever he wanted food he would wade

[1] Collated from sundry Chap-books. (Newcastle-on-Tyne, 1711-1835.)

over to the main-land, where he would furnish himself with whatever came in his way. The good folk, at his approach, forsook their habitations, while he seized on their cattle, making nothing of carrying half-a-dozen oxen on his back at a time; and as for their sheep and hogs, he would tie them round his waist like a bunch of bandeleirs. This course he had followed for many years, so that all Cornwall was impoverished by his depredations.

One day Jack, happening to be present at the town hall when the magistrates were sitting in council about the giant, asked what reward would be given to the person who destroyed him. The giant's treasure, they said, was the recompense. Quoth Jack, "Then let me undertake it."

So he furnished himself with a horn, shovel, and pickaxe, and went over to the Mount in the beginning of a dark winter's evening, when he fell to work, and before morning had dug a pit twenty-two feet deep, and nearly as broad, covering it over with long sticks and straw. Then strewing a little mould upon it, it appeared like plain ground. This completed, Jack placed himself on the contrary side of the pit, fartherest from the giant's lodging, and, just at the break of day, he put the horn to his mouth, and blew, Tantivy, Tantivy. This unexpected noise aroused the giant, who rushed from his cave, crying: "You incorrigible villain, are you come here to disturb my rest? You shall pay dearly for this. Satisfaction I will have, and this it shall be, I will take you whole and broil you for breakfast," which he had no sooner uttered, than tumbling into the pit, he made the very foundations of the Mount to shake. "Oh, giant," quoth Jack, "where are you now? Oh faith, you are gotten now into Lob's Pound, where I will surely plague you for your threatening words: what do you think now of broiling me for your breakfast? Will

no other diet serve you but poor Jack?" Thus having tantalised the giant for a while, he gave him a most weighty knock with his pickaxe on the very crown of his head, and killed him on the spot.

This done, Jack filled up the pit with earth, and went to search the cave, which he found contained much treasure. When the magistrates heard of this, they made a declaration he should henceforth be termed Jack the Giant-Killer, and presented him with a sword and an embroidered belt, on which were written these words in letters of gold—

> "Here's the right valiant Cornish man,
> Who slew the giant Cormelian."

The news of Jack's victory soon spread over all the West of England, so that another giant, named Blunderbore, hearing of it, vowed to be revenged on the little hero, if ever it was his fortune to light on him. This giant was the lord of an enchanted castle situated in the midst of a lonesome wood. Now Jack, about four months afterwards, walking near this wood in his journey to Wales, being weary, seated himself near a pleasant fountain and fell fast asleep. While he was enjoying his repose, the giant, coming for water, there discovered him, and knew him to be the far-famed Jack, by the lines written on the belt. Without ado, he took Jack on his shoulders and carried him towards his enchanted castle. Now, as they passed through a thicket, the rustling of the boughs awakened Jack, who was strangely surprised to find himself in the clutches of the giant. His terror was not yet begun, for on entering the castle, he saw the ground strewed with human bones, the giant telling him his own would ere long increase them. After this the giant locked poor Jack in an immense chamber, leaving him there while he went to fetch another giant living in the

same wood to share in Jack's destruction. While he was gone, dreadful shrieks and lamentations affrighted Jack, especially a voice which continually cried—

> "Do what you can to get away,
> Or you'll become the giant's prey;
> He's gone to fetch his brother, who
> Will kill, likewise devour you too."

This dreadful noise had almost distracted Jack, who, going to the window, beheld afar off the two giants coming towards the castle. "Now," quoth Jack to himself, "my death or my deliverance is at hand." Now, there were strong cords in a corner of the room in which Jack was, and two of these he took, and made a strong noose at the end; and while the giants were unlocking the iron gate of the castle he threw the ropes over each of their heads. Then drawing the other ends across a beam, and pulling with all his might, he throttled them. Then, seeing they were black in the face, and sliding down the rope, he came to their heads, when they could not defend themselves, and drawing his sword, slew them both. Then, taking the giant's keys, and unlocking the rooms, he found three fair ladies tied by the hair of their heads, almost starved to death. "Sweet ladies," quoth Jack, "I have destroyed this monster and his brutish brother, and obtained your liberties." This said, he presented them with the keys, and so proceeded on his journey to Wales. Having but little money, Jack found it well to make the best of his way by travelling as fast as he could, but losing his road, he was benighted, and could not get a place of entertainment until, coming into a narrow valley, he found a large house, and by reason of his present needs took courage to knock at the gate. But what was his surprise when there came forth a monstrous giant

with two heads; yet he did not appear so fiery as the others were, for he was a Welsh giant, and what he did was by private and secret malice under the false show of friendship. Jack, having told his condition to the giant, was shown into a bedroom, where, in the dead of night, he heard his host in another apartment muttering these words—

> "Though here you lodge with me this night,
> You shall not see the morning light:
> My club shall dash your brains outright!"

"Say'st thou so," quoth Jack; "that is like one of your Welsh tricks, yet I hope to be cunning enough for you." Then, getting out of bed, he laid a billet in the bed in his stead, and hid himself in a corner of the room. At the dead time of the night in came the Welsh giant, who struck several heavy blows on the bed with his club, thinking he had broken every bone in Jack's skin. The next morning Jack, laughing in his sleeve, gave him hearty thanks for his night's lodging. "How have you rested?" quoth the giant; "did you not feel anything in the night?" "No," quoth Jack, "nothing but a rat, which gave me two or three slaps with her tail." With that, greatly wondering, the giant led Jack to breakfast, bringing him a bowl containing four gallons of hasty pudding. Being loath to let the giant think it too much for him, Jack put a large leather bag under his loose coat, in such a way that he could convey the pudding into it without its being perceived. Then, telling the giant he would show him a trick, taking a knife, Jack ripped open the bag, and out came all the hasty pudding. Whereupon, saying, "Odds splutters, hur can do that trick hurself," the monster took the knife, and ripping open his belly, fell down dead.

Now, it fell in these days that King Arthur's only son requested his father to furnish him with a large sum of money, in order that he might go and seek his fortune in the principality of Wales, where lived a beautiful lady possessed with seven evil spirits. The king did his best to persuade his son from it, but in vain; so at last granted the request, and the prince set out with two horses, one loaded with money, the other for himself to ride upon. Now, after several days' travel, he came to a market-town in Wales, where he beheld a vast concourse of people gathered together. The prince demanded the reason of it, and was told that they had arrested a corpse for several large sums of money which the deceased owed when he died. The prince replied that it was a pity creditors should be so cruel, and said, "Go bury the dead, and let his creditors come to my lodging, and there their debts shall be discharged." They accordingly came, but in such great numbers that before night he had almost left himself moneyless.

Now Jack the Giant-Killer, coming that way, was so taken with the generosity of the prince, that he desired to be his servant. This being agreed upon, the next morning they set forward on their journey together, when, as they were riding out of the town, an old woman called after the prince, saying, "He has owed me twopence these seven years; pray pay me as well as the rest." Putting his hand to his pocket, the prince gave the woman all he had left, so that after their day's refreshment, which cost what small spell Jack had by him, they were without a penny between them. When the sun began to grow low, the king's son said, "Jack, since we have no money, where can we lodge this night?" But Jack replied, "Master, we'll do well enough, for I have an uncle lives within

two miles of this place; he is a huge and monstrous giant with three heads; he'll fight five hundred men in armour, and make them to fly before him." "Alas!" quoth the prince, "what shall we do there? He'll certainly chop us up at a mouthful. Nay, we are scarce enough to fill one of his hollow teeth!" "It is no matter for that," quoth Jack; "I myself will go before and prepare the way for you; therefore tarry and wait till I return." Jack then rode away full speed, and coming to the gate of the castle, he knocked so loud that he made the neighbouring hills resound. The giant roared out at this like thunder, "Who's there?" He was answered, "None but your poor Cousin Jack." Quoth he, "What news with my poor Cousin Jack?" He replied, "Dear uncle, heavy news, God wot!" "Prithee," quoth the giant, "what heavy news can come to me? I am a giant with three heads, and besides thou knowest I can fight five hundred men in armour, and make them fly like chaff before the wind." "Oh, but," quoth Jack, "here's the king's son a-coming with a thousand men in armour to kill you and destroy all that you have!" "Oh, Cousin Jack," said the giant, "this is heavy news indeed! I will immediately run and hide myself, and thou shalt lock, bolt, and bar me in, and keep the keys until the prince is gone." Having secured the giant, Jack fetched his master, when they made themselves heartily merry whilst the poor giant laid trembling in a vault under the ground.

Early in the morning Jack furnished his master with a fresh supply of gold and silver, and then sent him three miles forward on his journey, at which time the prince was pretty well out of the smell of the giant. Jack then returned, and let the giant out of the vault, who asked what he should give him for keeping the castle

from destruction. "Why," quoth Jack, "I desire nothing but the old coat and cap, together with the old rusty sword and slippers which are at your bed's head." Quoth the giant, "Thou shalt have them; and pray keep them for my sake, for they are things of excellent use. The coat will keep you invisible, the cap will furnish you with knowledge, the sword cuts asunder whatever you strike, and the shoes are of extraordinary swiftness. These may be serviceable to you, therefore take them with all my heart." Taking them, Jack thanked his uncle, and then having overtaken his master, they quickly arrived at the house of the lady the prince sought, who, finding the prince to be a suitor, prepared a splendid banquet for him. After the repast was concluded, she wiped his mouth with a handkerchief, saying, "You must show me that handkerchief to-morrow morning, or else you will lose your head." With that she put it in her bosom. The prince went to bed in great sorrow, but Jack's cap of knowledge instructed him how it was to be obtained. In the middle of the night she called upon her familiar spirit to carry her to Lucifer. But Jack put on his coat of darkness and his shoes of swiftness, and was there as soon as her. When she entered the place of the evil one, she gave the handkerchief to old Lucifer, who laid it upon a shelf, whence Jack took it and brought it to his master, who showed it to the lady the next day, and so saved his life. On that day, she saluted the prince, telling him he must show her the lips to-morrow morning that she kissed last night, or lose his head. "Ah," he replied, "if you kiss none but mine, I will." "That is neither here nor there," said she; "if you do not, death's your portion!" At midnight she went as before, and was angry with old Lucifer for letting the handkerchief go. "But now," quoth she, "I

will be too hard for the king's son, for I will kiss thee, and he is to show me thy lips." Which she did, and Jack, who was standing by, cut off the devil's head and brought it under his invisible coat to his master, who the next morning pulled it out by the horns before the lady. Thus broke, the enchantment and the evil spirit left her, and she appeared in all her beauty. They were married the next morning, and soon after went to the court of King Arthur, where Jack, for his many great exploits, was made one of the Knights of the Round Table.

Having been successful in all his undertakings, Jack resolved not to remain idle, but to perform what services he could for the honour of his king and country, and besought King Arthur to fit him out with a horse and money to enable him to travel in search of strange and new adventures. "For," said he, "there are many giants yet living in the remotest part of Wales, to the unspeakable damage of your majesty's liege subjects; wherefore, may it please you to encourage me, I do not doubt but in a short time to cut them off root and branch, and so rid all the realm of those giants and monsters of nature." When the king had heard this noble request, he furnished Jack with all necessaries, and Jack started on his pursuit, taking with him the cap of knowledge, sword of sharpness, shoes of swiftness, and invisible coat, the better to complete the dangerous enterprises which now lay before him.

Jack travelled over vast hills and wonderful mountains, and on the third day came to a large wood, which he had no sooner entered than he heard dreadful shrieks and cries. Casting his eyes round, he beheld with terror a huge giant dragging along a fair lady and a knight by the hair of their heads, with as much ease as if they had been a pair of gloves. At this sight Jack shed tears of pity, and then,

alighting from his horse, he put on his invisible coat, and taking with him his sword of sharpness, at length with a swinging stroke cut off both the giant's legs below the knee, so that his fall made the trees to tremble. At this the courteous knight and his fair lady, after returning Jack their hearty thanks, invited him home, there to refresh his strength after the frightful encounter, and receive some ample reward for his good services. But Jack vowed he would not rest until he had found out the giant's den. The knight, hearing this, was very sorrowful, and replied, "Noble stranger, it is too much to run a second risk; this monster lived in a den under yonder mountain, with a brother more fierce and fiery than himself. Therefore, if you should go thither, and perish in the attempt, it would be a heart-breaking to me and my lady. Let me persuade you to go with us, and desist from any further pursuit." "Nay," quoth Jack, "were there twenty, not one should escape my fury. But when I have finished my task, I will come and pay my respects to you."

Jack had not ridden more than a mile and a half, when the cave mentioned by the knight appeared to view, near the entrance of which he beheld the giant sitting upon a block of timber, with a knotted iron club by his side, waiting, as he supposed, for his brother's return with his barbarous prey. His goggle eyes were like flames of fire, his countenance grim and ugly, and his cheeks like a couple of large flitches of bacon, while the bristles of his beard resembled rods of iron wire, and the locks that hung down upon his brawny shoulders were like curled snakes or hissing adders. Jack alighted from his horse, and, putting on the coat of darkness, approached near the giant, and said softly, "Oh! are you there? It will not be long ere I shall take you fast by the beard." The giant all this while could not

see him, on account of his invisible coat, so that Jack, coming up close to the monster, struck a blow with his sword at his head, but, missing his aim, he cut off the nose instead. At this, the giant roared like claps of thunder, and began to lay about him with his iron club like one stark mad. But Jack, running behind, drove his sword up to the hilt in the giant's back, which caused him to fall down dead. This done, Jack cut off the giant's head, and sent it, with his brother's head also, to King Arthur, by a waggoner he hired for that purpose.

Jack now resolved to enter the giants' cave in search of his treasure, and, passing along through a great many windings and turnings, he came at length to a large room paved with freestone, at the upper end of which was a boiling caldron, and on the right hand a large table, at which the giants used to dine. Then he came to a window, barred with iron, through which he looked and beheld a vast of miserable captives, who, seeing him, cried out, "Alas! young man, art thou come to be one amongst us in this miserable den?" "Ay," quoth Jack, "but pray tell me what is the meaning of your captivity?" "We are kept here," said one, "till such time as the giants have a wish to feast, and then the fattest among us is slaughtered! And many are the times they have dined upon murdered men!" "Say you so," quoth Jack, and straightway unlocked the gate and let them free, who all rejoiced like condemned malefactors at sight of a reprieve. Then searching the giants' coffers, he shared the gold and silver equally amongst them.

It was about sunrise the next day when Jack, after seeing the captives on their way to their respective places of abode, mounted his horse to proceed on his journey, and, by the help of his directions, reached the knight's house about

noon. He was received here with all demonstrations of joy by the knight and his lady, who in an honourable respect to Jack prepared a feast which lasted many days, all the gentry in the neighbourhood being of the company. The worthy knight was likewise pleased to present him with a beautiful ring, on which was engraved a picture of the giant dragging the distressed knight and his lady, with this motto—

> "We are in sad distress, you see,
> Under a giant's fierce command,
> But gain our lives and liberty
> By valiant Jack's victorious hand."

But in the midst of all this mirth a messenger brought the dismal tidings that one Thunderdell, a giant with two heads, having heard of the death of his two kinsmen, came from the northern dales to be revenged on Jack, and was within a mile of the knight's seat, the country people flying before him like chaff. But Jack was no whit daunted, and said, "Let him come! I have a tool to pick his teeth; and you, ladies and gentlemen, walk but forth into the garden, and you shall witness this giant Thunderdell's death and destruction."

The situation of this knight's house was in the midst of a small island encompassed with a moat thirty feet deep and twenty feet wide, over which lay a drawbridge. Wherefore Jack employed men to cut through this bridge on both sides, nearly to the middle; and then, dressing himself in his invisible coat, he marched against the giant with his sword of sharpness. Although the giant could not see Jack, he smelt his approach, and cried out in these words—

"Fee, fi, fo, fum!
I smell the blood of an English man!
Be he alive or be he dead,
I'll grind his bones to make me bread!"

"Say'st thou so," said Jack; "then thou art a monstrous miller indeed." At which the giant cried out again, "Art thou that villain who killed my kinsmen? Then I will tear thee with my teeth, suck thy blood, and grind thy bones to powder." "You will catch me first," quoth Jack, and throwing off his invisible coat, so that the giant might see him, and putting on his shoes of sharpness, he ran from the giant, who followed like a walking castle, so that the very foundations of the earth seemed to shake at every step. Jack led him a long dance, in order that the gentlemen and ladies might see; and at last, to end the matter, ran lightly over the drawbridge, the giant, in full speed, pursuing him with his club. Then, coming to the middle of the bridge, the giant's great weight broke it down, and he tumbled headlong into the water, where he rolled and wallowed like a whale. Jack, standing by the moat, laughed at him all the while; but though the giant foamed to hear him scoff, and plunged from place to place in the moat, yet he could not get out to be revenged. Jack at length got a cart-rope and cast it over the two heads of the giant, and drew him ashore by a team of horses, and then cut off both his heads with his sword of sharpness, and sent them to King Arthur.

After some time spent in mirth and pastime, Jack, taking leave of the knights and ladies, set out for new adventures. Through many woods he passed, and came at length to the foot of a high mountain. Here, late at night, he found a lonesome house, and knocked at the door, which was opened by an ancient man with a head as white as snow. "Father,"

said Jack, "have you entertainment for a benighted traveller that has lost his way?" "Yes," said the old man; "you are right welcome to my poor cottage." Whereupon Jack entered, and down they sat together, and the old man began to discourse as follows:—"Son, I am sensible you are the great conqueror of giants, and behold, my son, on the top of this mountain is an enchanted castle, maintained by a giant named Galligantus, who, by the help of an old conjurer, betrays many knights and ladies into his castle, where by magic art they are transformed into sundry shapes and forms; but, above all, I lament the misfortune of a duke's daughter, whom they fetched from her father's garden, carrying her through the air in a burning chariot drawn by fiery dragons, when they secured her within the castle, and transformed her into the shape of a white hind. And though many knights have tried to break the enchantment, and work her deliverance, yet no one could accomplish it, on account of two dreadful griffins which are placed at the castle gate, and which destroy every one who comes near. But you, my son, being furnished with an invisible coat, may pass by them undiscovered, where on the gates of the castle you will find engraven in large letters by what means the enchantment may be broken." The old man having ended, Jack gave him his hand, and promised that in the morning he would venture his life to free the lady.

In the morning Jack arose and put on his invisible coat and magic cap and shoes, and prepared himself for the enterprise. Now, when he had reached the top of the mountain he soon discovered the two fiery griffins, but passed them without fear, because of his invisible coat. When he had got beyond them, he found upon the gates of the castle a golden trumpet hung by a silver chain, under which these lines were engraved—

"Whoever shall this trumpet blow,
Shall soon the giant overthrow,
And break the black enchantment straight;
So all shall be in happy state."

Jack had no sooner read this but he blew the trumpet, at which the castle trembled to its vast foundations, and the giant and conjurer were in horrid confusion, biting their thumbs and tearing their hair, knowing their wicked reign was at an end. Then the giant stooping to take up his club, Jack at one blow cut off his head; whereupon the conjurer, mounting up into the air, was carried away in a whirlwind. Thus was the enchantment broken, and all the lords and ladies who had so long been transformed into birds and beasts returned to their proper shapes, and the castle vanished away in a cloud of smoke. This being done, the head of Galligantus was likewise, in the accustomed manner, conveyed to the Court of King Arthur, where the very next day, Jack followed, with the knights and ladies who had been so honourably delivered. Whereupon, as a reward for his good services, the king prevailed upon the aforesaid duke to bestow his daughter in marriage on honest Jack. So married they were, and the whole kingdom was filled with joy at the wedding. Furthermore, the king bestowed on Jack a noble habitation, with a very beautiful estate thereto belonging, where he and his lady lived in great joy and happiness all the rest of their days.

THE PRINCESS OF CANTERBURY.[1]

In days of yore, when this country was governed by many kings, among the rest the King of Canterbury had an only daughter, wise, fair, and beautiful. The king issued a decree that whoever would watch one night with his daughter, and neither sleep nor slumber, should have her the next day in marriage; but if he did either he should lose his head. Many knights and squires attempted it, but ended in losing their lives.

Now it happened, a young shepherd, grazing his flock near the road, said to his master, "Zur, I zee many gentlemen ride to the Court at Canterbury, but I ne'er see 'em return again." "Oh, shepherd," said his master, "I know not how you should, for they attempt to watch with the king's daughter, according to the decree, and not performing it, they are all beheaded." "Well," said the shepherd, "I'll try my vorton; zo now vor a king's daughter or a headless shepherd!" And taking his bottle and bag, he trudged to Court. Now, in his way he was to cross a river, over which lay a plank, and down he sits and pulls off his shoes and stockings to wash his feet. While he was doing this a fish came biting his toes, and he caught it and put it in his bag. After this, came a second, and a third, and a fourth; which he put in his bag likewise, and then pursued his journey. When he came to the palace he knocked at the

[1] From *The History of the Four Kings of Canterbury, Colchester, Cornwall, and Cumberland, their Queens and Daughters.* Chap-book, Falkirk, 1823.

gate loudly with his crook, and having told his business, was conducted to a hall, where the king's daughter sat ready to receive him, while the better to lull his senses, he was placed in a rich chair, and wines and fine dishes of fruit and meat were set before him. Of these the shepherd ate and drank plentifully, so that he began to slumber before midnight. "O shepherd," said the lady, "I have caught you napping!" "Noa, sweet ally, I was busy a-feeshing." "A-fishing!" said the princess in the utmost astonishment. "Nay, shepherd, there is no fish-pond in the hall." "No matter vor that, I have been feeshing in my bag." "Oh me!" said she, "have you caught one?" Thereupon the shepherd slyly drew the fish out of his bag, at sight of which she was greatly pleased, and praised it for a pretty fish, and said, "Dear shepherd, do you think you could catch one in mine too?" He replied, "Mayhap I may, when I have baited my hook." Then he did as before, and brought out another, which the princess also extolled as ten times finer, and then gave him leave to go to sleep, promising to excuse him to her father.

In the morning the king came to the hall, with his headsman, as usual, but the princess cried out, "Here is no work for you." "How so," said the king, "has he neither slumbered nor slept?" "No," said the princess, "he has been fishing in the hall all night." When the king heard this and saw the fish, he asked him to catch one in his own bag. The shepherd then bade the king lie down, and having another fish ready, and giving the king a prick with a packing needle, he drew out the fish and showed it to his majesty. The king said he never knew such fishing before. "However," said he, "take my daughter according to my royal decree." So the wedding was kept in great triumph, and the poor shepherd became a king's son.

THE PRINCESS OF COLCHESTER.[1]

Long before Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table, there reigned in the eastern part of England a king who kept his Court at Colchester. He was witty, strong, and valiant, by which means he subdued his enemies abroad, and planted peace among his subjects at home. Nevertheless, in the midst of all his glory, his queen died, leaving behind her an only daughter, about fifteen years of age. This lady, from her courtly carriage, beauty, and affability, was the wonder of all that knew her. But as covetousness is the root of all evil, so it happened here. The king, hearing of a lady who had likewise an only daughter, for the sake of her riches, had a mind to marry her, and though she was old, ugly, hook-nosed, and hump-backed, yet all this could not deter him from doing so. Her daughter was a yellow dowdy, full of envy and ill-nature; and, in short, was much of the same mould as her mother. This signified nothing, for in a few weeks the king, attended by the nobility and gentry, brought his deformed bride to his palace, where the marriage rites were performed. They had not been long in the court before they set the king against his own beautiful daughter, which was done by false reports and accusations. The young princess, having lost her father's love, grew weary of the court, and one day,

[1] From *The History of the Four Kings of Canterbury, Colchester, Cornwall, and Cumberland, their Queens and Daughters.* Chap-book, Falkirk, 1823.

meeting with her father in the garden, she desired him, with tears in her eyes, to give her a small subsistence, and she would go and seek her fortune; to which the king consented, and ordered her mother-in-law to make up a small sum according to her discretion. She went to the queen, who gave her a canvas bag of brown bread and hard cheese, with a bottle of beer; though this was but a very pitiful dowry for a king's daughter. She took it, returned thanks, and proceeded on her journey, passing through groves, woods, and valleys, till at length she saw an old man sitting on a stone at the mouth of a cave, who said, "Good morrow, fair maiden, whither away so fast?" "Aged father," says she, "I am going to seek my fortune." "What hast thou in thy bag and bottle?" "In my bag I have got bread and cheese, and in my bottle good small beer. Will you please to partake of either?" "Yes," said he, "with all my heart." With that the lady pulled out her provisions, and bade him eat and welcome. He did so, and gave her many thanks, saying thus: "There is a thick thorny hedge before you, which will appear impassable, but take this wand in your hand, strike three times, and say, 'Pray, hedge, let me come through,' and it will open immediately; then, a little further, you will find a well; sit down on the brink of it, and there will come up three golden heads, which will speak; and whatever they require, that do." Promising she would, she took her leave of him. Coming to the hedge, and pursuing the old man's directions, it divided, and gave her a passage; then, coming to the well, she had no sooner sat down than a golden head came up singing—

"Wash me, and comb me,
And lay me down softly."

"Yes," said she, and putting forth her hand, with a silver comb performed the office, placing it upon a primrose bank. Then came up a second and a third head, saying the same as the former, which she complied with, and then pulling out her provisions, ate her dinner. Then said the heads one to another, "What shall we do for this lady who hath used us so kindly?" The first said, "I will cause such addition to her beauty as shall charm the most powerful prince in the world." The second said, "I will endow her with such perfume, both in body and breath, as shall far exceed the sweetest flowers." The third said, "My gift shall be none of the least, for, as she is a king's daughter, I'll make her so fortunate that she shall become queen to the greatest prince that reigns." This done, at their request she let them down into the well again, and so proceeded on her journey. She had not travelled long before she saw a king hunting in the park with his nobles. She would have shunned him, but the king, having caught a sight of her, approached, and what with her beauty and perfumed breath, was so powerfully smitten that he was not able to subdue his passion, but proceeded at once to courtship, and after some embraces gained her love, and, bringing her to his palace, caused her to be clothed in the most magnificent manner.

This being ended, and the king finding that she was the King of Colchester's daughter, ordered some chariots to be got ready, that he might pay the king a visit. The chariot in which the king and queen rode was adorned with rich ornamental gems of gold. The king, her father, was at first astonished that his daughter had been so fortunate as she was, till the young king made him sensible of all that happened. Great was the joy at court amongst all, with the exception of the queen and her club-footed daughter,

who were ready to burst with malice, and envied her happiness; and the greater was their madness because she was now above them all. Great rejoicings, with feasting and dancing, continued many days. Then at length, with the dowry her father gave her, they returned home.

The hump-backed sister-in-law, perceiving that her sister was so happy in seeking her fortune, would needs do the same; so, disclosing her mind to her mother, all preparations were made, and she was furnished not only with rich apparel, but sugar, almonds, and sweetmeats, in great quantities, and a large bottle of Malaga sack. Thus provided, she went the same road as her sister; and coming near the cave, the old man said, "Young woman, whither so fast?" "What is that to you?" said she. "Then," said he, "what have you in your bag and bottle?" She answered, "Good things, which you shall not be troubled with." "Won't you give me some?" said he. "No, not a bit, nor a drop, unless it would choke you." The old man frowned, saying, "Evil fortune attend thee!" Going on, she came to the hedge, through which she espied a gap, and thought to pass through it; but, going in, the hedge closed, and the thorns ran into her flesh, so that it was with great difficulty that she got out. Being now in a bloody condition, she searched for water to wash herself, and, looking round, she saw the well. She sat down on the brink of it, and one of the heads came up, saying, "Wash me, comb me, and lay me down softly," as before, but she banged it with her bottle, saying, "Take this for your washing." So the second and third heads came up, and met with no better treatment than the first; whereupon the heads consulted among themselves what evils to plague her with for such usage. The first said, "Let her be struck with leprosy in her face." The second, "Let an additional

stink be added to her breath." The third bestowed on her for a husband but a poor country cobbler. This done, she goes on till she came to a town, and it being market-day, the people looked at her, and, seeing such a mangy face, all fled but a poor country cobbler, who not long before had mended the shoes of an old hermit, who, having no money, gave him a box of ointment for the cure of the leprosy, and a bottle of spirits for a stinking breath. Now the cobbler, having a mind to do an act of charity, was induced to go up to her and ask her who she was.

"I am," said she, "the King of Colchester's daughter-in-law." "Well," said the cobbler, "if I restore you to your natural complexion, and make a sound cure both in face and breath, will you in reward take me for a husband?" "Yes, friend," replied she; "with all my heart!" With this the cobbler applied the remedies, and they worked the effect in a few weeks; after which they were married, and so set forward for the Court at Colchester. When the queen understood she had married nothing but a poor cobbler, she fell into distraction, and hanged herself in wrath. The death of the queen pleased the king, who was glad to be rid of her so soon, and he gave the cobbler a hundred pounds to quit the Court with his lady, and take her to a remote part of the kingdom, where he lived many years mending shoes, his wife spinning thread.

MR. FOX.[1]

ONCE upon a time there was a young lady called Lady Mary, who had two brothers. One summer they all three went to a country seat of theirs, which they had not before visited. Among the other gentry in the neighbourhood who came to see them was a Mr. Fox, a bachelor, with whom they, particularly the young lady, were much pleased. He used often to dine with them, and frequently invited Lady Mary to come and see his house. One day that her brothers were absent elsewhere, and she had nothing better to do, she determined to go thither, and accordingly set out unattended. When she arrived at the house and knocked at the door, no one answered.

At length she opened it and went in; over the portal of the door was written—

"Be bold, be bold, but not too bold."

She advanced; over the staircase was the same inscription. She went up; over the entrance of a gallery, the same again. Still she went on, and over the door of a chamber found written—

"Be bold, be bold, but not too bold,
Lest that your heart's blood should run cold!"

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[1] Malone's *Shakspeare* (1821), vol. vii. p. 163. See note at end of story.

She opened it; it was full of skeletons and tubs of blood. She retreated in haste, and, coming downstairs, saw from a window Mr. Fox advancing towards the house with a drawn sword in one hand, while with the other he dragged along a young lady by her hair. Lady Mary had just time to slip down and hide herself under the stairs before Mr. Fox and his victim arrived at the foot of them. As he pulled the young lady upstairs, she caught hold of one of the bannisters with her hand, on which was a rich bracelet. Mr. Fox cut it off with his sword. The hand and bracelet fell into Lady Mary's lap, who then contrived to escape unobserved, and got safe home to her brothers' house.

A few days afterwards Mr. Fox came to dine with them as usual. After dinner the guests began to amuse each other with extraordinary anecdotes, and Lady Mary said she would relate to them a remarkable dream she had lately had. I dreamt, said she, that as you, Mr. Fox, had often invited me to your house, I would go there one morning. When I came to the house I knocked at the door, but no one answered. When I opened the door, over the hall I saw written, "Be bold, be bold, but not too bold." But, said she, turning to Mr. Fox, and smiling, "It is not so, nor it was not so." Then she pursued the rest of the story, concluding at every turn with, "It is not so, nor it was not so," till she came to the room full of skeletons, when Mr. Fox took up the burden of the tale, and said—

> "It is not so, nor it was not so,
> And God forbid it should be so!"—

which he continued to repeat at every subsequent turn of the dreadful story, till she came to the circumstance of his cutting off the young lady's hand, when, upon his saying, as usual—

"It is not so, nor it was not so,
And God forbid it should be so!"—[1]

Lady Mary retorts by saying—

"But it is so, and it was so,
And here the hand I have to show!"—

at the same moment producing the hand and bracelet from her lap, whereupon the guests drew their swords, and instantly cut Mr. Fox into a thousand pieces.

[1] This story was contributed to Malone's *Shakspeare* by Blakeway, in elucidation of Benedict's speech in "Much Ado about Nothing," Act i., Scene 1—"Like the old tale, my Lord: it is not so, nor 'twas not so; but indeed, God forbid it should be so!" Blakeway adds that this is evidently an allusion to the tale of "Mr. Fox," "which Shakspeare may have heard, as I have, related by a great-aunt, in childhood."

"TOM TIT TOT."[1]

Once upon a time there were a woman, and she baked five pies. And when they come out of the oven, they was that overbaked the crust were too hard to eat. So she says to her darter:

"Maw'r,"[2] says she, "put you them there pies on the shelf, an' leave 'em there a little, an' they'll come again."—She meant, you know, the crust 'ud get soft.

But the gal, she says to herself: "Well, if they'll come agin, I'll ate 'em now." And she set to work and ate 'em all, first and last.

Well, come supper-time the woman she said: "Goo you, and git one o' them there pies. I dare say they've come agin now."

The gal she went an' she looked, and there warn't nothin' but the dishes. So back she come and says she: "Noo, they ain't come agin."

"Not none on 'em?" says the mother.

"Not none on 'em," says she.

[1] *Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. vii. p. 138, quoted by Mr. Edward Clodd from an old number of the *Ipswich Journal*.

[2] "Mawther," remarks J. G. Nall in his *Glossary of the Dialect and Provincialisms of East Anglia* (Longman, 1866), "is the most curious word in the East Anglian vocabulary. A woman and her *mawther* means a woman and her daughter." The word is without doubt derived from the same root as "maid" and cognate words, upon which cf. Skeat's *Etymol. Dictionary*, *s. v.*

"Well, come agin, or not come agin," says the woman, "I'll ha' one for supper."

"But you can't, if they ain't come," says the gal.

"But I can," says she. "Goo you, and bring the best of 'em."

"Best or worst," says the gal, "I've ate 'em all, and you can't ha' one till that's come agin."

Well, the woman she were wholly bate, and she took her spinnin' to the door to spin, and as she span she sang:

"My darter ha' ate five, five pies to-day.
My darter ha' ate five, five pies to-day."

The king he were a comin' down the street, an' he hard her sing, but what she sang he couldn't hare, so he stopped and said:

"What were that you was a singun of, maw'r?"

The woman she were ashamed to let him hare what her darter had been a doin', so she sang, 'stids o' that:

"My darter ha' spun five, five skeins to-day.
My darter ha' spun five, five skeins to-day."

"S'ars o' mine!" said the king, "I never heerd tell of any one as could do that."

Then he said: "Look you here, I want a wife, and I'll marry your darter. But look you here," says he, "'leven months out o' the year she shall have all the vittles she likes to eat, and all the gownds she likes to git, and all the cumpny she likes to hev; but the last month o' the year she'll ha' to spin five skeins iv'ry day, an' if she doon't, I shall kill her."

"All right," says the woman; for she thowt what a grand marriage that was. And as for them five skeins, when te

come tew, there'd be plenty o' ways of gettin' out of it, and likeliest, he'd ha' forgot about it.

Well, so they was married. An' for 'leven months the gal had all the vittles she liked to ate, and all the gownds she liked to git, an' all the cumpny she liked to hev.

But when the time was gettin' oover, she began to think about them there skeins an' to wonder if he had 'em in mind. But not one word did he say about 'em, an' she whoolly thowt he'd forgot 'em.

Howsivir, the last day o' the last month he takes her to a room she'd niver set eyes on afore. There worn't nothing in it but a spinnin'-wheel and a stool. An' says he: "Now, my dear, hare yow'll be shut in to-morrow with some vittles and some flax, and if you hain't spun five skeins by the night, yar hid 'll goo off."

An' awa' he went about his business.

Well, she were that frightened, she'd allus been such a gatless mawther, that she didn't so much as know how to spin, an' what were she to dew to-morrer, with no one to come nigh her to help her. She sat down on a stool in the kitchen, and lork! how she did cry!

Howsivir, all on a sudden she hard a sort of a knockin' low down on the door. She upped and oped it, an' what should she see but a small little black thing with a long tail. That looked up at her right kewrious, an' that said:

"What are yew a cryin' for?"

"Wha's that to yew?" says she.

"Niver yew mind," that said, "but tell me what you're a cryin' for."

"That oon't dew me noo good if I dew," says she.

"Yew doon't know that," that said, an' twirled that's tail round.

"Well," says she, "that oon't dew no harm, if that doon't

dew no good," and she upped and told about the pies, an' the skeins, an' everything.

"This is what I'll dew," says the little black thing, "I'll come to yar winder iv'ry mornin' an' take the flax an' bring it spun at night."

"What's your pay?" says she.

That looked out o' the corner o' that's eyes, an' that said: "I'll give you three guesses every night to guess my name, an' if you hain't guessed it afore the month's up, yew shall be mine."

Well, she thowt she'd be sure to guess that's name afore the month was up. "All right," says she, "I agree."

"All right," that says, an' lork! how that twirled that's tail.

Well, the next day, her husband he took her inter the room, an' there was the flax an' the day's vittles.

"Now there's the flax," says he, "an' if that ain't spun up this night, off goo yar hid." An' then he went out an' locked the door.

He'd hardly goon when there was a knockin' agin the winder.

She upped and she oped it, and there sure enough was the little oo'd thing a settin' on the ledge.

"Where's the flax?" says he.

"Here te be," says she. And she gonned it to him.

Well, come the evenin' a knockin' come agin to the winder. She upped an' she oped it, and there were the little oo'd thing with five skeins of flax on his arm.

"Here te be," says he, an' he gonned it to her.

"Now, what's my name?" says he.

"What, is that Bill?" says she.

"Noo, that ain't," says he, an' he twirled his tail.

"Is that Ned?" says she.

"Noo, that ain't," says he, an' he twirled his tail.

"Well, is that Mark?" says she.

"Noo, that ain't," says he, an' he twirled his tail harder, an' awa' he flew.

Well, when har husban' he come in, there was the five skeins riddy for him. "I see I shorn't hev for to kill you to-night, me dare," says he; "yew'll hev yar vittles and yar flax in the mornin'," says he, an' away he goes.

Well, ivery day the flax an' the vittles they was browt, an' ivery day that there little black impet used for to come mornins and evenins. An' all the day the mawther she set a tryin' fur to think of names to say to it when te come at night. But she niver hot on the right one. An' as that got to-warts the ind o' the month, the impet that began for to look soo maliceful, an' that twirled that's tail faster an' faster each time she gave a guess.

At last te came to the last day but one. The impet that come at night along o' the five skeins, and that said:

"What, ain't yew got my name yet?"

"Is that Nicodemus?" says she.

"Noo, t'ain't," that says.

"Is that Sammle?" says she.

"Noo, t'ain't," that says.

"A-well, is that Methusalem?" says she.

"Noo, t'ain't that norther," that says.

Then that looks at her with that's eyes like a cool o' fire, an' that says: "Woman, there's only to-morrer night, an' then yar'll be mine!" An' away te flew.

Well, she felt that horrud. Howsomediver, she hard the king a comin' along the passage. In he came, an' when he see the five skeins, he says, says he:

"Well, me dare," says he. "I don't see but what yew'll ha' your skeins ready to-morrer night as well, an' as I reckon

I shorn't ha' to kill you, I'll ha' supper in here to-night." So they brought supper, an' another stool for him, and down the tew they sat.

Well, he hadn't eat but a mouthful or so, when he stops an' begins to laugh.

"What is it?" says she.

"A-why," says he, "I was out a huntin' to-day, an' I got away to a place in the wood I'd never seen afore. An' there was an old chalk-pit. An' I heerd a sort of a hummin', kind o'. So I got off my hobby, an' I went right quiet to the pit, an' I looked down. Well, what should there be but the funniest little black thing yew iver set eyes on. An' what was that a dewin' on, but that had a little spinnin'-wheel, an' that were a spinnin' wonnerful fast, an' a twirlin' that's tail. An' as that span, that sang:

"'Nimmy nimmy not
My name's Tom Tit Tot.'"

Well, when the mawther heerd this, she fared as if she could ha' jumped outer her skin for joy, but she di'n't say a word.

Next day that there little thing looked soo maliceful when he come for the flax. An' when night came, she heerd that a knockin' agin the winder panes. She oped the winder, an' that come right in on the ledge. That were grinnin' from are to are, an' Oo! tha's tail were twirlin' round so fast.

"What's my name?" that says, as that gonned her the skeins.

"Is that Solomon?" she says, pretendin' to be afeard.

"Noo, t'ain't," that says, an' that come fudder inter the room.

"Well, is that Zebedee?" says she agin.

"Noo, t'ain't," says the impet. An' then that laughed an' twirled that's tail till yew cou'n't hardly see it.

"Take time, woman," that says; "next guess, an' you're mine." An' that stretched out that's black hands at her.

Well, she backed a step or two, an' she looked at it, and then she laughed out, an' says she, a pointin' of her finger at it:

"Nimmy nimmy not
Yar name's Tom Tit Tot."

Well, when that hard her, that shruck awful an' awa' that flew into the dark, an' she niver saw it noo more.

JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK.[1]

THERE lived a poor widow, whose cottage stood in a country village, a long distance from London, for many years.

The widow had only a child named Jack, whom she gratified in everything; the consequence of her partiality was, that Jack paid little attention to anything she said; and he was heedelss and extravagant. His follies were not owing to bad disposition, but to his mother never having chided him. As she was not wealthy, and he would not work, she was obliged to support herself and him by selling everything she had. At last nothing remained only a cow.

The widow, with tears in her eyes, could not help reproaching Jack. "Oh! you wicked boy," said she, "by your prodigal course of life you have now brought us both to fall! Heedless, heedless boy! I have not money enough to buy a bit of bread for another day: nothing remains but my poor cow, and that must be sold, or we must starve!"

Jack was in a degree of tenderness for a few minutes, but soon over; and then becoming very hungry for want of food he teased his poor mother to let him sell the cow; to which at last she reluctantly consented.

As he proceeded on his journey he met a butcher, who inquired why he was driving the cow from home? Jack replied he was going to sell it. The butcher had some

[1] From a Chap-book.

wonderful beans, of different colours, in his bag, which attracted Jack's notice. This the butcher saw, who, knowing Jack's easy temper, resolved to take advantage of it, and offered all the beans for the cow. The foolish boy thought it a great offer. The bargain was momently struck, and the cow exchanged for a few paltry beans. When Jack hastened home with the beans and told his mother, and showed them to her, she kicked the beans away in a great passion. They flew in all directions, and were extended as far as the garden.

Early in the morning Jack arose from his bed, and seeing something strange from the window, he hastened downstairs into the garden, where he soon found that some of the beans had grown in root, and sprung up wonderfully: the stalks grew in an immense thickness, and had so entwined, that they formed a ladder like a chain in view.

Looking upwards, he could not descry the top, it seemed to be lost in the clouds. He tried it, discovered it firm, and not to be shaken. A new idea immediately struck him: he would climb the bean-stalk, and see to whence it would lead. Full of this plan, which made him forget even his hunger, Jack hastened to communicate his intention to his mother.

He instantly set out, and after climbing for some hours, reached the top of the bean-stalk, fatigued and almost exhausted. Looking round, he was surprised to find himself in a strange country; it looked to be quite a barren desert; not a tree, shrub, house, or living creature was to be seen.

Jack sat himself pensively upon a block of stone, and thought of his mother; his hunger attacked him, and now he appeared sorrowful for his disobedience in climbing the bean-stalk against her will; and concluded that he must now die for want of food.

However, he walked on, hoping to see a house where he might beg something to eat. Suddenly he observed a beautiful young female at some distance. She was dressed in an elegant manner, and had a small white wand in her hand, on the top of which was a peacock of pure gold. She approached and said: "I will reveal to you a story your mother dare not. But before I begin, I require a solemn promise on your part to do what I command. I am a fairy, and unless you perform exactly what I direct you to do, you will deprive me of the power to assist you; and there is little doubt but that you will die in the attempt." Jack was rather frightened at this caution, but promised to follow her directions.

"Your father was a rich man, with a disposition greatly benevolent. It was his practice never to refuse relief to the deserving in his neighbourhood; but, on the contrary, to seek out the helpless and distressed. Not many miles from your father's house lived a huge giant, who was the dread of the country around for cruelty and oppression. This creature was moreover of a very envious disposition, and disliked to hear others talked of for their goodness and humanity, and he vowed to do him a mischief, so that he might no longer hear his good actions made the subject of every one's conversation. Your father was too good a man to fear evil from others; consequently it was not long before the cruel giant found an opportunity to put his wicked threats into practice; for hearing that your parents were about passing a few days with a friend at some distance from home, he caused your father to be waylaid and murdered, and your mother to be seized on their way homeward.

"At the time this happened, you were but a few months old. Your poor mother, almost dead with affright and

horror, was borne away by the cruel giant's emissaries, to a dungeon under his house, in which she and her poor babe were both long confined as prisoners. Distracted at the absence of your parents, the servants went in search of them; but no tidings of either could be obtained. Meantime he caused a will to be found making over all your father's property to him as your guardian, and as such he took open possession.

"After your mother had been some months in prison, the giant offered to restore her to liberty, on condition that she would solemnly swear that she would never divulge the story of her wrongs to any one. To put it out of her power to do him any harm, should she break her oath, the giant had her put on ship-board, and taken to a distant country; where he had her left with no more money for her support than what she obtained from the sale of a few jewels she had secreted in her dress.

"I was appointed your father's guardian at his birth; but fairies have laws to which they are subject as well as mortals. A short time before the giant assassinated your father, I trangressed; my punishment was a suspension of my power for a limited time, an unfortunate circumstance, as it entirely prevented my assisting your father, even when I most wished to do so. The day on which you met the butcher, as you went to sell your mother's cow, my power was restored. It was I who secretly prompted you to take the beans in exchange for the cow. By my power the bean-stalk grew to so great a height, and formed a ladder. The giant lives in this country; you are the person appointed to punish him for all his wickedness. You will have dangers and difficulties to encounter, but you must persevere in avenging the death of your father, or you will not prosper in any of your undertakings.

"As to the giant's possessions, everything he has is yours, though you are deprived of it; you may take, therefore, what part of it you can. You must, however, be careful, for such is his love for gold, that the first loss he discovers will make him outrageous and very watchful for the future. But you must still pursue him; for it is only by stratagem that you can ever hope to overcome him, and become possessed of your rightful property, and the means of retributive justice overtaking him for his barbarous murder. One thing I desire is, do not let your mother know you are acquainted with your father's history till you see me again.

"Go along the direct road; you will soon see the house where your cruel enemy lives. While you do as I order you, I will protect and guard you; but remember, if you disobey my commands, a dreadful punishment awaits you."

As soon as she had concluded she disappeared, leaving Jack to follow his journey. He walked on till after sunset, when, to his great joy, he espied a large mansion. This pleasant sight revived his drooping spirits; he redoubled his speed, and reached it shortly. A well-looking woman stood at the door: he accosted her, begging she would give him a morsel of bread and a night's lodging. She expressed the greatest surprise at seeing him; and said it was quite uncommon to see any strange creature near their house, for it was mostly known that her husband was a very cruel and powerful giant, and one that would eat human flesh, if he could possibly get it.

This account terrified Jack greatly, but still, not forgetting the fairy's protection, he hoped to elude the giant, and therefore he entreated the woman to take him in for one night only, and hide him where she thought proper. The good woman at last suffered herself to be persuaded, for her

disposition was remarkably compassionate, and at last led him into the house.

First they passed an elegant hall, finely furnished; they then proceeded through several spacious rooms, all in the same style of grandeur, but they looked to be quite forsaken and desolate. A long gallery came next; it was very dark, just large enough to show that, instead of a wall each side, there was a grating of iron, which parted off a dismal dungeon, from whence issued the groans of several poor victims whom the cruel giant reserved in confinement for his voracious appetite. Poor Jack was in a dreadful fright at witnessing such a horrible scene, which caused him to fear that he would never see his mother, but be captured lastly for the giant's meat; but still he recollected the fairy, and a gleam of home forced itself into his heart.

The good woman then took Jack to a spacious kitchen, where a great fire was kept; she bade him sit down, and gave him plenty to eat and drink. In the meantime he had done his meal and enjoyed himself, but was disturbed by a hard knocking at the gate, so loud as to cause the house to shake. Jack was concealed in the oven, and the giant's wife ran to let in her husband.

Jack heard him accost her in a voice like thunder, saying: "Wife! wife! I smell fresh meat!" "Oh! my dear," replied she, "it is nothing but the people in the dungeon." The giant seemed to believe her, and at last seated himself by the fireside, whilst the wife prepared supper.

By degrees Jack endeavoured to look at the monster through a small crevice. He was much surprised to see what an amazing quantity he devoured, and supposed he would never have done eating and drinking. After his supper was ended, a very curious hen was brought and placed on the table before him. Jack's curiosity was so

great to see what would happen. He observed that it stood quiet before him, and every time the giant said: "Lay!" the hen laid an egg of solid gold. The giant amused himself a long time with his hen; meanwhile his wife went to bed. At length he fell asleep, and snored like the roaring of a cannon. Jack finding him still asleep at daybreak, crept softly from his hiding-place, seized the hen, and ran off with her as fast as his legs could possibly allow him.

Jack easily retraced his way to the bean-stalk, and descended it better and quicker than he expected. His mother was overjoyed to see him. "Now, mother," said Jack, "I have brought you home that which will make you rich." The hen produced as many golden eggs as they desired; they sold them, and soon became possessed of as much riches as they wanted.

For a few months Jack and his mother lived very happy, but he longed to pay the giant another visit. Early in the morning he again climbed the bean-stalk, and reached the giant's mansion late in the evening: the woman was at the door as before. Jack told her a pitiful tale, and prayed for a night's shelter. She told him that she had admitted a poor hungry boy once before, and the little ingrate had stolen one of the giant's treasures, and ever since that she had been cruelly used. She however led him to the kitchen, gave him a supper, and put him in a lumber closet. Soon after the giant came in, took his supper, and ordered his wife to bring down his bags of gold and silver. Jack peeped out of his hiding-place, and observed the giant counting over his treasures, and after which he carefully put them in bags again, fell asleep, and snored as before. Jack crept quietly from his hiding-place, and approached the giant, when a little dog under the chair barked furiously. Contrary to his expectation, the giant slept on soundly, and

the dog ceased. Jack seized the bags, reached the door in safety, and soon arrived at the bottom of the bean-stalk. When he reached his mother's cottage, he found it quite deserted. Greatly surprised he ran into the village, and an old woman directed him to a house, where he found his mother apparently dying. On being informed of our hero's safe return, his mother revived and soon recovered. Jack then presented two bags of gold and silver to her.

His mother discovered that something preyed upon his mind heavily, and endeavoured to discover the cause; but Jack knew too well what the consequence would be should he discover the cause of his melancholy to her. He did his utmost therefore to conquer the great desire which now forced itself upon him in spite of himself for another journey up the bean-stalk.

On the longest day Jack arose as soon as it was light, ascended the bean-stalk, and reached the top with some little trouble. He found the road, journey, etc., the same as on the former occasions. He arrived at the giant's house in the evening, and found his wife standing as usual at the door. Jack now appeared a different character, and had disguised himself so completely that she did not appear to have any recollection of him. However, when he begged admittance, he found it very difficult to persuade her. At last he prevailed, was allowed to go in, and was concealed in the copper.

When the giant returned, he said, as usual: "Wife! wife! I smell fresh meat!" But Jack felt quite composed, as he had said so before, and had soon been satisfied. However, the giant started up suddenly, and notwithstanding all his wife could say, he searched all round the room. Whilst this was going forward, Jack was much terrified, and ready to die with fear, wishing himself at home a thousand times;

but when the giant approached the copper, and put his hand upon the lid, Jack thought his death was certain. Fortunately the giant ended his search there, without moving the lid, and seated himself quietly by the fire-side.

When the giant's supper was over, he commanded his wife to fetch down his harp. Jack peeped under the copper-lid, and soon saw the most beautiful one that could be imagined. It was put by the giant on the table, who said: "Play," and it instantly played of its own accord. The music was uncommonly fine. Jack was delighted, and felt more anxious to get the harp into his possession than either of the former treasures.

The giant's soul was not attuned to harmony, and the music soon lulled him into a sound sleep. Now, therefore, was the time to carry off the harp, as the giant appeared to be in a more profound sleep than usual. Jack soon made up his mind, got out of the copper, and seized the harp; which, however, being enchanted by a fairy, called out loudly: "Master, master!"

The giant awoke, stood up, and tried to pursue Jack; but he had drank so much that he could not stand. Jack ran as quick as he could. In a little time the giant recovered sufficiently to walk slowly, or rather to reel after him. Had he been sober, he must have overtaken Jack instantly; but as he then was, Jack contrived to be first at the top of the bean-stalk. The giant called to him all the way along the road in a voice like thunder, and was sometimes very near to him.

The moment Jack got down the bean-stalk, he called out for a hatchet: one was brought him directly. Just at that instant the giant began to descend, but Jack with his hatchet cut the bean-stalk close off at the root, and the

giant fell headlong into the garden. The fall instantly killed him.

Jack heartily begged his mother's pardon for all the sorrow and affliction he had caused her, promising most faithfully to be dutiful and obedient to her in future. He proved as good as his word, and became a pattern of affectionate behaviour and attention to his parent.

SAGAS.

SAGAS.

HISTORICAL AND LOCAL.

THE STORY OF SAINT KENELM.[1]

When little more than a mile out of Hales Owen, I struck off the high road through a green lane, flanked on both sides by extensive half-grown woods, and overhung by shaggy hedges, that were none the less picturesque from their having been long strangers to the shears, and much enveloped in climbing, berry-bearing plants, honeysuckles, brambles, and the woody nightshade. As the path winds up the acclivity, the scene assumes an air of neglected wildness, not very common in England: the tangled thickets rise in irregular groups in the foreground; and, closing in the prospect behind, I could see through the frequent openings the green summits of the Clent Hills, now scarce half a mile away. I was on historic ground—the "various wild," according to Shenstone, "for Kenelm's fate renowned;" and which at a still earlier period had formed one of the battle-fields on which the naked Briton contended on unequal terms with the mail-enveloped Roman. Half-way up the ascent, at a turning in the lane,

[1] Hugh Miller, *First Impressions of England and its People*, p. 169.

where the thicket opens into a grassy glade, there stands a fine old chapel of dark red sandstone, erected in the times of the Heptarchy, to mark the *locale* of a tragedy characteristic of the time—the murder of the boy-king St. Kenelm, at the instigation of his sister Kendrida. I spent some time in tracing the half-obliterated carvings on the squat Saxon doorway—by far the most ancient part of the edifice—and in straining hard to find some approximation to the human figure in the rude effigy of a child sculptured on a wall, with a crown on its head and a book in its hand, intended, say the antiquaries, to represent the murdered prince, but at present not particularly like anything. The story of Kenelm we find indicated, rather than told, in one of Shenstone's elegies :—

"Fast by the centre of yon various wild,
Where spreading oaks embower a Gothic fane,
Kendrida's arts a brother's youth beguiled;
There nature urged her tenderest pleas in vain.
Soft o'er his birth, and o'er his infant hours,
The ambitious maid could every care employ;
And with assiduous fondness crop the flowers,
To deck the cradle of the princely boy.

"But soon the bosom's pleasing calm is flown;
Love fires her breast; the sultry passions rise;
A favoured lover seeks the Mercian throne,
And views her Kenelm with a rival's eyes.
See, garnished for the chase, the fraudful maid
To these lone hills direct his devious way:
The youth, all prone, the sister-guide obeyed;
Ill-fated youth! himself the destined prey."

The minuter details of the incident, as given by William of Malmesbury and Matthew of Westminster, though admirably fitted for the purpose of the true ballad-maker,

are of a kind which would hardly have suited the somewhat lumbrous dignity of Shenstone's elegiacs. Poor Kenelm, at the time of his death, was but nine years old. His murderer, the favoured lover of his sister, after making all sure by cutting off his head with a long-bladed knife, had buried head, knife, and body under a bush in a "low pasture" in the forest, and the earth concealed its dead. The deed, however, had scarce been perpetrated, when a white dove came flying into old St. Peter's, at Rome, a full thousand miles away, bearing a scroll in its bill, and, dropping the scroll on the high altar, straightway disappeared. And on the scroll there was found inscribed in Saxon characters the following couplet:—

> "In Clent, in Caubage, Kenelm, kinge-born,
> Lyeth under a thorne, his hede off shorne."

So marvellous an intimation—miraculous among its other particulars, in the fact that rhyme of such angelic origin should be so very bad, though this part of the miracle the monks seem to have missed—was of course not to be slighted. The churchmen of Mercia were instructed by the pontiff to make diligent search after the body of the slain prince; and priests, monks, and canons, with the Bishop of Mercia at their head, proceeded forthwith in long procession to the forest. And there, in what Milton, in telling the story, terms a "mead of kine," they found a cow lowing pitifully, beside what seemed to be a newly-laid sod. The earth was removed, the body of the murdered prince discovered, the bells of the neighbouring churches straightway began "to rongen a peale without mannes helpe," and a beautiful spring of water, the resort of many a pilgrim for full seven centuries after, burst out

of the excavated hollow. The chapel was erected immediately beside the well; and such was the odour of sanctity which embalmed the memory of St. Kenelm, that there was no saint in the calendar on whose day it was more unsafe to do anything useful. There is a furrow still to be seen, scarce half a mile to the north of the chapel, from which a team of oxen, kept impiously at work during the festival of the saint, ran away, and were never after heard of; and the owner lost not only his cattle, but, shortly after, his eyes to boot. The chapel received gifts in silver, and gifts in gold—"crouns," and "ceptres," and "chalysses": there grew up around it, mainly through the resort of pilgrims, a hamlet, which in the times of Edward the First contained a numerous population, and to which Henry the Third granted an annual fair. At length the age of the Reformation arrived; Henry the Eighth seized on the gold and silver; Bishop Latimer broke down the well; the pilgrimages ceased; the hamlet disappeared; the fair, after lingering on till the year 1784, disappeared also; and St. Kenelm's, save that the ancient chapel still survived, became exactly such a scene of wild woodland solitude as it had been ere the boy-prince fell under the knife of the assassin. The drama of a thousand years was over, when, some time about the close of the last century, a few workmen engaged in excavating the foundations of the ruined monastery of Winchcomb, in which, according to the monkish chroniclers, the body of the young prince had been interred near that of his father, lighted on a little stone coffin, beside a larger, which lay immediately under the great eastern window of the church. They raised the lid. There rested within a little dust, a few fragments of the more solid bones, a half-grown human skull tolerably entire, and beside the whole, and occupying

half the length of the little coffin, lay a long-bladed knife, converted into a brittle oxide, which fell in pieces in the attempt to remove it. The portion of the story that owed its existence to the monks had passed into a little sun-gilt vapour; but here was there evidence corroborative of its truthful nucleus surviving still.

WILD EDRIC.[1]

SHROPSHIRE men must have been well acquainted with the fairies five hundred years ago. It was reported then that our famous champion, Wild Edric, had had an elf-maiden for his wife. One day, we are told, when he was returning from hunting in the forest of Clun, he lost his way, and wandered about till nightfall, alone, save for one young page. At last he saw the lights of a very large house in the distance, towards which he turned his steps ; and when he had reached it, he beheld within a large company of noble ladies dancing. They were exceedingly beautiful, taller and larger than women of the human race, and dressed in gracefully-shaped linen garments. They circled round with smooth and easy motion, singing a soft low song of which the hunter could not understand the words. Among them was one maiden who excelled all the others in beauty, at the sight of whom our hero's heart was inflamed with love. Forgetting the fears of enchantment, which at the first moment had seized him, he hurried round the house, seeking an entrance, and having found it, he rushed in, and snatched the maiden who was the object of his passion from her place in the moving circle. The dancers assailed him with teeth and nails, but backed by his page, he escaped at

[1] Miss C. S. Burne, *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, p. 59; from Walter Mapes.

length from their hands, and succeeded in carrying off his fair captive. For three whole days not his utmost caresses and persuasions could prevail on her to utter a single word, but on the fourth day she suddenly broke the silence. "Good luck to you, my dear!" said she, "and you will be lucky too, and enjoy health and peace and plenty, as long as you do not reproach me on account of my sisters, or the place from which you snatched me away, or anything connected with it. For on the day when you do so you will lose both your bride and your good fortune; and when I am taken away from you, you will pine away quickly to an early death."

He pledged himself by all that was most sacred to be ever faithful and constant in his love for her, and they were solemnly wedded in the presence of all the nobles from far and near, whom Edric invited to their bridal feast. At that time William the Norman was newly made king of England, who, hearing of this wonder, desired both to see the lady, and to test the truth of the tale; and bade the newly-married pair to London, where he was holding his Court. Thither then they went, and many witnesses from their own country with them, who brought with them the testimony of others who could not present themselves to the king. But the marvellous beauty of the lady was the best of all proofs of her superhuman origin. And the king let them return in peace, wondering greatly.

Many years passed happily by, till one evening Edric returned late from hunting, and could not find his wife. He sought her and called for her for some time in vain. At last she appeared. "I suppose," began he, with angry looks, "it is your sisters who have detained you such a long time, have they not?" The rest of his upbraiding was addressed to the air, for the moment

her sisters were mentioned she vanished. Edric's grief was overwhelming. He sought the place where he had found her at first, but no tears, no laments of his could call her back. He cried out day and night against his own folly, and pined away and died of sorrow, as his wife had long before foretold.

LADY GODIVA.[1]

THE Countess Godiva, who was a great lover of God's mother, longing to free the town of Coventry from the oppression of a heavy toll, often with urgent prayers besought her husband that, from regard to Jesus Christ and his mother, he would free the town from that service and from all other heavy burdens; and when the Earl sharply rebuked her for foolishly asking what was so much to his damage, and always forbade her evermore to speak to him on the subject; and while she, on the other hand, with a woman's pertinacity, never ceased to exasperate her husband on that matter, he at last made her this answer: "Mount your horse and ride naked, before all the people, through the market of the town from one end to the other, and on your return you shall have your request." On which Godiva replied, "But will you give me permission if I am willing to do it?" "I will," said he. Whereupon the Countess, beloved of God, loosed her hair and let down her tresses, which covered the whole of her body like a veil, and then mounting her horse and attended by two knights, she rode through the market-place, without being seen, except her fair legs; and having completed the journey, she returned with gladness to her astonished husband, and obtained of him what she had asked; for Earl Leofric freed the town of Coventry and its inhabitants from the

[1] Rope of Wendover, *Flowers of History*, Dr. Giles' translation, *sub anno* 1057.

aforesaid service, and confirmed what he had done by a charter.

The modern version of the story adds in the Laureate's words :—

> "And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
> The fatal byword of all years to come,
> Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
> Peep'd—but his eyes, before they had their will,
> Were shrivell'd into darkness in his head,
> And dropt before him. So the Powers, who wait
> On noble deeds, cancell'd a sense misus'd."

THE LEGEND OF THE SONS OF THE CONQUEROR.[1]

One day, it being observed that William was absorbed in deep thought, his courtiers ventured to inquire the cause of such profound abstraction. "I am speculating," said the monarch, "on what may be the fate of my sons after my death." "Your majesty," replied the wise men of the court, "the fate of your sons will depend upon their conduct, and their conduct will depend upon their respective characters; permit us to make a few inquiries, and we shall soon be able to tell you that which you wish to know." The king signifying his approbation, the wise men consulted together, and agreed to put questions separately to the three princes, who were then young. The first who entered the room was Robert, afterwards known by the surname of Courthose. "Fair sir," said one of the wise men, "answer me a question—If God had made you a bird, what bird would you wish to have been?" Robert answered: "A hawk, because it resembles most a courteous and gallant knight." William Rufus next entered, and his answer to the same question was: "I would be an eagle, because it is a strong and powerful bird, and feared by all other birds, and therefore it is king over them all." Lastly, came the younger brother Henry, who had received a learned education, and was on that account known by the surname of Beauclerc. His choice

[1] Chambers's *Book of Days*, vol. ii. p. 328.

was a starling, "Because it is a debonnaire and simple bird, and gains its living without injury to any one, and never seeks to rob or grieve its neighbour." The wise men returned immediately to the king. Robert, they said, would be bold and valiant, and would gain renown and honour, but he would finally be overcome by violence, and die in prison. William would be powerful and strong as the eagle, but feared and hated for his cruelty and violence, until he ended a wicked life by a bad death. But Henry would be wise, prudent, and peaceful, unless when actually compelled to engage in war, and would die in peace after gaining wide possessions. So when King William lay on his death-bed he remembered the saying of his wise men, and bequeathed Normandy to Robert, England to William, and his own treasures, without land, to his younger son Henry, who eventually became king of both countries, and reigned long and prosperously.

This story, which most probably is of Eastern origin, is frequently told under various circumstances by mediæval writers. A Latin manuscript, of the thirteenth century, relates it in the following form :—

A wealthy English baron, whose broad lands extended over a large extent of England and Wales, had three sons; when lying on his death-bed he called them to him, and said: "If you were compelled to become birds, tell me what bird each of you would choose to resemble?" The eldest said: "I would be a hawk, because it is a noble bird, and lives by rapine." The second said: "I would be a starling, because it is a social bird, and flies in coveys." The youngest said: "I would be a swan, because it has a long neck, so that if I had anything in my heart to say, I should have plenty of time for reflection before it came to my mouth." When the father had heard them, he said to the

first: "Thou, my son, as I perceive, desirest to live by rapine; I will therefore bequeath thee my possessions in England, because it is a land of peace and justice, and thou canst not rob in it with impunity." To the second he said: "Because thou lovest society, I will bequeath thee my lands in Wales, which is a land of discord and war, in order that thy courtesy may soften down the malice of the natives." And then turning to the youngest, he said: "To thee I bequeath no land at all, because thou art wise, and wilt gain enough by thy wisdom." And as he foretold, the youngest son profited by his wisdom, and became Lord Chief-Justice of England, which in those times was the next dignity to that of king.

THE LEGEND OF BECKET'S PARENTS.[1]

In connection with the renowned Thomas Becket a curious story is related of the marriage of his parents. It is said that Gilbert, his father, had in his youth followed the Crusaders to Palestine, and while in the East had been taken prisoner by a Saracen or Moor of high rank. Confined by the latter within his own castle, the young Englishman's personal attractions and miserable condition alike melted the heart of his captor's daughter, a fair Mohammedan, who enabled him to escape from prison and regain his native country. Not wholly disinterested, however, in the part which she acted in this matter, the Moor's daughter obtained a promise from Gilbert, that as soon as he had settled quietly in his own land, he should send for, and marry his protectress. Years passed on, but no message ever arrived to cheer the heart of the love-lorn maiden, who thereupon resolved to proceed to England and remind the forgetful knight of his engagement. This perilous enterprise she actually accomplished; and though knowing nothing of the English language beyond the Christian name of her lover and his place of residence in London, which was Cheapside, she con-

[1] Chambers's *Book of Days*, vol. ii. p. 784.—The reader is referred to the graceful poem on the subject by Mr. Lewis Morris in the *Songs of Two Worlds*. The old ballads mentioned above may be studied with all their known variants in Professor Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*, vol. i. p. 454.

trived to search him out; and with greater success than could possibly have been anticipated, found him ready to fulfil his former promise by making her his wife. Previous to the marriage taking place she professed her conversion to Christianity, and was baptised with great solemnity in St. Paul's Cathedral, no less than six bishops assisting at the ceremony. The only child of this union was the celebrated Thomas Becket, whose devotion in after-years to the cause of the church may be said to have been a befitting recompense for the attention which her ministers had shown in watching over the spiritual welfare of his mother.

This singular story has found credence in recent times with Dr. Giles, M. Thierry, Mr. Froude, and M. Michelet; but by one of the most judicious modern biographers of Becket, Canon Robertson, it is rejected as a legendary tale, wholly unsupported by the evidence of those chroniclers who were Becket's contemporaries. It gave rise, both in England and Scotland, to more than one ballad, in which the elder Becket's imprisonment in the East, his liberation by the aid of the Moorish damsel, and the latter's expedition to Britain in quest of him, are all set forth with sundry additions and embellishments. In one of these, which bears the name of *Lord Beichan*, the fair young Saracen, who, by some extraordinary corruption or misapprehension, is recorded under the designation of *Susie Pye*, follows her lover to Scotland, and there surprises him at the very hour when he is about to unite himself in marriage to another lady. The faithless lover, on being reminded of his previous compact, professes the utmost contrition, and declares at once his resolve to wed the Saracen's daughter, who had given such evidence of her love and attachment to him, by making so long and dangerous a journey. The

hapless bride, who would otherwise have speedily become his wife, is unceremoniously dismissed along with her mother; and the nuptials of Lord Beichan and Susie Pye are then celebrated with great magnificence. Another ballad on the same subject is entitled *Young Bekie*, but the heroine here is represented as the daughter of the king of France, and distinguished by the title of *Burd Isbel*. By such romantic embellishments, and so incongruous and ridiculous a nomenclature, did the ballad-writers of a later age embody in verse the story of the parents of the renowned archbishop of Canterbury.

THE FAUSE FABLE OF THE LORD LATHOM.[1]

A FAYNED TALE.

When the war was 'twixt the Englishmen and the Irishmen the power of the English so sore assaulted the Irishmen that the king of them, being of Ireland, was constrained to take succour by flight into other parts for his safeguard; and the queen, being pregnant and great with child, right near her time of deliverance, for dread of the rudeness of the commonalty, took her flight into the wilderness, where her chance was to suffer travail of child, bringing forth two children, the one a son, the other a daughter; when after by natural compulsion she and such gentlewomen as were with her was constrained to sleep, insomuch that the two children were ravished from the mother; and the daughter, as it is said, is kept in Ireland with the fairies. Insomuch that against the time of death of any of that blood of Stanleys she maketh a certain noise in one quarter of Ireland, where she useth [to stay].

The son was taken and borne away with an eagle, and brought into Lancashire, into a park called Lathom Park, whereas did dwell a certain lord, named the Lord Lathom; the which Lord Lathom, walking in his park, heard a child lament and cry, and perceived the skirts of the mantle

[1] *Journal of the British Archæological Association*, vol. vii., from Hare's MSS., vol. ii.; reprinted in Harland and Wilkinson's *Lancashire Legends*, p. 259.

lying over the nest side, and made his servants to bring down the child unto him.

And whereas both he and his wife being in far age, and she past conceiving of child, considering they never could have issue, reckoning that God had sent this child by miracle, they condescended to make this child their heir, and so did. At length this Lord Lathom and his wife deceased, and this young man, which was named Oskell of Lathom, reigned and ruled this land as right heir, and he had to issue a daughter which was his heir and child by the Lady Lathom.

It chanced so that one Stanley, being a younger brother of the House of Wolton in Cheshire, was servant to the Abbot of West Chester. This young man Stanley was carver to the Abbot, and he would not break his fast on the Sunday till he had heard the high mass. Insomuch that it chanced one Sunday when the meat was served on the table, he had so great hunger he carved the pig's head, and conveyed one of the ears of the pig and did eat it.

When the Abbot sat down, and perchance missed the pig's ear, he was miscontent and in a great fume, and reviled so extremely and so heinously this young Stanley, that he threw the napkin at his head, and said he would do him no more service, and departed. And he came to the king's court, and obtained his service, and proved so active a fellow that the renown sprang and inflamed upon him, insomuch that the fame and bruit descended from him around this realm.

And when, as the use then was, that noble adventurers would seek their fortune and chance into divers and strange nations, one renowned gallant came into England, and he called as challenger for death and life, come who list. Insomuch that the king commanded this Stanley to cope

with him; and, to make short protestation, his chance was to overthrow the challenger and obtain the victory. Then the king made him knight, and gave him certain lands to live on.

After this foresaid Stanley came for marriage to the daughter of Oskell of Lathom, which was found in the eagle's nest, and obtained her favour, and espoused her. And then after the death of Oskell he was Lord Lathom, and enjoyed it many years. And for such service as he did afterwards the king made him Lord Stanley; and he was the first lord of the name; and so by that reason the Stanleys descended of Lathom give the eagle and the child in their arms.

WHITTINGTON AND HIS CAT.[1]

In the reign of the famous King Edward III. there was a little boy called Dick Whittington, whose father and mother died when he was very young, so that he remembered nothing at all about them, and was left a ragged little fellow, running about a country village. As poor Dick was not old enough to work, he was very badly off; he got but little for his dinner, and sometimes nothing at all for his breakfast; for the people who lived in the village were very poor indeed, and could not spare him much more than the parings of potatoes, and now and then a hard crust of bread.

For all this Dick Whittington was a very sharp boy, and was always listening to what everybody talked about. On Sunday he was sure to get near the farmers, as they sat talking on the tombstones in the churchyard, before the parson was come; and once a week you might see little Dick leaning against the sign-post of the village alehouse, where people stopped to drink as they came from the next market town; and when the barber's shop door was open, Dick listened to all the news that his customers told one another.

In this manner Dick heard a great many very strange things about the great city called London; for the foolish country people at that time thought that folks in London were all fine gentlemen and ladies; and that there was singing and music there all day long; and that the streets were all paved with gold.

[1] From a Chap-book.

One day a large waggon and eight horses, all with bells at their heads, drove through the village while Dick was standing by the sign-post. He thought that this waggon must be going to the fine town of London; so he took courage, and asked the waggoner to let him walk with him by the side of the waggon. As soon as the waggoner heard that poor Dick had no father or mother, and saw by his ragged clothes that he could not be worse off than he was, he told him he might go if he would, so they set off together.

I could never find out how little Dick contrived to get meat and drink on the road; nor how he could walk so far, for it was a long way; nor what he did at night for a place to lie down to sleep in. Perhaps some good-natured people in the towns that he passed through, when they saw he was a poor little ragged boy, gave him something to eat; and perhaps the waggoner let him get into the waggon at night, and take a nap upon one of the boxes or large parcels in the waggon.

Dick however got safe to London, and was in such a hurry to see the fine streets paved all over with gold, that I am afraid he did not even stay to thank the kind waggoner; but ran off as fast as his legs would carry him, through many of the streets, thinking every moment to come to those that were paved with gold; for Dick had seen a guinea three times in his own little village, and remembered what a deal of money it brought in change; so he thought he had nothing to do but to take up some little bits of the pavement, and should then have as much money as he could wish for.

Poor Dick ran till he was tired, and had quite forgot his friend the waggoner; but at last, finding it grow dark, and that every way he turned he saw nothing but dirt instead

of gold, he sat down in a dark corner and cried himself to sleep.

Little Dick was all night in the streets; and next morning, being very hungry, he got up and walked about, and asked everybody he met to give him a halfpenny to keep him from starving; but nobody stayed to answer him, and only two or three gave him a halfpenny; so that the poor boy was soon quite weak and faint for the want of victuals.

At last a good-natured looking gentleman saw how hungry he looked. "Why don't you go to work, my lad?" said he to Dick. "That I would, but I do not know how to get any," answered Dick. "If you are willing, come along with me," said the gentleman, and took him to a hay-field, where Dick worked briskly, and lived merrily till the hay was made.

After this he found himself as badly off as before; and being almost starved again, he laid himself down at the door of Mr. Fitzwarren, a rich merchant. Here he was soon seen by the cook-maid, who was an ill-tempered creature, and happened just then to be very busy dressing dinner for her master and mistress; so she called out to poor Dick: "What business have you there, you lazy rogue? there is nothing else but beggars; if you do not take yourself away, we will see how you will like a sousing of some dish-water; I have some here hot enough to make you jump."

Just at that time Mr. Fitzwarren himself came home to dinner; and when he saw a dirty ragged boy lying at the door, he said to him: "Why do you lay there, my boy? You seem old enough to work; I am afraid you are inclined to be lazy."

"No, indeed, sir," said Dick to him, "that is not the case, for I would work with all my heart, but I do not know

anybody, and I believe I am very sick for the want of food."
"Poor fellow, get up; let me see what ails you."

Dick now tried to rise, but was obliged to lie down again, being too weak to stand, for he had not eaten any food for three days, and was no longer able to run about and beg a halfpenny of people in the street. So the kind merchant ordered him to be taken into the house, and have a good dinner given him, and be kept to do what dirty work he was able for the cook.

Little Dick would have lived very happy in this good family if it had not been for the ill-natured cook, who was finding fault and scolding him from morning to night, and besides, she was so fond of basting, that when she had no meat to baste, she would baste poor Dick's head and shoulders with a broom, or anything else that happened to fall in her way. At last her ill-usage of him was told to Alice, Mr. Fitzwarren's daughter, who told the cook she should be turned away if she did not treat him kinder.

The ill-humour of the cook was now a little amended; but besides this Dick had another hardship to get over. His bed stood in a garret, where there were so many holes in the floor and the walls that every night he was tormented with rats and mice. A gentleman having given Dick a penny for cleaning his shoes, he thought he would buy a cat with it. The next day he saw a girl with a cat, and asked her if she would let him have it for a penny. The girl said she would, and at the same time told him the cat was an excellent mouser.

Dick hid his cat in the garret, and always took care to carry a part of his dinner to her; and in a short time he had no more trouble with the rats and mice, but slept quite sound every night.

Soon after this, his master had a ship ready to sail; and

as he thought it right that all his servants should have some change for good fortune as well as himself, he called them all into the parlour and asked them what they would send out.

They all had something that they were willing to venture except poor Dick, who had neither money nor goods, and therefore could send nothing.

For this reason he did not come into the parlour with the rest; but Miss Alice guessed what was the matter, and ordered him to be called in. She then said she would lay down some money for him, from her own purse; but the father told her this would not do, for it must be something of his own.

When poor Dick heard this, he said he had nothing but a cat which he bought for a penny some time since of a little girl.

"Fetch your cat then, my good boy," said Mr. Fitzwarren, "and let her go."

Dick went upstairs and brought down poor puss, with tears in his eyes, and gave her to the captain; for he said he should now be kept awake again all night by the rats and mice.

All the company laughed at Dick's odd venture; and Miss Alice, who felt pity for the poor boy, gave him some money to buy another cat.

This, and many other marks of kindness shown him by Miss Alice, made the ill-tempered cook jealous of poor Dick, and she began to use him more cruelly than ever, and always made game of him for sending his cat to sea. She asked him if he thought his cat would sell for as much money as would buy a stick to beat him.

At last poor Dick could not bear this usage any longer, and he thought he would run away from his place; so he

packed up his few things, and started very early in the morning, on All-hallows Day, which is the first of November. He walked as far as Holloway; and there sat down on a stone, which to this day is called Whittington's stone, and began to think to himself which road he should take as he proceeded onwards.

While he was thinking what he should do, the Bells of Bow Church, which at that time had only six, began to ring, and he fancied their sound seemed to say to him:

"Turn again, Whittington,
Lord Mayor of London."

"Lord Mayor of London!" said he to himself. "Why, to be sure, I would put up with almost anything now, to be Lord Mayor of London, and ride in a fine coach, when I grow to be a man! Well, I will go back, and think nothing of the cuffing and scolding of the old cook, if I am to be Lord Mayor of London at last."

Dick went back, and was lucky enough to get into the house, and set about his work, before the old cook came downstairs.

The ship, with the cat on board, was a long time at sea; and was at last driven by the winds on a part of the coast of Barbary, where the only people were the Moors, that the English had never known before.

The people then came in great numbers to see the sailors, who were of different colour to themselves, and treated them very civilly; and, when they became better acquainted, were very eager to buy the fine things that the ship was loaded with.

When the captain saw this, he sent patterns of the best things he had to the king of the country; who was so much pleased with them, that he sent for the captain to the palace.

Here they were placed, as it is the custom of the country, on rich carpets marked with gold and silver flowers. The king and queen were seated at the upper end of the room; and a number of dishes were brought in for dinner. They had not sat long, when a vast number of rats and mice rushed in, helping themselves from almost every dish. The captain wondered at this, and asked if these vermin were not very unpleasant.

"Oh yes," said they, "very offensive; and the king would give half his treasure to be freed of them, for they not only destroy his dinner, as you see, but they assault him in his chamber, and even in bed, so that he is obliged to be watched while he is sleeping for fear of them."

The captain jumped for joy; he remembered poor Whittington and his cat, and told the king he had a creature on board the ship that would despatch all these vermin immediately. The king's heart heaved so high at the joy which this news gave him that his turban dropped off his head. "Bring this creature to me," says he; "vermin are dreadful in a court, and if she will perform what you say, I will load your ship with gold and jewels in exchange for her."

The captain, who knew his business, took this opportunity to set forth the merits of Miss Puss. He told his majesty that it would be inconvenient to part with her, as, when she was gone, the rats and mice might destroy the goods in the ship—but to oblige his majesty he would fetch her. "Run, run!" said the queen; "I am impatient to see the dear creature."

Away went the captain to the ship, while another dinner was got ready. He put puss under his arm, and arrived at the place soon enough to see the table full of rats.

When the cat saw them, she did not wait for bidding, but jumped out of the captain's arms, and in a few minutes laid

almost all the rats and mice dead at her feet. The rest of them in their fright scampered away to their holes.

The king and queen were quite charmed to get so easily rid of such plagues, and desired that the creature who had done them so great a kindness might be brought to them for inspection. Upon which the captain called: "Pussy, pussy, pussy!" and she came to him. He then presented her to the queen, who started back, and was afraid to touch a creature who had made such a havoc among the rats and mice. However, when the captain stroked the cat and called: "Pussy, pussy," the queen also touched her and cried: "Putty, putty," for she had not learned English. He then put her down on the queen's lap, where she, purring, played with her majesty's hand, and then sung herself to sleep.

The king, having seen the exploits of Mrs. Puss, and being informed that she was with young, and would stock the whole country, bargained with the captain for the whole ship's cargo, and then gave him ten times as much for the cat as all the rest amounted to.

The captain then took leave of the royal party, and set sail with a fair wind for England, and after a happy voyage arrived safe in London.

One morning Mr. Fitzwarren had just come to his counting-house and seated himself at the desk, when somebody came tap, tap, at the door. "Who's there?" says Mr. Fitzwarren. "A friend," answered the other; "I come to bring you good news of your ship *Unicorn*." The merchant, bustling up instantly, opened the door, and who should be seen waiting but the captain and factor, with a cabinet of jewels, and a bill of lading, for which the merchant lifted up his eyes and thanked heaven for sending him such a prosperous voyage.

They then told the story of the cat, and showed the rich

present that the king and queen had sent for her to poor Dick. As soon as the merchant heard this, he called out to his servants:

"Go fetch him—we will tell him of the same;
Pray call him Mr. Whittington by name."

Mr. Fitzwarren now showed himself to be a good man; for when some of his servants said so great a treasure was too much for him, he answered: "God forbid I should deprive him of the value of a single penny."

He then sent for Dick, who at that time was scouring pots for the cook, and was quite dirty.

Mr. Fitzwarren ordered a chair to be set for him, and so he began to think they were making game of him, at the same time begging them not to play tricks with a poor simple boy, but to let him go down again, if they pleased, to his work.

"Indeed, Mr. Whittington," said the merchant, "we are all quite in earnest with you, and I most heartily rejoice in the news these gentlemen have brought you; for the captain has sold your cat to the King of Barbary, and brought you in return for her more riches than I possess in the whole world; and I wish you may long enjoy them!"

Mr. Fitzwarren then told the men to open the great treasure they had brought with them; and said: "Mr. Whittington has nothing to do but to put it in some place of safety."

Poor Dick hardly knew how to behave himself for joy. He begged his master to take what part of it he pleased, since he owed it all to his kindness. "No, no," answered Mr. Fitzwarren, "this is all your own; and I have no doubt but you will use it well."

Dick next asked his mistress, and then Miss Alice, to accept a part of his good fortune; but they would not, and

at the same time told him they felt great joy at his good success. But this poor fellow was too kind-hearted to keep it all to himself; so he made a present to the captain, the mate, and the rest of Mr. Fitzwarren's servants; and even to the ill-natured old cook.

After this Mr. Fitzwarren advised him to send for a proper tradesman and get himself dressed like a gentleman; and told him he was welcome to live in his house till he could provide himself with a better.

When Whittington's face was washed, his hair curled, his hat cocked, and he was dressed in a nice suit of clothes, he was as handsome and genteel as any young man who visited at Mr. Fitzwarren's; so that Miss Alice, who had once been so kind to him, and thought of him with pity, now looked upon him as fit to be her sweetheart; and the more so, no doubt, because Whittington was now always thinking what he could do to oblige her, and making her the prettiest presents that could be.

Mr. Fitzwarren soon saw their love for each other, and proposed to join them in marriage; and to this they both readily agreed. A day for the wedding was soon fixed; and they were attended to church by the Lord Mayor, the court of aldermen, the sheriffs, and a great number of the richest merchants in London, whom they afterwards treated with a very rich feast.

History tells us that Mr. Whittington and his lady lived in great splendour, and were very happy. They had several children. He was Sheriff of London, also Mayor, and received the honour of knighthood by Henry V.

The figure of Sir Richard Whittington with his cat in his arms, carved in stone, was to be seen till the year 1780 over the archway of the old prison of Newgate, that stood across Newgate Street.

THE PEDLAR OF SWAFFHAM.[1]

CONSTANT tradition says that there lived in former times in Soffham (Swaffham), *alias* Sopham, in Norfolk, a certain pedlar, who dreamed that if he went to London Bridge, and stood there, he should hear very joyfull newse, which he at first sleighted, but afterwards, his dream being doubled and trebled upon him, he resolved to try the issue of it, and accordingly went to London, and stood on the bridge there two or three days, looking about him, but heard nothing that might yield him any comfort. At last it happened that a shopkeeper there, hard by, having noted his fruitless standing, seeing that he neither sold any wares nor asked any almes, went to him and most earnestly begged to know what he wanted there, or what his business was; to which the pedlar honestly answered that he had dreamed that if he came to London and stood there upon the bridge he should hear good newse; at which the shopkeeper laught heartily, asking him if he was such a fool as to take a journey on such a silly errand, adding: "I'll tell thee, country fellow, last night I dreamed that I was at Sopham, in Norfolk, a place utterly unknown to me, where methought behind a pedlar's house in a certain orchard, and under a great oak tree, if I digged I should find a vast treasure! Now think you," says he, "that I am such a fool to take such a long journey upon me

[1] *Diary of Abraham dela Pryme*, p. 220, under date 10 Nov. 1699. (Surtees Society.)

upon the instigation of a silly dream? No, no, I'm wiser. Therefore, good fellow, learn wit from me, and get you home, and mind your business." The pedlar observing his words, what he had say'd he dream'd, and knowing they concentred in him, glad of such joyfull newse, went speedily home, and digged and found a prodigious great treasure, with which he grew exceeding rich; and Soffham (Church) being for the most part fallen down, he set on workmen and rectified it most sumptuously, at his own charges; and to this day there is his statue therein, but in stone, with his pack at his back and his dogg at his heels; and his memory is also preserved by the same form or picture in most of the old glass windows, taverns, and alehouses of that town unto this day.

THE LAMBTON WORM.[1]

THE park and manor-house of Lambton, belonging to a family of the same name, lie on the banks of the Wear, to the north of Lumley. The family is a very ancient one, much older, it is believed, than the twelfth century, to which date its pedigree extends. The old castle was dismantled in 1797, when a site was adopted for the present mansion on the north bank of the swiftly-flowing Wear, in a situation of exceeding beauty. The park also contains the ruins of a chapel, called Brugeford or Bridgeford, close to one of the bridges which span the Wear.

Long, long ago—some say about the fourteenth century—the young heir of Lambton led a careless, profane life, regardless alike of his duties to God and man, and in particular neglecting to attend mass, that he might spend his Sunday mornings in fishing. One Sunday, while thus engaged, having cast his line into the Wear many times without success, he vented his disappointment in curses loud and deep, to the great scandal of the servants and tenantry as they passed by to the chapel at Brugeford.

Soon afterwards he felt something tugging at his line, and trusting he had at last secured a fine fish, he exerted all his skill and strength to bring his prey to land. But what were his horror and dismay on finding that, instead of a fish, he had only caught a worm of most unsightly appearance! He hastily tore the thing from his hook, and flung

[1] Henderson's *Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties*, p. 287.

it into a well close by, which is still known by the name of the Worm Well.

The young heir had scarcely thrown his line again into the stream when a stranger of venerable appearance, passing by, asked him what sport he had met with; to which he replied: "Why, truly, I think I have caught the devil himself. Look in and judge." The stranger looked, and remarked that he had never seen the like of it before; that it resembled an eft, only it had nine holes on each side of its mouth; and, finally, that he thought it boded no good.

The worm remained unheeded in the well till it outgrew so confined a dwelling-place. It then emerged, and betook itself by day to the river, where it lay coiled round a rock in the middle of the stream, and by night to a neighbouring hill, round whose base it would twine itself, while it continued to grow so fast that it soon could encircle the hill three times. This eminence is still called the Worm Hill. It is oval in shape, on the north side of the Wear, and about a mile and a half from old Lambton Hall.

The monster now became the terror of the whole country side. It sucked the cows' milk, worried the cattle, devoured the lambs, and committed every sort of depredation on the helpless peasantry. Having laid waste the district on the north side of the river, it crossed the stream and approached Lambton Hall, where the old lord was living alone and desolate. His son had repented of his evil life, and had gone to the wars in a distant country. Some authorities tell us he had embarked as a crusader for the Holy Land.

On hearing of their enemy's approach, the terrified household assembled in council. Much was said, but to little purpose, till the steward, a man of age and experience, advised that the large trough which stood in the courtyard

should immediately be filled with milk. This was done without delay; the monster approached, drank the milk, and, without doing further harm, returned across the Wear to wrap his giant form around his favourite hill. The next day he was seen recrossing the river; the trough was hastily filled again, and with the same results. It was found that the milk of "nine kye" was needed to fill the trough; and if this quantity was not placed there every day, regularly and in full measure, the worm would break out into a violent rage, lashing its tail round the trees in the park, and tearing them up by the roots.

The Lambton Worm was now, in fact, the terror of the North Country. It had not been left altogether unopposed. Many a gallant knight had come out to fight with the monster, but all to no purpose; for it possessed the marvellous power of reuniting itself after being cut asunder, and thus was more than a match for the chivalry of the North. So, after many conflicts, and much loss of life and limb, the creature was left in possession of its favourite hill.

After seven long years, however, the heir of Lambton returned home, a sadder and a wiser man—returned to find the broad lands of his ancestors waste and desolate, his people oppressed and well-nigh exterminated, his father sinking into the grave overwhelmed with care and anxiety. He took no rest, we are told, till he had crossed the river and surveyed the Worm as it lay coiled round the foot of the hill; then, hearing how its former opponents had failed, he took counsel in the matter from a sibyl or wise woman.

At first the sibyl did nothing but upbraid him for having brought this scourge upon his house and neighbourhood; but when she perceived that he was indeed penitent, and desirous at any cost to remove the evil he had caused, she

gave him her advice and instructions. He was to get his best suit of mail studded thickly with spear-heads, to put it on, and thus armed to take his stand on the rock in the middle of the river, there to meet his enemy, trusting the issue to Providence and his good sword. But she charged him before going to the encounter to take a vow that, if successful, he would slay the first living thing that met him on his way homewards. Should he fail to fulfil this vow, she warned him that for nine generations no lord of Lambton would die in his bed.

The heir, now a belted knight, made the vow in Brugeford chapel. He studded his armour with the sharpest spear-heads, and unsheathing his trusty sword took his stand on the rock in the middle of the Wear. At the accustomed hour the Worm uncoiled its "snaky twine," and wound its way towards the hall, crossing the river close by the rock on which the knight was standing eager for the combat. He struck a violent blow upon the monster's head as it passed, on which the creature, "irritated and vexed," though apparently not injured, flung its tail round him, as if to strangle him in its coils.

In the words of a local poet—

"The worm shot down the middle stream
Like a flash of living light,
And the waters kindled round his path
In rainbow colours bright.
But when he saw the armed knight
He gathered all his pride,
And, coiled in many a radiant spire,
Rode buoyant o'er the tide.
When he darted at length his dragon strength
An earthquake shook the rock,
And the fireflakes bright fell round the knight
As unmoved he met the shock.

Though his heart was stout it quailed no doubt,
His very life-blood ran cold,
As round and round the wild Worm wound
In many a grappling fold."

Now was seen the value of the sibyl's advice. The closer the Worm wrapped him in its folds the more deadly were its self-inflicted wounds, till at last the river ran crimson with its gore. Its strength thus diminished, the knight was able at last with his good sword to cut the serpent in two; the severed part was immediately borne away by the swiftness of the current, and the Worm, unable to reunite itself, was utterly destroyed.

During this long and desperate conflict the household of Lambton had shut themselves within-doors to pray for their young lord, he having promised that when it was over he would, if conqueror, blow a blast on his bugle. This would assure his father of his safety, and warn them to let loose the favourite hound, which they had destined as the sacrifice on the occasion, according to the sibyl's requirements and the young lord's vow. When, however, the bugle-notes were heard within the hall, the old man forgot everything but his son's safety, and rushing out of doors, ran to meet the hero and embrace him.

The heir of Lambton was thunderstruck; what could he do? It was impossible to lift his hand against his father; yet how else to fulfil his vow? In his perplexity he blew another blast; the hound was let loose, it bounded to its master; the sword, yet reeking with the monster's gore, was plunged into its heart; but all in vain. The vow was broken, the sibyl's prediction fulfilled, and the curse lay upon the house of Lambton for nine generations.

BOMERE POOL.[1]

MANY years ago a village stood in the hollow which is now filled up by the mere. But the inhabitants were a wicked race, who mocked at God and His priest. They turned back to the idolatrous practices of their fathers, and worshipped Thor and Woden; they scorned to bend the knee, save in mockery, to the White Christ who had died to save their souls. The old priest earnestly warned them that God would punish such wickedness as theirs by some sudden judgment, but they laughed him to scorn. They fastened fish-bones to the skirt of his cassock, and set the children to pelt him with mud and stones. The holy man was not dismayed at this; nay, he renewed his entreaties and warnings, so that some few turned from their evil ways and worshipped with him in the little chapel which stood on the bank of a rivulet that flowed down from the mere on the hill-side.

The rains fell that December in immense quantities. The mere was swollen beyond its usual limits, and all the hollows in the hills were filled to overflowing. One day when the old priest was on the hill-side gathering fuel he noticed that the barrier of peat, earth, and stones, which prevented the mere from flowing into the valley, was apparently giving way before the mass of water above. He hurried down to the village and besought the men to come up and cut a channel for the discharge of the superfluous

[1] Miss C. S. Burne, *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, p. 64.

waters of the mere. They only greeted his proposal with shouts of derision, and told him to go and mind his prayers, and not spoil their feast with his croaking and his kill-joy presence.

These heathen were then keeping their winter festival with great revelry. It fell on Christmas Eve. The same night the aged priest summoned his few faithful ones to attend at the midnight mass, which ushered in the feast of our Saviour's Nativity. The night was stormy, and the rain fell in torrents, yet this did not prevent the little flock from coming to the chapel. The old servant of God had already begun the holy sacrifice, when a roar was heard in the upper part of the valley. The server was just ringing the Sanctus bell which hung in the bell-cot, when a flood of water dashed into the church, and rapidly rose till it put out the altar-lights. In a few moments more the whole building was washed away, and the mere, which had burst its mountain barrier, occupied the hollow in which the village had stood. Men say that if you sail over the mere on Christmas Eve, just after midnight, you may hear the Sanctus bell tolling.

GIANTS.

THE ORIGIN OF THE WREKIN.[1]

ONCE upon a time there was a wicked old giant in Wales who, for some reason or other, had a very great spite against the Mayor of Shrewsbury and all his people, and he made up his mind to dam up the Severn, and by that means cause such a flood that the town would be drowned.

So off he set, carrying a spadeful of earth, and tramped along mile after mile trying to find the way to Shrewsbury. And how he missed it I cannot tell, but he must have gone wrong somewhere, for at last he got close to Wellington, and by that time he was puffing and blowing under his heavy load, and wishing he was at the end of his journey. By-and-by there came a cobbler along the road with a sack of old boots and shoes on his back, for he lived at Wellington, and went once a fortnight to Shrewsbury to collect his customers' old boots and shoes, and take them home with him to mend. And the giant called out to him. "I say," he said, "how far is it to Shrewsbury?" "Shrewsbury," said the cobbler; "what do you want at Shrewsbury?" "Why," said the giant, "to fill up the Severn with this lump of earth I've got here. I've an old grudge against the Mayor and the folks at Shrewsbury, and now I mean to drown them out, and get rid of them all at once." "My

[1] Miss C. S. Burne, *Shropshire Folk-lore*, p. 2.

word!" thought the cobbler, "this'll never do! I can't afford to lose my customers!" and he spoke up again. "Eh!" he said, "you'll never get to Shrewsbury—not to-day, *nor* to-morrow. Why, look at me! I'm just come from Shrewsbury, and I've had time to wear out all these old boots and shoes on the road since I started." And he showed him his sack. "Oh!" said the giant, with a great groan, "then it's no use! I'm fairly tired out already, and I can't carry this load of mine any farther. I shall just drop it here and go back home." So he dropped the earth on the ground just where he stood, and scraped his boots on the spade, and off he went home again to Wales, and nobody ever heard anything of him in Shropshire after. But where he put down his load there stands the Wrekin to this day; and even the earth he scraped off his boots was such a pile that it made the little Ercall by the Wrekin's side.

THE BLINDED GIANT.[1]

At Dalton, near Thirsk, in Yorkshire, is a mill. It has quite recently been rebuilt; but when I was at Dalton, six years ago, the old building stood. In front of the house was a long mound, which went by the name of "the giant's grave," and in the mill was shown a long blade of iron something like a scythe-blade, but not curved, which was said to have been the giant's knife. A curious story was told of this knife. There lived a giant at this mill, and he ground men's bones to make his bread. One day he captured a lad on Pilmoor, and instead of grinding him in the mill he kept him as his servant, and never let him get away. Jack served the giant many years, and never was allowed a holiday. At last he could bear it no longer. Topcliffe fair was coming on, and the lad entreated that he might be allowed to go there to see the lasses and buy some spice. The giant surlily refused leave: Jack resolved to take it.

The day was hot, and after dinner the giant lay down in the mill with his head on a sack and dozed. He had been eating in the mill, and had laid down a great loaf of bone bread by his side, and the knife was in his hand, but his fingers relaxed their hold of it in sleep. Jack seized the moment, drew the knife away, and holding it with both his hands drove the blade into the single eye of the giant, who woke with a howl of agony, and starting up barred the door.

[1] Henderson, *Notes on the Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders*, p. 195.

Jack was again in difficulties, but he soon found a way out of them. The giant had a favourite dog, which had also been sleeping when his master was blinded. Jack killed the dog, skinned it, and throwing the hide over his back ran on all-fours barking between the legs of the giant, and so escaped.

FAIRIES.

WORCESTERSHIRE FAIRIES.[1]

According to tradition, that interesting headland called Oseberrow, or Osebury (*vulgo* Rosebury) Rock, which lies not far from Alfrick, and is situated upon the border of the river Teme, in Lulsley, opposite to Knightsford Bridge, was a favourite haunt of the fairies (*vulgo* pharises). It is said they had a cave there (which is still shown); and that once upon a time, as a man and boy were ploughing in an adjoining field, they heard an outcry in the copse on the steep declivity of the rock; and upon their going to see what was the matter, they came up to a fairy, who was exclaiming that he had lost his pick, or pick-axe. This, after much search, the ploughman found for him; and thereupon the fairy said if they would go to a certain corner of the field wherein they had been ploughing, they would get their reward. They accordingly went, and found plenty of bread and cheese, and cider, on which the man feasted heartily; but the boy was so much frightened that he would not partake of the repast.

It also is said that upon another occasion a fairy came to a ploughman in the same field, and exclaimed:

> "Oh, lend a hammer and a nail,
> Which we want to mend our pail."

[1] Jabez Allies, *On the Antiquities and Folk-Lore of Worcestershire*, p. 418.

There likewise is a saying in the neighbourhood, that if a woman should break her peel (a kind of shovel used in baking bread), and should leave it for a little while at the fairies' cave in Osebury Rock, it would be mended for her.

In days of yore, when the church at Inkberrow was taken down and rebuilt upon a new site, the fairies, whose haunt was near the latter place, took offence at the change, and endeavoured to obstruct the building by carrying back the materials in the night to the old locality. At length, however, the church was triumphant, but for many a day afterwards the following lament is said to have been occasionally heard:

> "Neither sleep, neither lie,
> For Inkbro's ting-tang hangs so high."

The church is a large and handsome edifice, of mixed styles of architecture. It is supposed to have been built about five centuries ago, but has undergone much alteration.

As a countryman was one day working in a field in Upton Snodsbury, he all of a sudden heard a great outcry in a neighbouring piece of ground, which was followed by a low, mournful voice, saying: "I have broke my bilk, I have broke my bilk;" and thereupon the man picked up the hammer and nails which he had with him, and ran to the spot from whence the outcry came, where he found a fairy lamenting over his broken bilk, which was a kind of cross-barred seat; this the man soon mended, and the fairy, to make him amends for his pains danced round him till he wound him down into a cave, where he was treated with plenty of biscuits and wine; and it is said that from thence-forward that man always did well in life.

THE FAIRY'S MIDWIFE.[1]

ONCE upon a time there was, in this celebrated town, a Dame Somebody. I do not know her name. All I with truth can say is that she was old, and nothing the worse for that; for age is, or ought to be, held in honour as the source of wisdom and experience. Now this good old woman lived not in vain, for she had passed her days in the useful capacity of a nurse; and as she approached the term of going out of the world herself, she was still useful in her generation by helping others into it—she was in fact the *Sage-femme* of the village.

One night about twelve o'clock in the morning, as the good folks say who tell the tale, Dame Somebody had just got comfortably into bed, when rap, rap, rap, came on her cottage door, with such bold, loud, and continued noise, that there was a sound of authority in every individual knock. Startled and alarmed by the call, she arose, and soon learnt that the summons was a hasty one to bid her attend on a patient who needed her help. She opened her door; when the summoner appeared to be a strange, squint-eyed, little, ugly, old fellow, who had a look, as she said, very like a certain dark personage, who ought not at all times to be called by his proper name. Not at all prepossessed in favour of the errand by the visage of the messenger, she nevertheless could not, or dared not, resist

[1] Mrs. Bray, *The Borders of the Tamar and the Tavy*, vol. i. p. 174.

the command to follow him straight and attend upon "his wife."

"Thy wife!" thought the good dame: "Heaven forgive me; but as sure as I live I be going to the birth of a little divel." A large coal-black horse, with eyes like balls of fire, stood at the door. The ill-looking old fellow, without more ado, whisked her up on a high pillion in a minute, seated himself before her, and away went horse and riders, as if sailing through the air rather than trotting on the ground. How Dame Somebody got to the place of her destination she could not tell; but it was a great relief to her fears when she found herself set down at the door of a neat cottage, saw a couple of tidy children, and remarked her patient to be a decent-looking woman, having all things about her fitting the time and the occasion.

A fine bouncing babe soon made its appearance, and seemed very bold on its entry into life, for it gave the good dame a box on the ear, as, with the coaxing and cajolery of all good old nurses, she declared the "sweet little thing to be very like its father." The mother said nothing to this, but gave nurse a certain ointment with directions that she should "strike the child's eyes with it." Now you must know that this word "strike," in our Devonshire vocabulary, does not exactly mean to give a blow, but rather what is opposite, to "rub, smooth down, or touch gently." The nurse performed her task, though she thought it an odd one; and as it is nothing new that old nurses are generally very curious, she wondered what it could be for; and thought that, as no doubt it was a good thing, she might just as well try it upon her own eyes as those of the baby, so she made free to strike one of them by way of trial; when, oh ye powers of fairyland, what a change was there! The neat but homely cottage, and all who were

in it, seemed all on a sudden to undergo a mighty transformation, some for the better, some for the worse. The new-made mother appeared as a beautiful lady attired in white; the babe was seen wrapped in swaddling clothes of a silvery gauze. It looked much prettier than before, but still maintained the elfish cast of the eye, like its redoubted father; whilst two or three children more had undergone a metamorphosis as uncouth as that recorded by Ovid when the Cercopians were transformed into apes. For there sat on either side of the bed's head a couple of little flat-nosed imps, who with "mops and mows," and with many a grimace and grin, were "busied to no end" in scratching their own polls, or in pulling the fairy lady's ears with their long and hairy paws. The dame, who beheld all this, fearing she knew not what in the house of enchantment, got away as fast as she could without saying one word about "striking" her own eye with the magic ointment, and what she had beheld in consequence of doing so. The sour-looking old fellow once more handed her up on the coal-black horse, and sent her home in a whip-sissa. Now what a whip-sissa means is more than I can tell, though I consider myself to be tolerably well acquainted with the tongues of this "West Countrie." It may mean perhaps, "Whip, says he," in allusion to some gentle intimation being feelingly given by the rider to the horse's sides with a switch, that he should use the utmost despatch. Certain it is, the old woman returned home much faster than she went. But mark the event. On the next market-day, when she sallied forth to sell her eggs, whom should she see but the same wicked-looking old fellow, busied, like a rogue as he was, in pilfering sundry articles from stall to stall. "Oh! oh!" thought the dame, "have I caught you, you old thief? But I'll let you see I could set Master Mayor and the two

town constables on your back, if I chose to be telling." So up she went, and with that bold, free sort of air which persons who have learnt secrets that ought not to be known are apt to assume when they address any great rogue hitherto considered as a superior, she inquired carelessly after his wife and child, and hoped both were as well as could be expected.

"What!" exclaimed the old pixy thief, "do you see me to-day?"

"See you! to be sure I do, as plain as I see the sun in the skies; and I see you are busy into the bargain."

"Do you so?" cried he. "Pray with which eye do you see all this?"

"With the right eye, to be sure."

"The ointment! the ointment!" exclaimed the old fellow. "Take that for meddling with what did not belong to you—you shall see me no more."

He struck her eye as he spoke, and from that hour till the day of her death she was blind on the right side, thus dearly paying for having gratified an idle curiosity in the house of a pixy.

THE ADVENTURE OF CHERRY OF ZENNOR.[1]

Old Honey lived with his wife and family in a little hut of two rooms and a "talfat,"[2] on the cliff side of Trereen in Zennor. The old couple had half a score of children, who were all reared in this place. They lived as they best could on the produce of a few acres of ground, which were too poor to keep even a goat in good heart. The heaps of crogans (limpet shells) about the hut led one to believe that their chief food was limpets and gweans (periwinkles). They had, however, fish and potatoes most days, and pork and broth now and then of a Sunday. At Christmas and the Feast they had white bread. There was not a healthier nor a handsomer family in the parish than Old Honey's. We are, however, only concerned with one of them, his daughter Cherry. Cherry could run as fast as a hare, and was ever full of frolic and mischief.

Whenever the miller's boy came into the "town," tied his horse to the furze rick, and called in to see if any one desired to send corn to the mill, Cherry would jump on to its back and gallop off to the cliff. When the miller's boy gave chase, and she could ride no further over the edge of that rocky coast, she would take to the cairns, and the

[1] Robert Hunt, *Popular Romances of the West of England*, 1st series, p. 118.

[2] *Talfat* is a half floor at one end of a cottage on which a bed is placed.

swiftest dog could not catch her, much less the miller's boy.

Soon after Cherry got into her teens she became very discontented, because year after year her mother had been promising her a new frock that she might go off as smart as the rest, "three on one horse to Morva fair."[1] As certain as the time came round the money was wanting, so Cherry had nothing decent. She could neither go to fair, nor to church, nor to meeting.

Cherry was sixteen. One of her playmates had a new dress smartly trimmed with ribbons, and she told Cherry how she had been to Nancledry to the preaching, and how she had ever so many sweethearts who brought her home. This put the volatile Cherry in a fever of desire. She declared to her mother she would go off to the "low countries"[2] to seek for service, that she might get some clothes like other girls.

Her mother wished her to go to Towednack that she might have the chance of seeing her now and then of a Sunday.

"No, no!" said Cherry, "I'll never go to live in the parish where the cow ate the bell-rope, and where they have fish and taties (potatoes) every day, and conger-pie of a Sunday, for a change."

One fine morning Cherry tied up a few things in a bundle and prepared to start. She promised her father that she would get service as near home as she could, and come home at the earliest opportunity. The old man said she was bewitched, charged her to take care she wasn't carried

[1] A Cornish proverb.

[2] The terms "high" and "low countries" are applied respectively to the hills and the valleys of the country about Towednack and Zennor.

away by either the sailors or pirates, and allowed her to depart. Cherry took the road leading to Ludgvan and Gulval. When she lost sight of the chimneys of Trereen, she got out of heart and had a great mind to go home again. But she went on.

At length she came to the "four cross roads" on the Lady Downs, sat herself down on a stone by the road-side, and cried to think of her home, which she might never see again.

Her crying at last came to an end, and she resolved to go home and make the best of it.

When she dried her eyes and held up her head she was surprised to see a gentleman coming towards her; for she couldn't think where he came from; no one was to be seen on the Downs a few minutes before.

The gentleman wished her "good morning," inquired the road to Towednack, and asked Cherry where she was going.

Cherry told the gentleman that she had left home that morning to look for service, but that her heart had failed her, and she was going back over the hills to Zennor again.

"I never expected to meet with such luck as this," said the gentleman. "I left home this morning to seek for a nice clean girl to keep house for me, and here you are."

He then told Cherry that he had been recently left a widower, and that he had one dear little boy, of whom Cherry might have charge. Cherry was the very girl that would suit him. She was handsome and cleanly. He could see that her clothes were so mended that the first piece could not be discovered; yet she was as sweet as a rose, and all the water in the sea could not make her cleaner. Poor Cherry said "Yes, sir," to everything, yet she did not understand one quarter part of what the gentleman said. Her mother had instructed her to say

"Yes, sir," to the parson, or any gentleman, when, like herself, she did not understand them. The gentleman told her he lived but a short way off, down in the low countries; that she would have very little to do but milk the cow and look after the baby; so Cherry consented to go with him.

Away they went; he talking so kindly that Cherry had no notion how time was moving, and she quite forgot the distance she had walked.

At length they were in lanes, so shaded with trees that a checker of sunshine scarcely gleamed on the road. As far as she could see, all was trees and flowers. Sweet briars and honeysuckles perfumed the air, and the reddest of ripe apples hung from the trees over the lane.

Then they came to a stream of water as clear as crystal, which ran across the lane. It was, however, very dark, and Cherry paused to see how she should cross the river. The gentleman put his arm around her waist and carried her over, so that she did not wet her feet.

The lane was getting darker and darker, and narrower and narrower, and they seemed to be going rapidly down hill. Cherry took firm hold of the gentleman's arm, and thought, as he had been so kind to her, she could go with him to the world's end.

After walking a little further, the gentleman opened a gate which led into a beautiful garden, and said: "Cherry, my dear, this is the place we live in."

Cherry could scarcely believe her eyes. She had never seen anything approaching this place for beauty. Flowers of every dye were around her; fruits of all kinds hung above her; and the birds, sweeter of song than any she had ever heard, burst out into a chorus of rejoicing. She had heard granny tell of enchanted places. Could this be one of them? No. The gentleman was as big as the parson;

and now a little boy came running down the garden walk shouting: "Papa, papa."

The child appeared, from his size, to be about two or three years of age; but there was a singular look of age about him. His eyes were brilliant and piercing, and he had a crafty expression. As Cherry said, "He could look anybody down."

Before Cherry could speak to the child, a very old dry-boned, ugly-looking woman made her appearance, and seizing the child by the arm, dragged him into the house, mumbling and scolding. Before, however, she was lost sight of, the old hag cast one look at Cherry, which shot through her heart "like a gimblet."

Seeing Cherry somewhat disconcerted, the master explained that the old woman was his late wife's grandmother: that she would remain with them until Cherry knew her work, and no longer, for she was old and ill-tempered, and must go. At length, having feasted her eyes on the garden, Cherry was taken into the house, and this was yet more beautiful. Flowers of every kind grew everywhere, and the sun seemed to shine everywhere, and yet she did not see the sun.

Aunt Prudence—so was the old woman named—spread a table in a moment with a great variety of nice things, and Cherry made a hearty supper. She was now directed to go to bed, in a chamber at the top of the house, in which the child was to sleep also. Prudence directed Cherry to keep her eyes closed, whether she could sleep or not, as she might, perchance, see things which she would not like. She was not to speak to the child all night. She was to rise at break of day; then take the boy to a spring in the garden, wash him, and anoint his eyes with an ointment, which she would find in a crystal box in a cleft of the rock,

but she was not on any account to touch her own eyes with it. Then Cherry was to call the cow; and having taken a bucket full of milk, to draw a bowl of the last milk for the boy's breakfast. Cherry was dying with curiosity. She several times began to question the child, but he always stopped her with: "I'll tell Aunt Prudence." According to her orders, Cherry was up in the morning early. The little boy conducted the girl to the spring, which flowed in crystal purity from a granite rock, which was covered with ivy and beautiful mosses. The child was duly washed, and his eyes duly anointed. Cherry saw no cow, but her little charge said she must call the cow.

"Pruit! pruit! pruit!" called Cherry, just as she would call the cows at home; when, lo! a beautiful great cow came from amongst the trees, and stood on the bank beside Cherry.

Cherry had no sooner placed her hands on the cow's teats than four streams of milk flowed down and soon filled the bucket. The boy's bowl was then filled, and he drank it. This being done, the cow quietly walked away, and Cherry returned to the house to be instructed in her daily work.

The old woman, Prudence, gave Cherry a capital breakfast, and then informed her that she must keep to the kitchen, and attend to her work there—to scald the milk, make the butter, and clean all the platters and bowls with water and gard (gravel sand). Cherry was charged to avoid curiosity. She was not to go into any other part of the house; she was not to try and open any locked doors.

After her ordinary work was done on the second day, her master required Cherry to help him in the garden, to pick the apples and pears, and to weed the leeks and onions.

Glad was Cherry to get out of the old woman's sight.

Aunt Prudence always sat with one eye on her knitting, and the other boring through poor Cherry. Now and then she'd grumble: "I knew Robin would bring down some fool from Zennor—better for both that she had tarried away."

Cherry and her master got on famously, and whenever Cherry had finished weeding a bed, her master would give her a kiss to show her how pleased he was.

After a few days, old Aunt Prudence took Cherry into those parts of the house which she had never seen. They passed through a long dark passage. Cherry was then made to take off her shoes; and they entered a room, the floor of which was like glass, and all round, perched on the shelves, and on the floor, were people, big and small, turned to stone. Of some, there were only the head and shoulders, the arms being cut off; others were perfect. Cherry told the old woman she "wouldn't cum ony furder for the wurld." She thought from the first she was got into a land of Small People underground, only master was like other men; but now she know'd she was with the conjurers, who had turned all these people to stone. She had heard talk on 'em up in Zennor, and she knew they might at any moment wake up and eat her.

Old Prudence laughed at Cherry, and drove her on, insisted upon her rubbing up a box, "like a coffin on six legs," until she could see her face in it. Well, Cherry did not want for courage, so she began to rub with a will; the old woman standing by, knitting all the time, calling out every now and then: "Rub! rub! rub! Harder and faster!" At length Cherry got desperate, and giving a violent rub at one of the corners, she nearly upset the box. When, O Lor! it gave out such a doleful, unearthly sound, that Cherry thought all the stone people were coming to life, and with her fright she fell down in a fit. The master

heard all this noise, and came in to inquire into the cause of the hubbub. He was in great wrath, kicked old Prudence out of the house for taking Cherry into that shut-up room, carried Cherry into the kitchen, and soon, with some cordial, recovered her senses. Cherry could not remember what had happened; but she knew there was something fearful in the other part of the house. But Cherry was mistress now—old Aunt Prudence was gone. Her master was so kind and loving that a year passed by like a summer day. Occasionally her master left home for a season; then he would return and spend much time in the enchanted apartments, and Cherry was certain she had heard him talking to the stone people. Cherry had everything the human heart could desire; but she was not happy; she would know more of the place and the people. Cherry had discovered that the ointment made the little boy's eyes bright and strange, and she thought often that he saw more than she did; she would try; yes, she would!

Well, next morning the child was washed, his eyes anointed, and the cow milked; she sent the boy to gather her some flowers in the garden, and taking a "crum" of ointment, she put it into her eye. Oh, her eye would be burned out of her head! Cherry ran to the pool beneath the rock to wash her burning eye; when lo! she saw at the bottom of the water hundreds of little people, mostly ladies, playing—and there was her master, as small as the others, playing with them. Everything now looked different about the place. Small people were everywhere, hiding in the flowers sparkling with diamonds, swinging in the trees, and running and leaping under and over the blades of grass. The master never showed himself above the water all day; but at night he rode up to the house like the handsome gentleman she had seen before. He

went to the enchanted chamber, and Cherry soon heard the most beautiful music.

In the morning her master was off, dressed as if to follow the hounds. He returned at night, left Cherry to herself, and proceeded at once to his private apartments. Thus it was day after day, until Cherry could stand it no longer. So she peeped through the key-hole, and saw her master with lots of ladies, singing; while one dressed like a queen was playing on the coffin. Oh, how madly jealous Cherry became when she saw her master kiss this lovely lady. However, the next day the master remained at home to gather fruit. Cherry was to help him, and when, as usual, he looked to kiss her, she slapped his face, and told him to kiss the Small People, like himself, with whom he played under the water. So he found out that Cherry had used the ointment. With much sorrow, he told her she must go home, that he would have no spy on his actions, and that Aunt Prudence must come back. Long before day, Cherry was called by her master. He gave her lots of clothes and other things; took her bundle in one hand, and a lantern in the other, and bade her follow him. They went on for miles on miles, all the time going up-hill, through lanes, and narrow passages. When they came at last on level ground, it was near daybreak. He kissed Cherry, told her she was punished for her idle curiosity; but that he would, if she behaved well, come sometimes on the Lady Downs to see her. Saying this, he disappeared. The sun rose, and there was Cherry seated on a granite stone, without a soul within miles of her—a desolate moor having taken the place of a smiling garden. Long, long did Cherry sit in sorrow, but at last she thought she would go home.

Her parents had supposed her dead, and when they saw

her, they believed her to be her own ghost. Cherry told her story, which every one doubted, but Cherry never varied her tale, and at last every one believed it. They say Cherry was never afterwards right in her head, and on moonlight nights, until she died, she would wander on to the Lady Downs to look for her master.

THE FAIRY FUNERAL.[1]

THE parish church of Lelant is curiously situated amidst hills of blown sand, near the entrance of the creek of Hayle. The sandy waste around the church is called the Towen; and this place was long the scene of the midnight gambols of the Small People. In the adjoining village—or, as it is called in Cornwall, the "church-town"—lived an old woman who had been, according to her own statement, a frequent witness to the use made by the fairies of the Towen. Her husband, also, had seen some extraordinary scenes on the same spot. From her—to me, oft-repeated description—I get the following tale:—It was the fishing season; and Richard had been to St. Ives for some fish. He was returning, laden with pilchards, on a beautiful moonlight night; and as he ascended the hill from St. Ives he thought he heard the bell of Lelant church tolling. Upon a nearer approach he saw lights in the church; and most distinctly did the bell toll—not with its usual clear sound, but dull and heavy as if it had been muffled, scarcely awakening any echo. Richard walked towards the church, and cautiously, but not without fear, approaching one of the windows, looked in. At first he could not perceive any one within, nor discover whence the light came by which everything was so distinctly illuminated. At length he saw, moving along the centre aisle, a funeral procession. The

[1] Robert Hunt, *Popular Romances of the West of England*, 1st series, p. 93.

little people who crowded the aisle, although they all looked very sorrowful, were not dressed in any mourning garments —so far from it they wore wreaths of little roses, and carried branches of the blossoming myrtle. Richard beheld the bier borne between six—whether men or women he could not tell—but he saw that the face of the corpse was that of a beautiful female, smaller than the smallest child's doll. It was, Richard said, "as if it were a dead seraph,"—so very lovely did it appear to him. The body was covered with white flowers, and its hair, like gold threads, was tangled amongst the blossoms. The body was placed within the altar; and then a large party of men, with picks and spades, began to dig a little hole close by the sacramental table. Their task being completed, others, with great care, removed the body and placed it in the hole. The entire company crowded around, eager to catch a parting glimpse of that beautiful corpse ere yet it was placed in the earth. As it was lowered into the ground they began to tear off their flowers and break their branches of myrtle, crying: "Our queen is dead! our queen is dead!" At length one of the men who had dug the grave threw a shovelful of earth upon the body; and the shriek of the fairy host so alarmed Richard, that he involuntarily joined in it. In a moment all the lights were extinguished, and the fairies were heard flying in great consternation in every direction. Many of them brushed past the terrified man, and, shrieking, pierced him with sharp instruments. He was compelled to save his life *by the most rapid flight.*

THE PISKIES IN THE CELLAR.[1]

On the Thursday immediately preceding Christmas-tide (year not recorded) were assembled at "The Rising Sun" the captain and men of a Stream Work[2] in the Couse below. This Couse was a flat alluvial moor, broken by gigantic mole-hills, the work of many a generation of tinners. One was half inclined, on looking at the turmoiled ground, to believe with them that the tin grew in successive crops, for, after years of turning and searching, there was still enough left to give the landlord his dole, and to furnish wages to some dozen Streamers. This night was a festival observed in honour of one *Picrous*,[3] and intended to celebrate the discovery of tin on this day by a man of that name. The feast is still kept, though the observance has dwindled to a supper and its attendant merrymaking.

Our story has especially to do with the adventures of one of the party, John Sturtridge, who, well primed with ale, started on his homeward way for Luxulyan Church-town. John had got as far as Tregarden Down without any mishap worth recording, when, alas! he happed upon a party of the little people, who were at their sports in the shelter of a huge granite boulder. Assailed by shouts of derisive

[1] Robert Hunt, *Popular Romances of the West of England*, 1st series, p. 76.

[2] A "Stream Work" is a place where tin is obtained from the drift deposits. "Streamers" are the tinners who wash out the tin.

[3] Picrous day is still kept up in Luxulyan.

laughter, he hastened on frightened and bewildered, but the Down, well known from early experience, became like ground untrodden, and after long trial no gate or stile was to be found. He was getting vexed, as well as puzzled, when a chorus of tiny voices shouted: "Ho! and away for Par Beach!" John repeated the shout, and was in an instant caught up, and in a twinkling found himself on the sands of Par. A brief dance, and the cry was given: "Ho! and away for Squire Tremain's cellar!" A repetition of the Piskie cry found John with his elfish companions in the cellars at Heligan, where was beer and wine galore. It need not be said that he availed himself of his opportunities. The mixture of all the good liquors so affected him that, alas! he forgot in time to catch up the next cry of "Ho! and away for Par Beach!" In the morning John was found by the butler, groping and tumbling among butts and barrels, very much muddled with the squire's good drink. His strange story, very incoherently told, was not credited by the squire, who committed him to jail for the burglary, and in due time he was convicted and sentenced to death.

The morning of his execution arrived; a large crowd had assembled, and John was standing under the gallows tree, when a commotion was observed in the crowd, and a little lady of commanding mien made her way through the opening throng to the scaffold. In a shrill, sweet voice, which John recognised, she cried: "Ho! and away for France!" which being replied to, he was rapt from the officers of justice, leaving them and the multitude mute with wonder and disappointment.

EDWIN AND SIR TOPAZ.

In Britain's isle and Arthur's days,
When midnight faeries daunc'd the maze,
  Liv'd Edwin of the green;
Edwin, I wis, a gentle youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
  Though badly shap'd he been.

His mountain back mote well be said
To measure heighth against his head,
  And lift itself above:
Yet spite of all that Nature did
To make his uncouth form forbid,
  This creature dar'd to love.

He felt the charms of Edith's eyes,
Nor wanted hope to gain the prize,
  Could ladies look within;
But one Sir Topaz dress'd with art,
And, if a shape could win a heart,
  He had a shape to win.

Edwin, if right I read my song,
With slighted passion pac'd along
  All in the moony light:
'Twas near an old enchanted court,
Where sportive facries made resort
  To revel out the night.

[1] T. Parnell, *Poems*, Aldine Edition, p. 55.

His heart was drear, his hope was cross'd,
'Twas late, 'twas farr, the path was lost
That reach'd the neighbour-town;
With weary steps he quits the shades,
Resolv'd the darkling dome he treads,
And drops his limbs adown.

But scant he lays him on the floor,
When hollow winds remove the door,
A trembling rocks the ground:
And, well I ween to count aright,
At once an hundred tapers light
On all the walls around.

Now sounding tongues assail his ear,
Now sounding feet approachen near,
And now the sounds encrease;
And from the corner where he lay
He sees a train profusely gay
Come pranckling o'er the place.

But, trust me, gentles, never yet
Was dight a masquing half so neat,
Or half so rich before;
The country lent the sweet perfumes,
The sea the pearl, the sky the plumes,
The town its silken store.

Now whilst he gazed, a gallant drest
In flaunting robes above the rest,
With awfull accent cried:
"What mortal of a wretched mind,
Whose sighs infect the balmy wind,
Has here presumed to hide?"

At this the swain, whose venturous soul
No fears of magic art controul,
Advanc'd in open sight.
"Nor have I cause of dreed," he said,
"Who view, by no presumption led,
Your revels of the night.

"'Twas grief for scorn of faithful love,
Which made my steps unweeting rove
Amid the nightly dew."
"'Tis well," the gallant cries again,
"We faeries never injure men
Who dare to tell us true.

"Exalt thy love-dejected heart,
Be mine the task, or ere we part,
To make thee grief resign;
Now take the pleasure of thy chaunce;
Whilst I with Mab, my partner, daunce,
Be little Mable thine!"

He spoke, and all a sudden there
Light musick floats in wanton air;
The monarch leads the queen;
The rest their faerie partners found,
And Mable trimly tript the ground
With Edwin of the green.

The dauncing past, the board was laid,
And siker such a feast was made
As heart and lip desire;
Withouten hands the dishes fly,
The glasses with a wish come nigh,
And with a wish retire.

But now to please the faery king,
Full every deal they laugh and sing,
And antick feats devise;
Some wind and tumble like an ape,
And other-some transmute their shape
In Edwin's wondering eyes.

Till one at last that Robin hight,
Renown'd for pinching maids by night,
Has hent him up aloof;
And full against the beam he flung,
Where by the back the youth he hung
To sprawl unneath the roof.

From thence, "Reverse my charm," he cries,
"And let it fairly now suffice
The gambol has been shown."
But Oberon answers with a smile,
"Content thee, Edwin, for a while,
The vantage is thine own."

Here ended all the phantome play;
They smelt the fresh approach of day,
And heard a cock to crow;
The whirling wind that bore the crowd
Has clapp'd the door, and whistled loud
To warn them all to go.

Then screaming all at once they fly,
And all at once the tapers die;
Poor Edwin falls to floor;
Forlorn his state, and dark the place,
Was never wight in such a case
Through all the land before.

But soon as Dan Apollo rose,
Full jolly creature home he goes,
He feels his back the less;
His honest tongue and steady mind
Han rid him of the lump behind
Which made him want success.

With lusty livelyhed he talks,
He seems adauncing as he walks;
His story soon took wind;
And beauteous Edith sees the youth,
Endow'd with courage, sense, and truth,
Without a bunch behind.

The story told, Sir Topaz mov'd,
The youth of Edith erst approv'd,
To see the revel scene.
At close of eve he leaves his home,
And wends to find the ruin'd dome
All on the gloomy plain.

As there he bides, it so befell,
The wind came rustling down a dell,
A shaking seiz'd the wall:
Up sprang the tapers as before,
The faeries bragly foot the floor,
And musick fills the hall.

But, certes, sorely sunk with woe,
Sir Topaz sees the elfin show,
His spirits in him die:
When Oberon cries, "A man is near
A mortall passion, cleeped fear,
Hangs flagging in the sky."

With that Sir Topaz, hapless youth,
In accents faultering ay for ruth
  Intreats them pity graunt;
For als he been a mister wight
Betray'd by wandering in the night
  To tread the circled haunt.

"Ah losell vile!" at once they roar,
"And little skill'd of faerie lore,
  Thy cause to come we know:
Now has thy kestrell courage fell;
And faeries, since a lie you tell,
  Are free to work thee woe."

Then Will, who bears the wispy fire
To trail the swains among the mire,
  The caitive upward flung;
There like a tortoise in a shop
He dangled from the chamber-top
  Where whilome Edwin hung.

The revel now proceeds apace,
Deffly they frisk it o'er the place,
  They sit, they drink, and eat;
The time with frolick mirth beguile,
And poor Sir Topaz hangs the while
  Till all the rout retreat.

By this the starrs began to wink,
They shriek, they fly, the tapers sink,
  And down ydrops the knight:
For never spell by faerie laid
With strong enchantment bound a glade
  Beyond the length of night.

Chill, dark, alone, adreed, he lay,
Till up the welkin rose the day,
  Then deem'd the dole was o'er:
But wot ye well his harder lot?
His seely back the bunch has got
  Which Edwin lost afore.

This tale a Sybil-nurse ared;
She softly stroked my youngling head,
  And when the tale was done,
"Thus some are born, my son," she cries,
"With base impediment to rise,
  And some are born with none.

"But virtue can itself advance
To what the favourite fools of chance
  By fortune seem'd design'd;
Virtue can gain the odds of fate,
And from itself shake off the weight
  Upon th' unworthy mind."

THE TWO SERVING DAMSELS.[1]

Two serving damsels of this place declared, as an excuse, perhaps, for spending more money than they ought upon finery, that the pixies were very kind to them, and would often drop silver for their pleasure into a bucket of fair water, which they placed for the accommodation of those little beings in the chimney corner every night before they went to bed. Once, however, it was forgotten, and the pixies, finding themselves disappointed by an empty bucket, whisked upstairs to the maids' bedroom, popped through the keyhole, and began in a very audible tone to exclaim against the laziness and neglect of the damsels. One of them who lay awake and heard all this, jogged her fellow-servant, and proposed getting up immediately to repair the fault of omission; but the lazy girl, who liked not being disturbed out of a comfortable nap, pettishly declared "that, for her part, she would not stir out of bed to please all the pixies in Devonshire." The good-humoured damsel, however, got up, filled the bucket, and was rewarded by a handful of silver pennies found in it the next morning. But ere that time had arrived, what was her alarm as she crept towards the bed, to hear all the elves in high and stern debate, consulting as to what punishment should be

[1] Mrs. Bray, *The Borders of the Tamar and the Tavy*, vol. i. p. 178.

inflicted on the lazy lass who would not stir for their pleasure.

Some proposed "pinches, nips, and bobs," others to spoil her new cherry-coloured bonnet and ribands. One talked of sending her the toothache, another of giving her a red nose; but this last was voted a too vindictive punishment for a pretty young woman. So, tempering mercy with justice, the pixies were kind enough to let her off with a lame leg, which was so to continue only for seven years, and was alone to be cured by a certain herb, growing on Dartmoor, whose long and learned and very difficult name the elfin judge pronounced in a high and audible voice. It was a name of seven syllables, seven being also the number of years decreed for the chastisement.

The good-natured maid, wishing to save her fellow-damsel so long a suffering, tried with might and main to bear in mind the name of this potent herb. She said it over and over again, tied a knot in her garter at every syllable as a help to memory then very popular, and thought she had the word as sure as her own name, and very possibly felt much more anxious about retaining the one than the other.

At length she dropped asleep, and did not wake till the morning. Now whether her head might be like a sieve, that lets out as fast as it takes in, or if the over-exertion to remember might cause her to forget, cannot be determined; but certain it is that when she opened her eyes she knew nothing at all about the matter, excepting that Molly was to go lame on her right leg for seven long years, unless a herb with a strange name could be got to cure her. And lame she went for nearly the whole of that period.

At length (it was about the end of that time) a merry, squint-eyed, queer-looking boy started up one fine summer day, just as she went to pluck a mushroom, and came

tumbling, head over heels, towards her. He insisted on striking her leg with a plant which he held in his hand. From that moment she got well, and lame Molly, as a reward for her patience in suffering, became the best dancer in the whole town at the celebrated festivities of Mayday on the green.

THE TULIP BED.[1]

NEAR a pixy field in this neighbourhood there lived on a time an old woman who possessed a cottage and a very pretty garden, wherein she cultivated a most beautiful bed of tulips. The pixies, it is traditionally averred, so delighted in this spot, that they would carry their elfin babies thither, and sing them to rest. Often at the dead hour of the night a sweet lullaby was heard, and strains of the most melodious music would float in the air, that seemed to owe their origin to no other musicians than the beautiful tulips themselves; and whilst these delicate flowers waved their heads to the evening breeze, it sometimes seemed as if they were marking time to their own singing. As soon as the elfin babies were lulled asleep by such melodies, the pixies would return to the neighbouring field, and there commence dancing, making those rings on the green which showed, even to mortal eyes, what sort of gambols had occupied them during the night season.

At the first dawn of light the watchful pixies once more sought the tulips, and though still invisible could be heard kissing and caressing their babies. The tulips, thus favoured by a race of genii, retained their beauty much longer than any other flowers in the garden; whilst, though contrary to their nature, as the pixies breathed over them they became as fragrant as roses; and so delighted at all

[1] Mrs. Bray, *The Borders of the Tamar and the Tavy*, vol. i. p. 180.

this was the old woman who possessed the garden, that she never suffered a single tulip to be plucked from its stem.

At length, however, she died; and the heir who succeeded her destroyed the enchanted flowers, and converted the spot into a parsley bed, a circumstance which so disappointed and offended the pixies that they caused it to wither away; and indeed for many years nothing would grow in the beds of the whole garden. But these sprites, though eager in resenting an injury, were, like most warm spirits, equally capable of returning a benefit; and if they destroyed the product of the good old woman's garden, when it had fallen into unworthy hands, they tended the bed that wrapped her clay with affectionate solicitude. For they were heard lamenting and singing sweet dirges around her grave; nor did they neglect to pay this mournful tribute to her memory every night before the moon was at the full; for then their high solemnity of dancing, singing, and rejoicing took place, to hail the queen of the night on completing her silver circle in the skies. No human hand ever tended the grave of the poor old woman who had nurtured the tulip bed for the delight of these elfin creatures; but no rank weed was ever seen to grow upon it; the sod was ever green, and the prettiest flowers would spring up without sowing, or planting, and so they continued to do till it was supposed the mortal body was reduced to its original dust.

THE FISHERMAN AND THE PISKIES.[1]

John Taprail, long since dead, moored his boat one evening beside a barge of much larger size, in which his neighbour John Rendle traded between this place and Plymouth; and as the wind, though gusty, was not sufficient to cause any apprehension, he went to bed and slept soundly. In the middle of the night he was awoke by a voice from without bidding him get up, and "shift his rope over Rendle's," as his boat was in considerable danger. Now, as all Taprail's capital was invested in his boat and gear, we may be sure that he was not long in putting on his sea-clothes, and going to its rescue. To his great chagrin, he found that a joke had been played upon him, for the boat and barge were both riding quietly at their ropes. On his way back again, when within a few yards of his home, he observed a crowd of the little people congregated under the shelter of a boat that was lying high and dry on the beach. They were sitting in a semicircle, holding their hats towards one of their number, who was engaged in distributing a heap of money, pitching a gold piece into each hat in succession, after the manner in which cards are dealt. Now John had a covetous heart; and the sight of so much cash made him forget the respect due to an assembly of piskies, and that they are not slow to punish any intrusion on their privacy; so he crept slyly towards them, hidden by the boat, and, reaching round, managed to introduce his hat without

[1] *Choice Notes: Folk-Lore*, p. 76.

exciting any notice. When the heap was getting low, and Taprail was awaking to the dangers of detection, he craftily withdrew his hat and made off with the prize. He had got a fair start before the trick was discovered; but the defrauded piskies were soon on his heels, and he barely managed to reach his house and to close the door upon his pursuers. So narrow indeed was his escape, that he had left the tails of his sea-coat in their hands. Such is the evidently imperfect version of an old legend, as it is remembered by the fishermen of the present generation. We may suppose that John Taprail's door had a key-hole; and there would have been poetical justice in the story, if the elves had compelled the fraudulent fisherman to turn his hat or pocket inside out.

A FAIRY CAUGHT.[1]

I HEARD last week of three fairies having been seen in Zennor very recently. A man who lived at the foot of Trendreen Hill, in the valley of Treridge, I think, was cutting furze on the hill. Near the middle of the day he saw one of the small people, not more than a foot long, stretched at full length and fast asleep, on a bank of griglans (heath), surrounded by high brakes of furze. The man took off his furze cuff, and slipped the little man into it, without his waking up; went down to the house; took the little fellow out of the cuff on the hearthstone, when he awakened, and seemed quite pleased and at home, beginning to play with the children, who were well pleased with the small body, and called him Bobby Griglans.

The old people were very careful not to let Bob out of the house, or be seen by the neighbours, as he promised to show the man where the crocks of gold were buried on the hill. A few days after he was brought from the hill, all the neighbours came with their horses (according to custom) to bring home the winter's reek of furze, which had to be brought down the hill in trusses on the backs of the horses. That Bob might be safe and out of sight, he and the children were shut up in the barn. Whilst the furze-carriers were in to dinner, the prisoners contrived to get out, to have a "courant" round the furze-reek, when they saw a little

[1] Robert Hunt, *Popular Romances of the West of England*, 2nd series, p. 265.

man and woman, not much larger than Bob, searching into every hole and corner among the trusses that were dropped round the unfinished reek. The little woman was wringing her hands and crying: "Oh, my dear and tender Skilly-widden, wherever canst ah (thou) be gone to? Shall I ever cast eyes on thee again?" "Go 'e back," says Bob to the children; "my father and mother are come here too." He then cried out: "Here I am, mammy!" By the time the words were out of his mouth, the little man and woman, with their precious Skillywidden, were nowhere to be seen, and there has been no sight nor sign of them since. The children got a sound thrashing for letting Skillywidden escape.

COLMAN GREY.[1]

A FARMER, who formerly lived on an estate in our vicinity, was returning one evening from a distant part of the farm, when, in crossing a particular field, he saw, to his surprise, sitting on a stone in the middle of it, a miserable-looking little creature, human in appearance, though diminutive in size, and apparently starving with cold and hunger. Pitying its condition, and perhaps aware that it was of elfish origin, and that good luck would amply repay him for his kind treatment of it, he took it home, placed it by the warm hearth on a stool, and fed it with nice milk. The poor bantling soon recovered from the lumpish and only half-sensible state in which it was found, and, though it never spoke, became very lively and playful. From the amusement which its strange tricks excited, it became a general favourite in the family, and the good folk really felt very sorry when their strange guest quitted them, which he did in a very unceremonious manner. After the lapse of three or four days, as the little fellow was gamboling about the farm kitchen, a shrill voice from the *town-place*, or farm-yard, was heard to call three times: "Colman Grey!" at which he sprang up, and gaining voice, cried: "Ho! ho! ho! my daddy is come," flew through the keyhole, and was never afterwards heard of.

[1] *Choice Notes: Folk-Lore*, p. 73.

THE KING OF THE CATS.[1]

MANY years ago, long before shooting in Scotland was a fashion as it is now, two young men spent the autumn in the very far north, living in a lodge far from other houses, with an old woman to cook for them. Her cat and their own dogs formed all the rest of the household.

One afternoon the elder of the two young men said he would not go out, and the younger one went alone, to follow the path of the previous day's sport looking for missing birds, and intending to return home before the early sunset. However, he did not do so, and the elder man became very uneasy as he watched and waited in vain till long after their usual supper-time. At last the young man returned, wet and exhausted, nor did he explain his unusual lateness until, after supper, they were seated by the fire with their pipes, the dogs lying at their feet, and the old woman's black cat sitting gravely with half-shut eyes on the hearth between them. Then the young man began as follows:—

"You must be wondering what made me so late. I have had a curious adventure to-day. I hardly know what to say about it. I went, as I told you I should, along our yesterday's route. A mountain fog came on just as I was about to turn homewards, and I completely lost my way. I wandered about for a long time, not knowing where I was, till at last I saw a light, and made for it, hoping to get

[1] *Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. ii. p. 22.

help. As I came near it, it disappeared, and I found myself close to a large old oak tree. I climbed into the branches the better to look for the light, and, behold! it was beneath me, inside the hollow trunk of the tree. I seemed to be looking down into a church, where a funeral was in the act of taking place. I heard singing, and saw a coffin, surrounded by torches, all carried by—— But I know you won't believe me if I tell you!"

His friend eagerly begged him to go on, and laid down his pipe to listen. The dogs were sleeping quietly, but the cat was sitting up apparently listening as attentively as the man, and both young men involuntarily turned their eyes towards him. "Yes," proceeded the absentee, "it is perfectly true. The coffin and the torches were both borne by cats, and upon the coffin were marked a crown and sceptre!" He got no further; the cat started up shrieking: "By Jove! old Peter's dead! and I'm the King o' the Cats!" rushed up the chimney and was seen no more.

A MYTH OF MIDRIDGE;

Or, a Story anent a witless Wight's Adventures with the Midridge Fairies in the Bishoprick of Durham; now more than two Centuries ago.[1]

TALKING about fairies the other day to a nearly octogenarian female neighbour, I asked, Had she ever seen one in her youthful days? Her answer was in the negative; "but," quoth she, "I've heard my grandmother tell a story, that Midridge (near Auckland) was a great place for fairies when she was a child, and for many long years after that." A rather lofty hill, only a short distance from the village, was their chief place of resort, and around it they used to dance, not by dozens, but by hundreds, when the gloaming began to show itself of the summer nights. Occasionally a villager used to visit the scene of their gambols in order to catch if it were but a passing glance of the tiny folks, dressed in their vestments of green, as delicate as the thread of the gossamer; for well knew the lass so favoured that ere the current year had disappeared she would have become the happy wife of the object of her only love; and also, as well ken'd the lucky lad, that he too would get a weel tochered lassie, long afore his brow became wrinkled with age, or the snow-white blossoms had begun to bud forth upon his pate. Woe to those, however, who dared to come by twos or by threes, with inquisitive and curious eye, within the bounds of their domain; for if caught, or only

[1] *Choice Notes: Folk-Lore*, p. 131.

the eye of a fairy fell upon them, ill was sure to betide them through life. Still more awful, however, was the result if any were so rash as to address them, either in plain prose or rustic rhyme. The last instance of their being spoken to is thus still handed down by tradition:—

'Twas on a beautifully clear evening in the month of August, when the last sheaf had crowned the last stack in their master's hagyard, and after calling the "harvest home," the daytale men and household servants were enjoying themselves over massive pewter quarts foaming over with strong beer, that the subject of the evening's conversation at last turned upon the fairies of the neighbouring hill, and each related his oft-told tale which he had learned by rote from the lips of some parish grandame. At last the senior of the mirthful party proposed to a youthful mate of his, who had dared to doubt even the existence of such creatures, that he durst not go to the hill, mounted on his master's best palfrey, and call aloud, at the full extent of his voice, the following rhymes:

"Rise little Lads,
Wi' your iron gads,
And set the Lad o' Midridge hame."

Tam o' Shanter-like, elated with the contents of the pewter vessels, he nothing either feared or doubted, and off went the lad to the fairy hill; so, being arrived at the base, he was nothing loath to extend his voice to its utmost powers in giving utterance to the above invitatory verses. Scarcely had the last words escaped his lips ere he was nearly surrounded by many hundreds of the little folks, who are ever ready to revenge, with the infliction of the most dreadful punishment, every attempt at insult. The most robust of the fairies, who I take to have been Oberon, their king,

wielding an enormous javelin, thus, also in rhymes equally rough, rude, and rustic, addressed the witless wight :—

"Sillie Willy, mount thy filly;
And if it isn't weel corn'd and fed,
I'll hae thee afore thou gets hame to thy Midridge bed."

Well was it for Willy that his home was not far distant, and that part light was still remaining in the sky. Horrified beyond measure, he struck his spurs into the sides of his beast, who, equally alarmed, darted off as quick as lightning towards the mansion of its owner. Luckily it was one of those houses of olden time, which would admit of an equestrian and his horse within its portals without danger; lucky, also, was it that at the moment they arrived the door was standing wide open: so, considering the house a safer sanctuary from the belligerous fairies than the stable, he galloped direct into the hall, to the no small amazement of all beholders, when the door was instantly closed upon his pursuing foes! As soon as Willy was able to draw his breath, and had in part overcome the effects of his fear, he related to his comrades a full and particular account of his adventures with the fairies; but from that time forward, never more could any one, either for love or money, prevail upon Willy to give the fairies of the hill an invitation to take an evening walk with him as far as the village of Midridge!

To conclude, when the fairies had departed, and it was considered safe to unbar the door, to give egress to Willy and his filly, it was found, to the amazement of all beholders, that the identical iron javelin of the fairy king had pierced through the thick oaken door, which for service as well as safety was strongly plated with iron, where it still stuck, and actually required the strength of the stoutest fellow in

the company, with the aid of a smith's great fore-hammer, to drive it forth. This singular relic of fairyland was preserved for many generations, till passing eventually into the hands of one who cared for none of these things, it was lost, to the no small regret of all lovers of legendary lore!

THE GREEN CHILDREN.[1]

"ANOTHER wonderful thing," says Ralph of Coggeshall, "happened in Suffolk, at St. Mary's of the Wolf-pits. A boy and his sister were found by the inhabitants of that place near the mouth of a pit which is there, who had the form of all their limbs like to those of other men, but they differed in the colour of their skin from all the people of our habitable world; for the whole surface of their skin was tinged of a green colour. No one could understand their speech. When they were brought as curiosities to the house of a certain knight, Sir Richard de Caine, at Wikes, they wept bitterly. Bread and other victuals were set before them, but they would touch none of them, though they were ormented by great hunger, as the girl afterwards acknowledged. At length, when some beans just cut, with their stalks, were brought into the house, they made signs, with great avidity, that they should be given to them. When they were brought, they opened the stalks instead of the pods, thinking the beans were in the hollow of them; but not finding them there, they began to weep anew. When those who were present saw this, they opened the pods, and showed them the naked beans. They fed on these with great delight, and for a long time tasted no other food. The boy however was always languid and depressed, and he died within a short time. The girl enjoyed continual good

[1] T. Keightley, *The Fairy Mythology*, p. 281.

health, and becoming accustomed to various kinds of food, lost completely that green colour, and gradually recovered the sanguine habit of her entire body. She was afterwards regenerated by the laver of holy baptism, and lived for many years in the service of that knight (as I have frequently heard from him and his family), and was rather loose and wanton in her conduct. Being frequently asked about the people of her country, she asserted that the inhabitants, and all they had in that country, were of a green colour; and that they saw no sun, but enjoyed a degree of light like what is after sunset. Being asked how she came into this country with the aforesaid boy, she replied, that as they were following their flocks they came to a certain cavern, on entering which they heard a delightful sound of bells; ravished by whose sweetness, they went for a long time wandering on through the cavern until they came to its mouth. When they came out of it, they were struck senseless by the excessive light of the sun, and the unusual temperature of the air; and they thus lay for a long time. Being terrified by the noise of those who came on them, they wished to fly, but they could not find the entrance of the cavern before they were caught."

This story is also told by William of Newbridge, who places it in the reign of King Stephen. He says he long hesitated to believe it, but he was at length overcome by the weight of evidence. According to him, the place where the children appeared was about four or five miles from Bury St. Edmund's. They came in harvest-time out of the Wolf-pits; they both lost their green hue, and were baptised, and learned English. The boy, who was the younger, died; but the girl married a man at Lenna, and lived many years. They said their country was called St. Martin's Land, as

that saint was chiefly worshipped there; that the people were Christians, and had churches; that the sun did not rise there, but that there was a bright country which could be seen from theirs, being divided from it by a very broad river.

THE FAIRY BANQUET.[1]

In the next chapter of his history, William of Newbridge relates as follows:—

"In the province of Deiri (Yorkshire), not far from my birthplace, a wonderful thing occurred, which I have known from my boyhood. There is a town a few miles distant from the Eastern Sea, near which are those celebrated waters commonly called Gipse. . . . A peasant of this town went once to see a friend who lived in the next town, and it was late at night when he was coming back, not very sober; when lo! from the adjoining barrow, which I have often seen, and which is not much over a quarter of a mile from the town, he heard the voices of people singing, and, as it were, joyfully feasting. He wondered who they could be that were breaking in that place, by their merriment, the silence of the dead night, and he wished to examine into the matter more closely. Seeing a door open in the side of the barrow, he went up to it, and looked in; and there he beheld a large and luminous house, full of people, women as well as men, who were reclining as at a solemn banquet. One of the attendants, seeing him standing at the door, offered him a cup. He took it, but would not drink; and, pouring out the contents, kept the vessel. A great tumult arose at the banquet on account of his taking away the cup, and all the guests pursued him; but he escaped by the

[1] T. Keightley, *The Fairy Mythology*, p. 283, quoting William of Newbridge.

fleetness of the beast he rode, and got into the town with his booty. Finally, this vessel of unknown material, of unusual colour, and of extraordinary form, was presented to Henry the Elder, king of the English, as a valuable gift, and was then given to the queen's brother David, king of the Scots, and was kept for several years in the treasury of Scotland; and a few years ago (as I have heard from good authority), it was given by William, king of the Scots, to Henry the Second, who wished to see it."

THE FAIRY HORN.[1]

THERE is in the county of Gloucester a forest abounding in boars, stags, and every species of game that England produces. In a grovy lawn of this forest there is a little mount, rising in a point to the height of a man, on which knights and other hunters are used to ascend when fatigued with heat and thirst, to seek some relief for their wants. The nature of the place, and of the business, is however such that whoever ascends the mount must leave his companions, and go quite alone.

When alone, he was to say, as if speaking to some other person, "I thirst," and immediately there would appear a cup-bearer in an elegant dress, with a cheerful countenance, bearing in his stretched-out hand a large horn, adorned with gold and gems, as was the custom among the most ancient English. In the cup nectar of an unknown but most delicious flavour was presented, and when it was drunk, all heat and weariness fled from the glowing body, so that one would be thought ready to undertake toil instead of having toiled. Moreover, when the nectar was taken, the servant presented a towel to the drinker, to wipe his mouth with, and then having performed his office, he waited neither for a recompense for his services, nor for questions and inquiry.

This frequent and daily action had for a very long

[1] T. Keightley, *The Fairy Mythology*, p. 284, quoting Gervase of Tilbury.

period of old times taken place among the ancient people, till one day a knight of that city, when out hunting, went thither, and having called for a drink and gotten the horn, did not, as was the custom, and as in good manners he should have done, return it to the cup-bearer, but kept it for his own use. But the illustrious Earl of Gloucester, when he learned the truth of the matter, condemned the robber to death, and presented the horn to the most excellent King Henry the Elder, lest he should be thought to have approved of such wickedness, if he had added the rapine of another to the store of his private property.

THE FAIRY FAIR.[1]

READING once the eighteenth of Mr. Glanvil's relations, p. 203, concerning an Irishman that had like to have been carried away by spirits, and of the banquet they had spread before them in the fields, etc., it called to mind a passage I had often heard, of Fairies or spirits, so called by the country people, which showed themselves in great companies at divers times. At some times they would seem to dance, at other times to keep a great fair or market. I made it my business to inquire amongst the neighbours what credit might be given to that which was reported of them, and by many of the neighbouring inhabitants I had this account confirmed.

The place near which they most ordinarily showed themselves was on the side of a hill, named Black-down, between the parishes of Pittminster and Chestonford, not many miles from Tanton. Those that have had occasion to travel that way have frequently seen them there, appearing like men and women, of a stature generally near the smaller size of men. Their habits used to be of red, blue, or green, according to the old way of country garb, with high crowned hats. One time, about fifty years since, a person living at Comb St. Nicholas, a parish lying on one side of that hill, near Chard, was riding towards

[1] T. Keightley, *The Fairy Mythology*, p. 294, quoting Bovet's *Pandæmonium*.

his home that way, and saw, just before him, on the side of the hill, a great company of people, that seemed to him like country folks assembled as at a fair. There were all sorts of commodities, to his appearance, as at our ordinary fairs: pewterers, shoemakers, pedlars, with all kind of trinkets, fruit, and drinking-booths. He could not remember anything which he had usually seen at fairs but what he saw there. It was once in his thoughts that it might be some fair for Chestonford, there being a considerable one at some time of the year; but then again he considered that it was not the season for it. He was under very great surprise, and admired what the meaning of what he saw should be. At length it came into his mind what he had heard concerning the Fairies on the side of that hill, and it being near the road he was to take, he resolved to ride in amongst them, and see what they were. Accordingly he put on his horse that way, and though he saw them perfectly all along as he came, yet when he was upon the place where all this had appeared to him, he could discern nothing at all, only seemed to be crowded and thrust, as when one passes through a throng of people. All the rest became invisible to him until he came to a little distance, and then it appeared to him again as at first. He found himself in pain, and so hastened home; where, being arrived, lameness seized him all on one side, which continued on him as long as he lived, which was many years, for he was living in Comb, and gave an account to any that inquired of this accident for more than twenty years afterwards; and this relation I had from a person of known honour, who had it from the man himself.

There were some whose names I have now forgot, but they then lived at a gentleman's house, named Comb Farm, near the place before specified. Both the man, his wife,

and divers of the neighbours assured me they had at many times seen this *fair-keeping* in the summer-time, as they came from Tanton market, but that they durst not adventure in amongst them, for that every one that had done so had received great damage by it.

THE FAIRIES' CALDRON.[1]

In the vestry of Frensham Church, in Surrey, on the north side of the chancel, is an extraordinary great kettle or caldron, which the inhabitants say, by tradition, was brought hither by the fairies, time out of mind, from Borough-hill about a mile hence. To this place, if any one went to borrow a yoke of oxen, money, etc., he might have it for a year or longer, so he kept his word to return it. There is a cave where some have fancied to hear music. In this Borough-hill is a great stone lying along of the length of about six feet. They went to this stone and knocked at it, and declared what they would borrow, and when they would repay, and a voice would answer when they should come, and that they should find what they desired to borrow at that stone. This caldron, with the trivet, was borrowed here after the manner aforesaid, and not returned according to promise; and though the caldron was afterwards carried to the stone, it could not be received, and ever since that time no borrowing there.

[1] T. Keightley, *The Fairy Mythology*, p. 295, quoting Aubrey's *Natural History of Surrey*.

THE CAULD LAD OF HILTON.[1]

HILTON HALL, in the vale of the Wear, was in former times the resort of a Brownie or House-spirit, called The Cauld Lad. Every night the servants who slept in the great hall heard him at work in the kitchen, knocking the things about if they had been set in order, arranging them if otherwise, which was more frequently the case. They were resolved to banish him if they could, and the spirit, who seemed to have an inkling of their design, was often heard singing in a melancholy tone:

> "Wae's me! wae's me!
> The acorn is not yet
> Fallen from the tree,
> That's to grow the wood,
> That's to make the cradle,
> That's to rock the bairn,
> That's to grow to a man,
> That's to lay me."

The servants, however, resorted to the usual mode of banishing a Brownie: they left a green cloak and hood for him by the kitchen fire, and remained on the watch. They saw him come in, gaze at the new clothes, try them on, and, apparently in great delight, go jumping and frisking about the kitchen. But at the first crow of the cock he vanished, crying:

[1] T. Keightley, *The Fairy Mythology*, p. 296, quoting M. A. Richardson, *The Local Historian's Table-Book*.

> "Here's a cloak, and here's a hood!
> The Cauld Lad of Hilton will do no more good;"

and he never again returned to the kitchen; yet it was said that he might still be heard at midnight singing those lines in a tone of melancholy.

There was a room in the castle long called the Cauld Lad's Room, which was never occupied unless the castle was full of company, and within the last century many persons of credit had heard of the midnight wailing of the Cauld Lad, who some maintained was the spirit of a servant whom one of the barons of Hilton had killed unintentionally in a fit of passion.

THE FAIRY THIEVES.[1]

A FARMER in Hampshire was sorely distressed by the unsettling of his barn. However straightly over-night he laid his sheaves on the threshing-floor for the application of the morning's flail, when morning came all was topsy-turvy, higgledy-piggledy, though the door remained locked, and there was no sign whatever of irregular entry. Resolved to find out who played him these mischievous pranks, Hodge couched himself one night deeply among the sheaves, and watched for the enemy. At length midnight arrived, the barn was illuminated as if by moonbeams of wonderful brightness, and through the key-hole came thousands of elves, the most diminutive that could be imagined. They immediately began their gambols among the straw, which was soon in a most admired disorder. Hodge wondered, but interfered not; but at last the supernatural thieves began to busy themselves in a way still less to his taste, for each elf set about conveying the crop away, a straw at a time, with astonishing activity and perseverance. The key-hole was still their port of egress and regress, and it resembled the aperture of a bee-hive on a sunny day in June. The farmer was rather annoyed at seeing his grain vanish in this fashion, when one of the fairies said to

[1] T. Keightley, *The Fairy Mythology*, p. 305, quoting the *Literary Gazette* for 1825.

another in the tiniest voice that ever was heard: "*I weat, you weat?*" Hodge could contain himself no longer. He leaped out crying, "The devil sweat ye. Let me get among ye!" when they all flew away so frightened that they never disturbed the barn any more.

THE BOGGART.[1]

In the house of an honest farmer in Yorkshire, named George Gilbertson, a Boggart had taken up his abode. He here caused a good deal of annoyance, especially by tormenting the children in various ways. Sometimes their bread and butter would be snatched away, or their porringers of bread and milk be capsized by an invisible hand; for the Boggart never let himself be seen; at other times the curtains of their beds would be shaken backwards and forwards, or a heavy weight would press on and nearly suffocate them. The parents had often, on hearing their cries, to fly to their aid. There was a kind of closet, formed by a wooden partition on the kitchen stairs, and a large knot having been driven out of one of the deal-boards of which it was made, there remained a hole. Into this one day the farmer's youngest boy stuck the shoe-horn with which he was amusing himself, when immediately it was thrown out again, and struck the boy on the head. The agent was of course the Boggart, and it soon became their sport (which they called *laking with Boggart*) to put the shoe-horn into the hole and have it shot back at them.

The Boggart at length proved such a torment that the farmer and his wife resolved to quit the house and let him have it all to himself. This was put into execution, and

[1] T. Keightley, *The Fairy Mythology*, p. 307, quoting the *Literary Gazette* for 1825.

the farmer and his family were following the last loads of furniture, when a neighbour named John Marshall came up: "Well, Georgey," said he, "and soa you're leaving t'ould hoose at last?"—"Heigh, Johnny, my lad, I'm forced tull it; for that damned Boggart torments us soa, we can neither rest neet nor day for't. It seems loike to have such a malice again t'poor bairns, it ommost kills my poor dame here at thoughts on't, and soa, ye see, we're forced to flitt loike." He scarce had uttered the words when a voice from a deep upright churn cried out: "Aye, aye, Georgey, we're flitting, ye see."—"Od damn thee," cried the poor farmer, "if I'd known thou'd been there, I wadn't ha' stirred a peg. Nay, nay, it's no use, Mally," turning to his wife, "we may as weel turn back again to t'ould hoose as be tormented in another that's not so convenient."

AINSEL.[1]

A WIDOW and her son, a little boy, lived together in a cottage in or near the village of Rothley, Northumberland. One winter's evening the child refused to go to bed with his mother, as he wished to sit up for a while longer, "for," said he, "I am not sleepy." The mother, finding remonstrance in vain, at last told him that if he sat up by himself the fairies would most certainly come and take him away. The boy laughed as his mother went to bed, leaving him sitting by the fire. He had not been there long, watching the fire and enjoying its cheerful warmth, till a beautiful little figure, about the size of a child's doll, descended the chimney and alighted on the hearth! The little fellow was somewhat startled at first, but its prepossessing smile as it paced to and fro before him soon overcame his fears, and he inquired familiarly: "What do they ca' thou?" "Ainsel," answered the little thing haughtily, at the same time retorting the question: "And what do they ca' *thou?*" "*My* ainsel," answered the boy; and they commenced playing together like two children newly acquainted. Their gambols continued quite innocently until the fire began to grow dim; the boy then took up the poker to stir it, when a hot cinder accidentally fell upon the foot of his playmate. Her tiny voice was instantly raised to a most terrific roar, and the boy had scarcely time to crouch into the bed behind his mother,

[1] T. Keightley, *The Fairy Mythology*, p. 313, quoting M. A. Richardson, *The Local Historian's Table-Book.*

before the voice of the old fairy-mother was heard shouting: "Who's done it? Who's done it?" "Oh! it was my ainsel!" answered the daughter. "Why, then," said the mother, as she kicked her up the chimney, "what's all this noise for; there's nyon (*i.e.*, no one) to blame."

LEGEND OF THE ROLLRIGHT STONES.[1]

Not far from the borders of Gloucestershire and Oxfordshire, and within the latter county, is the pretty village of Rollright, and near the village, up a hill, stands a circle of small stones, and one larger stone, such as our Celtic antiquaries say were raised by the Druids. As soon as the Druids left them, the fairies, who never failed to take possession of their deserted shrines, seemed to have had an especial care over these stones, and any one who ventures to meddle with them is sure to meet with some very great misfortune. The old people of the village, however, who generally know most about these matters, say the stones were once a king and his knights, who were going to make war on the king of England; and they assert that, according to old prophecies, had they ever reached Long Compton, the king of England must inevitably have been dethroned, and this king would have reigned in his place, but when they came to the village of Rollright they were suddenly turned into stones in the place where they now stand. Be this as it may, there was once a farmer in the village who wanted a large stone to put in a particular position in an outhouse he was building in his farmyard, and he thought that one of the old knights would be just the thing for him. In spite of all the warnings of his neighbours he determined to have the stone he wanted, and he put four horses to his best waggon and proceeded up the hill. With much labour

[1] *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. ii. p. 177.

he succeeded in getting the stone into his waggon, and though the road lay down hill, it was so heavy that his waggon was broken and his horses were killed by the labour of drawing it home. Nothing daunted by all these mishaps, the farmer raised the stone to the place it was to occupy in his new building. From this moment everything went wrong with him, his crops failed year after year, his cattle died one after another, he was obliged to mortgage his land and to sell his waggons and horses, till at last he had left only one poor broken-down horse which nobody would buy, and one old crazy cart. Suddenly the thought came into his head that all his misfortunes might be owing to the identical stone which he had brought from the circle at the top of the hill. He thought he would try to get it back again, and his only horse was put to the cart. To his surprise he got the stone down and lifted it into the cart with very little trouble, and, as soon as it was in, the horse, which could scarcely bear along its own limbs, now drew it up the hill of its own accord with as little trouble as another horse would draw an empty cart on level ground, until it came to the very spot where the stone had formerly stood beside its companions. The stone was soon in its place, and the horse and cart returned home, and from that moment the farmer's affairs began to improve, till in a short time he was a richer and more substantial man than he had ever been before.

THE DEVIL AND OTHER GOBLINS.

DANDO AND HIS DOGS.[1]

In the neighbourhood of the lovely village of St. Germans formerly lived a priest connected with the old priory church of this parish, whose life does not appear to have been quite consistent with his vows.

He lived the life of the traditional "jolly friar." He ate and drank of the best the land could give him, or money buy; and it is said that his indulgences extended far beyond the ordinary limits of good living. The priest Dando was, notwithstanding all his vices, a man liked by the people. He was good-natured, and therefore blind to many of their sins. Indeed, he threw a cloak over his own iniquities, which was inscribed "charity," and he freely forgave all those who came to his confessional.

As a man increases in years he becomes more deeply dyed with the polluted waters through which he may have waded. It rarely happens that an old sinner is ever a repentant one, until the decay of nature has reduced him to a state of second childhood. As long as health allows him to enjoy the sensualities of life, he continues to gratify his passions, regardless of the cost. He becomes more selfish,

[1] Robert Hunt, *Popular Romances of the West of England*, 1st series, p. 247.

and his own gratification is the rule of his existence. So it has ever been, and so was it with Dando.

The sinful priest was a capital huntsman, and scoured the country far and near in pursuit of game, which was in those days abundant and varied over this well-wooded district. Dando, in the eagerness of the chase, paid no regard to any kind of property. Many a corn-field has been trampled down, and many a cottage garden destroyed by the horses and dogs which this impetuous hunter would lead unthinkingly over them. Curses deep, though not loud, would follow the old man, as even those who suffered by his excesses were still in fear of his priestly power.

Any man may sell his soul to the devil without going through the stereotyped process of signing a deed with his blood. Give up your soul to Satan's darling sins, and he will help you for a season, until he has his claims carefully wound around you, when the links are suddenly closed, and he seizes his victim, who has no power to resist.

Dando worshipped the sensual gods which he had created, and his external worship of the God of truth became every year more and more a hypocritical lie. The devil looked carefully after his prize. Of course to catch a dignitary of the church was a thing to cause rejoicings amongst the lost; and Dando was carefully lured to the undoing of his soul. Health and wealth were secured to him, and by-and-by the measure of his sins was full, and he was left the victim to self-indulgences—a doomed man. With increasing years, and the immunities he enjoyed, Dando became more reckless. Wine and wassail, a board groaning with dishes which stimulated the sated appetite, and the company of both sexes of dissolute habits, exhausted his nights. His days were devoted to the pursuits of the field; and to maintain the required excitement,

ardent drinks were supplied him by his wicked companions. It mattered not to Dando—provided the day was an auspicious one, if the scent would lie on the ground—even on the Sabbath, horses and hounds were ordered out, and the priest would be seen in full cry.

One Sabbath morning Dando and his riotous rout were hunting over the Earth estate; game was plenty, and sport first-rate. Exhausted with a long and eager run, Dando called for drink. He had already exhausted the flasks of the attendant hunters.

"Drink, I say; give me drink," he cried.

"Whence can we get it?" asked one of the gang.

"Go to hell for it, if you can't get it on Earth," said the priest, with a bitter laugh at his own joke on the Earth estate.

At the moment, a dashing hunter, who had mingled with the throng unobserved, came forward, and presented a richly-mounted flask to Dando, saying:

"Here is some choice liquor distilled in the establishment you speak of. It will warm and revive you, I'll warrant. Drink deep; friend, drink."

Dando drank deep; the flask appeared to cling to his lips. The stranger hunter looked on with a rejoicing yet malignant expression;—a wicked smile playing over an otherwise tranquil face.

By-and-by Dando fetched a deep sigh, and removed the flask, exclaiming: "By hell! that was a drink indeed. Do the gods drink such nectar?"

"Devils do," said the hunter.

"An they do, I wish I were one," said Dando, who now rocked to and fro in a state of thorough intoxication, "methinks the drink is very like——" The impious expression died upon his lips.

Looking round with a half-idiotic stare, Dando saw that his new friend had appropriated several head of game. Notwithstanding his stupid intoxication, his selfishness asserted its power, and he seized the game, exclaiming, in a guttural, half-smothered voice: "None of these are thine."

"What I catch I keep," said the hunter.

"By all the devils they're mine," stammered Dando.

The hunter quietly bowed.

Dando's wrath burst at once into a burning flame, uncontrolled by reason. He rolled himself off his horse, and rushed, staggering as he went, at the steed of his unknown friend, uttering most frightful oaths and curses.

The strange hunter's horse was a splendid creature, black as night, and its eyes gleamed like the brightest stars, with unnatural lustre. The horse was turned adroitly aside, and Dando fell to the earth with much force. The fall appeared to add to his fury, and he roared with rage. Aided by his attendants, he was speedily on his legs, and again at the side of the hunter, who shook with laughter, shaking the game in derision, and quietly uttering: "They're mine."

"I'll go to hell after them, but I'll get them from thee," shouted Dando.

"So thou shalt," said the hunter; and seizing Dando by the collar, he lifted him from the ground, and placed him, as though he were a child, before him on the horse.

With a dash, the horse passed down the hill, its hoofs striking fire at every tread, and the dogs, barking furiously, followed impetuously. These strange riders reached the banks of the Lynher, and with a terrific leap, the horse and its riders, followed by the hounds, went out far in its waters, disappearing at length in a blaze of fire, which caused the stream to boil for a moment, and then the waters flowed on as tranquilly as ever over the doomed

priest. All this happened in the sight of the assembled peasantry. Dando never more was seen, and his fearful death was received as a warning by many, who gave gifts to the church. One amongst them carved a chair for the bishop, and on it he represented Dando and his dogs, that the memory of his wickedness might be always renewed. There, in St. Germans' church, stands to this day the chair, and all who doubt the truth of this tradition may view the story carved in enduring oak. If they please, they can sit in the chair until their faith is so far quickened that they become true believers. On Sunday mornings, early, the dogs of the priest have been often heard as if in eager pursuit of game. Cheney's hounds and the Wish hounds of Dartmoor are but other versions of the same legend.

THE DEMON TREGEAGLE.[1]

"Thrice he began to tell his doleful tale,
And thrice the sighs did swallow up his voice."
THOMAS SACKVILLE.

WHO has not heard of the wild spirit Tregeagle? He haunts equally the moor, the rocky coasts, and the blown sand-hills of Cornwall. From north to south, from east to west, this doomed spirit is heard of, and to the day of judgment he is doomed to wander, pursued by avenging fiends. For ever endeavouring to perform some task by which he hopes to secure repose, and being for ever defeated. Who has not heard the howling of Tregeagle? When the storms come with all their strength from the Atlantic, and urge themselves upon the rocks around the Land's End, the howls of the spirit are louder than the roaring of the winds. When calms rest upon the ocean, and the waves can scarcely form upon the resting waters, low wailings creep along the coast. These are the wailings of this wandering soul. When midnight is on the moor, or on the mountains, and the night winds whistle amidst the rugged cairns, the shrieks of Tregeagle are distinctly heard. We know then that he is pursued by the demon dogs, and that till daybreak he must fly with all speed before them. The voice of Tregeagle is everywhere, and yet he is unseen by human eye. Every reader will at once perceive

[1] Robert Hunt, *Popular Romances of the West of England*, 1st series, p. 133.

that Tregeagle belongs to the mythologies of the oldest nations, and that the traditions of this wandering spirit in Cornwall, which centre upon one tyrannical magistrate, are but the appropriation of stories which belong to every age and country. Tradition thus tells Tregeagle's tale.

There are some men who appear to be from their births given over to the will of tormenting demons. Such a man was Tregeagle. He is as old as the hills, yet there are many circumstances in the story of his life which *appear* to remove him from this remote antiquity. Modern legends assert him to belong to comparatively modern times, and say that, without doubt, he was one of the Tregeagles who once owned Trevorder, near Bodmin. We have not, however, much occasion to trouble ourselves with the man or his life; it is with the death and the subsequent existence of a myth that we are concerned.

Certain it is that the man Tregeagle was diabolically wicked. He seems to have been urged on from one crime to another until the cup of sin was overflowing.

Tregeagle was wealthy beyond most men of his time, and his wealth purchased for him that immunity which the Church, in her degenerate days, too often accorded to those who could aid, with their gold or power, the sensual priesthood. As a magistrate he was tyrannical and unjust, and many an innocent man was wantonly sacrificed by him for the purpose of hiding his own dark deeds. As a landlord he was rapacious and unscrupulous, and frequently so involved his tenants in his toils that they could not escape his grasp. The stain of secret murder clings to his memory, and he is said to have sacrificed a sister whose goodness stood between him and his demon passions; his wife and children perished victims to his cruelties. At length death drew near to

relieve the land of a monster whose name was a terror to all who heard it. Devils waited to secure the soul they had won, and Tregeagle in terror gave to the priesthood wealth, that they might fight with them and save his soul from eternal fire. Desperate was the struggle, but the powerful exorcisms of the banded brotherhood of a neighbouring monastery drove back the evil ones, and Tregeagle slept with his fathers, safe in the custody of the churchmen who buried him with high honours in St. Breock Church. They sang chants and read prayers above his grave, to secure the soul which they thought they had saved. But Tregeagle was not fated to rest. Satan desired still to gain possession of such a gigantic sinner, and we can only refer what ensued to the influence of the wicked spiritings of his ministers.

A dispute arose between two wealthy families respecting the ownership of extensive lands around Bodmin. The question had been rendered more difficult by the nefarious conduct of Tregeagle, who had acted as steward to one of the claimants, and who had destroyed ancient deeds, forged others, and indeed made it appear that he was the real proprietor of the domain. Large portions of the land Tregeagle had sold, and other parts were leased upon long terms, he having received all the money and appropriated it. His death led to inquiries, and then the transactions were gradually brought to light. Involving, as this did, large sums of money—and indeed it was a question upon which turned the future well-doing or ruin of a family—it was fought by the lawyers with great pertinacity. The legal questions had been argued several times before the judges at the assizes. The trials had been deferred, new trials had been sought for and granted, and every possible plan known to the lawyers for postponing the settlement

of a suit had been tried. A day was at length fixed, upon which a final decision must be come to, and a special jury was sworn to administer justice between the contending parties. Witnesses innumerable were examined as to the validity of a certain deed, and the balance of evidence was equally suspended. The judge was about to sum up the case and refer the question to the jury, when the defendant in the case, coming into court, proclaimed aloud that he had yet another witness to produce. There was a strange silence in the judgment-hall. It was felt that something chilling to the soul was amongst them, and there was a simultaneous throb of terror as Tregeagle was led into the witness-box.

When the awe-struck assembly had recovered, the lawyers for the defendant commenced their examination, which was long and terrible. The result, however, was the disclosure of an involved system of fraud, of which the honest defendant had been the victim, and the jury unhesitatingly gave a verdict in his favour.

The trial over, every one expected to see the spectre witness removed. There, however, he stood powerless to fly, although he evidently desired to do so. Spirits of darkness were waiting to bear him away, but some spell of holiness prevented them from touching him. There was a struggle with the good and the evil angels for this sinner's soul, and the assembled court appeared frozen with horror. At length the judge with dignity commanded the defendant to remove his witness.

"To bring him from the grave has been to me so dreadful a task, that I leave him to your care, and that of the Prior's by whom he was so beloved." Having said this, the defendant left the court.

The churchmen were called in, and long were the

deliberations between them and the lawyers as to the best mode of disposing of Tregeagle.

They could resign him to the devil at once, but by long trial the worst of crimes might be absolved, and as good churchmen they could not sacrifice a human soul. The only thing was to give the spirit some task, difficult beyond the power of human nature, which might be extended far into eternity. Time might thus gradually soften the obdurate soul, which still retained all the black dyes of the sins done in the flesh, that by infinitely slow degrees repentance might exert its softening power. The spell therefore put upon Tregeagle was, that as long as he was employed on some endless assigned task, there should be hope of salvation, and that he should be secure from the assaults of the devil as long as he laboured steadily. A moment's rest was fatal; labour unresting, and for ever, was his doom.

One of the lawyers remembering that Dosmery Pool was bottomless, and that a thorn bush which had been flung into it, but a few weeks before, had made its appearance in Falmouth harbour, proposed that Tregeagle might be employed to empty this profound lake. Then one of the churchmen, to make the task yet more enduring, proposed that it should be performed by the aid of a limpid shell having a hole in it.

This was agreed to, and the required incantations were duly made. Bound by mystical spells, Tregeagle was removed to the dark moors, and duly set to work. Year after year passed by, and there day and night, summer and winter, storm and shine, Tregeagle was bending over the dark water, working hard with his perforated shell; yet the pool remained at the same level.

His old enemy the devil kept a careful eye on the

doomed one, resolving, if possible, to secure so choice an example of evil. Often did he raise tempests sufficiently wild, as he supposed, to drive Tregeagle from his work, knowing that if he failed for a season to labour, he could seize and secure him. These were long tried in vain; but at length an auspicious hour presented itself.

Nature was at war with herself, the elements had lost their balance, and there was a terrific struggle to recover it. Lightnings flashed, and coiled like fiery snakes around the rocks of Roughtor. Fire-balls fell on the desert moors and hissed in the accursed lake. Thunders pealed through the heavens, and echoed from hill to hill; an earthquake shook the solid earth, and terror was on all living. The winds arose and raged with a fury which was irresistible, and hail beat so mercilessly on all things that it spread death around. Long did Tregeagle stand the "pelting of the pitiless storm," but at length he yielded to its force and fled. The demons in crowds were at his heels. He doubled, however, on his pursuers and returned to the lake; but so rapid were they that he could not rest the required moment to dip his shell in the now seething waters.

Three times he fled round the lake, and the evil ones pursued him. Then, feeling that there was no safety for him near Dosmery Pool, he sprang swifter than the wind across it, shrieking with agony, and thus—since the devils cannot cross water, and were obliged to go round the lake—he gained on them and fled over the moor.

Away, away went Tregeagle, faster and faster the dark spirits pursuing, and they had nearly overtaken him, when he saw Roach Rock and its chapel before him. He rushed up the rocks, with giant power clambered to the eastern window, and dashed his head through it, thus securing the

shelter of its sanctity. The defeated demons retired, and long and loud were their wild wailings in the air. The inhabitants of the moors and of the neighbouring towns slept not a wink that night.

Tregeagle was safe, his head was within the holy church, though his body was exposed on a bare rock to the storm. Earnest were the prayers of the blessed hermit in his cell on the rock, to be relieved from his nocturnal and sinful visitor.

In vain were the recluse's prayers. Day after day, as he knelt at the altar, the ghastly head of the doomed sinner grinned horribly down upon him. Every holy ejaculation fell upon Tregeagle's ear like molten iron. He writhed and shrieked under the torture; but legions of devils filled the air, ready to seize him, if for a moment he withdrew his head from the sanctuary. Sabbath after Sabbath the little chapel on the rock was rendered a scene of sad confusion by the interruption which Tregeagle caused. Men trembled with fear at his agonising cries, and women swooned. At length the place was deserted, and even the saint of the rock was wasting to death by the constant perturbation in which he was kept by the unholy spirit, and the demons who, like carrion birds, swarmed around the holy cairn. Things could not go on thus. The monks of Bodmin and the priests from the neighbouring churches gathered together, and the result of their long and anxious deliberations was that Tregeagle, guarded by two saints, should be taken to the north coast, near Padstow, and employed in making trusses of sand, and ropes of sand with which to bind them. By powerful spell Tregeagle was removed from Roach, and fixed upon the sandy shores of the Padstow district. Sinners are seldom permitted to enjoy any peace of soul. As the ball of sand grew

into form, the tides rose, and the breakers spread out the sands again a level sheet; again was it packed together and again washed away. Toil! toil! toil! day and night unrestingly, sand on sand grew with each hour, and ruthlessly the ball was swept, by one blow of a sea wave, along the shore.

The cries of Tregeagle were dreadful; and as the destruction of the sand heap was constantly recurring, a constantly increasing despair gained the mastery over hope, and the ravings of the baffled soul were louder than the roarings of the winter tempest.

Baffled in making trusses of sand, Tregeagle seized upon the loose particles and began to spin them into a rope. Long and patiently did he pursue his task, and hope once more rose like a star out of the midnight darkness of despair. A rope was forming, when a storm came up with all its fury from the Atlantic, and swept the particles of sand away over the hills.

The inhabitants of Padstow had seldom any rest. At every tide the howlings of Tregeagle banished sleep from each eye. But now so fearful were the sounds of the doomed soul, in the madness of the struggle between hope and despair, that the people fled the town, and clustered upon the neighbouring plains, praying, as with one voice, to be relieved from the sad presence of this monster.

St. Petroc, moved by the tears and petitions of the people, resolved to remove the spirit; and by the intense earnestness of his prayers, after long wrestling, he subdued Tregeagle to his will. Having chained him with the bonds which the saint had forged with his own hands, every link of which had been welded with a prayer, St. Petroc led the spirit away from the north coast, and stealthily placed him on the southern shores.

In those days Ella's Town, now Helston, was a flourishing port. Ships sailed into the estuary, up to the town, and they brought all sorts of merchandise, and returned with cargoes of tin from the mines of Breage and Wendron.

The wily monk placed his charge at Bareppa, and there condemned him to carry sacks of sand across the estuary of the Loo, and to empty them at Porthleven, until the beach was clean down to the rocks. The priest was a good observer. He knew that the sweep of the tide was from Trewavas Head round the coast towards the Lizard, and that the sand would be carried back steadily and speedily as fast as the spirit could remove it.

Long did Tregeagle labour; and of course in vain. His struggles were giant-like to perform his task, but he saw the sands return as regularly as he removed them. The sufferings of the poor fishermen who inhabited the coast around Porthleven were great. As the howlings of Tregeagle disturbed the dwellers in Padstow, so did they now distress those toil-worn men.

> "When sorrow is highest,
> Relief is nighest."

And a mischievous demon-watcher, in pure wantonness, brought that relief to those fishers of the sea.

Tregeagle was laden with a sack of sand of enormous size, and was wading across the mouth of the estuary, when one of those wicked devils, who were kept ever near Tregeagle, in very idleness tripped up the heavily-laden spirit. The sea was raging with the irritation of a passing storm; and as Tregeagle fell, the sack was seized by the waves, and its contents poured out across this arm of the sea.

There, to this day, it rests a bar of sand, fatally

destroying the harbour of Ella's Town. The rage of the inhabitants of this seaport—now destroyed—was great; and, with all their priests, away they went to the Loo Bar, and assailed their destroyer. Against human anger Tregeagle was proof. The shock of tongues fell harmlessly on his ear, and the assault of human weapons was unavailing.

By the aid of the priests, and faith-inspired prayers, the bonds were once more placed upon Tregeagle; and he was, by the force of bell, book, and candle, sent to the Land's End. There he would find no harbour to destroy, and but few people to terrify. His task was to sweep the sands from Porthcurnow Cove round the headland called Tol-Peden-Penwith, into Nanjisal Cove. Those who know that rugged headland, with its cubical masses of granite, piled in Titanic grandeur one upon another, will appreciate the task; and when to all the difficulties are added the strong sweep of the Atlantic current—that portion of the Gulf stream which washes our southern shores—it will be evident that the melancholy spirit has indeed a task which must endure until the world shall end.

Even until to-day is Tregeagle labouring at his task. In calms his wailing is heard; and those sounds which some call the "soughing of the wind," are known to be the moanings of Tregeagle; while the coming storms are predicated by the fearful roarings of this condemned mortal.

THE PARSON AND CLERK.[1]

NEAR Dawlish stand, out in the sea, two rocks, of red sandstone conglomerate, to which the above name is given.

Seeing that this forms a part of Old Cornwall, I do not go beyond my limits in telling the true story of these singular rocks.

The Bishop of Exeter was sick unto death at Dawlish. An ambitious priest, from the east, frequently rode with his clerk to make anxious inquiries after the condition of the dying bishop. It is whispered that this priest had great hopes of occupying the bishop's throne in Exeter Cathedral.

The clerk was usually the priest's guide; but somehow or other, on a particularly stormy night, he lost the road, and they were wandering over Haldon. Excessively angry was the priest, and very provoking was the clerk. He led his master this way and that way, but they were yet upon the elevated country of Haldon.

At length the priest, in a great rage, exclaimed: "I would rather have the devil for a guide than you." Presently the clatter of horse's hoofs were heard, and a peasant on a moor pony rode up. The priest told of his condition, and the peasant volunteered to guide them. On rode peasant, priest, and clerk, and presently they were at Dawlish. The night was tempestuous, the ride had quickened the appetite of the priest, and he was wet through; therefore, when his

[1] Robert Hunt, *Popular Romances of the West of England*, 1st series, p. 262.

friend asked him to supper, as they approached an old ruined house, through the windows of which bright lights were shining, there was no hesitation in accepting the invitation.

There were a host of friends gathered together—a strange, wild-looking lot of men. But as the tables were laden with substantial dishes, and black-jacks were standing thick around, the parson, and the clerk too, soon made friends with all.

They ate and drank, and became most irreligiously uproarious. The parson sang hunting songs, and songs in praise of a certain old gentleman, with whom a priest should not have maintained any acquaintance. These were very highly appreciated, and every man joined loudly in the choruses. Night wore away, and at last news was brought that the bishop was dead. This appeared to rouse up the parson, who was only too eager to get the first intelligence and go to work to secure the hope of his ambition. So master and man mounted their horses, and bade adieu to their hilarious friends.

They were yet at the door of the mansion—somehow or other the horses did not appear disposed to move. They were whipped and spurred, but to no purpose.

"The devil's in the horses," said the priest.

"I b'lieve he is," said the clerk.

"Devil or no devil, they shall go," said the parson, cutting his horse madly with his heavy whip.

There was a roar of unearthly laughter.

The priest looked round—his drinking friends were all turned into demons, wild with glee, and the peasant guide was an arch little devil, looking on with a marvellously curious twinkle in his eyes. The noise of waters was around them; and now the priest discovered that the

mansion had disappeared, and that waves beat heavy upon his horse's flanks, and rushed over the smaller horse of his man.

Repentance was too late.

In the morning following this stormy night, two horses were found straying on the sands at Dawlish; and clinging with the grasp of death to two rocks were found the parson and the clerk. There stand the rocks, to which the devil had given the forms of horses—an enduring monument to all generations.

OUTWITTING THE DEVIL.[1]

An elf once asserted a claim to a field hitherto possessed by a farmer, and after much disputing they came to an arrangement by agreeing to divide its produce between them. At seed-time the farmer asks the Bogie what part of the crop he will have, "tops or bottoms." "Bottoms," said the spirit: upon hearing which his crafty antagonist sows the field with wheat, so that when harvest arrived the corn falls to his share, while the poor Bogie is obliged to content himself with the stubble. Next year the Bogie, finding he had made such an unfortunate selection in the bottoms, chose the "tops"; whereupon the crafty farmer sets the field with turnips, thus again outwitting the simple claimant. Tired of this unprofitable farming, the Bogie agrees to hazard his claims on a mowing match, the land in question to be the stake for which they played. Before the day of meeting, the canny earth-tiller procures a number of iron bars, which he strews among the grass to be mown by his opponent; and when the trial commences, the unsuspecting goblin finds his progress retarded by his scythe continually coming into contact with these obstacles, which he takes to be some hard species of dock. "Mortal hard docks these!" said he; "'Nation hard docks!" His blunted blade soon brings him to a standstill; and as, in such cases, it is not allowable for one to sharpen without

[1] T. Sternberg, *The Dialect and Folk-Lore of Northamptonshire*, p. 140.

the other, he turns to his antagonist, now far ahead, and, in a tone of despair, inquires: "When d'ye wiffle-waffle (*whet*), mate?" "Waffle!" said the farmer, with a well-feigned stare of amazement, "oh, about noon, mebby." "Then," said the despairing Bogie, "I've lost my land!" So saying, he disappeared, and the farmer reaped the reward of his artifice by ever afterwards continuing the undisputed possessor of the soil.

THE HUNTED HARE.[1]

THERE is a place near our town called Heathfield,—a gloomy and solitary waste. Heathfield was then just such as evil spirits delight in; where if people really see nothing, it is quite dreary and vast enough to fancy they see a great deal, which in these sort of cases is much the same thing. On Heathfield the devils dance; I do not know who is the piper, as we have here no Tam o' Shanter to tell us; but I suppose the company are not without musicians to give them a few hints in the "concord of sweet sounds."

Now, as the old tale goes, there was, once upon a time—a mode of dating which all tellers of such tales as mine should never fail to employ, as it sets aside any small cavils that might arise from those awkward points in settling *real facts* that depend on chronology—there was, once upon a time, an old woman, and she made a slight mistake, I do not know how, and got up at midnight, thinking it to be morning. This good woman mounted her horse, and set off, panniers, cloak, and all, on her way to market. Anon she heard a cry of hounds, and soon perceived a hare rapidly making towards her. The hare, however, took a turn and a leap, and got on the top of the hedge, as if it would say: "Come, catch me," to the old woman. She liked such hunting as this

[1] Mrs. Bray, *The Borders of the Tamar and the Tavy*, vol. ii. p. 113.

very well, put forth her hand, secured the game, popped it into the panniers, covered it over, and rode forward. She had not gone far, when great was her alarm on perceiving in the midst of the dismal and solitary waste of Heathfield, advancing at full pace, a headless horse, bearing a black and grim rider, with horns sprouting from under a little jockey cap; and having a cloven foot thrust into one stirrup. He was surrounded by a pack of hounds, thus noticed by Mary Colling:

> "Of hounds on Heathfield seen to rise,
> With hornèd heads and flaming eyes."

They had, according to tradition, tails too, that whisked about and shone like fire, and the air itself had a strong sulphureous scent. These were signs not to be mistaken; and the poor old woman knew in a moment that huntsman and hounds were taking a ride from the regions below. But it soon appeared that, however clever the devil might be, he was no conjurer; for he very civilly asked the old lady if she could set him right, and point out which way the hare was flown? Probably she thought it no harm to return the father of lies an answer in his own coin, so she boldly gave him a negative; and he rode on, nothing suspecting the cheat. When he was out of sight, she soon perceived the hare in the panniers begin to move, when to her utter amazement arose a beautiful young lady, all in white, who thus addressed her preserver: "Good dame, I admire your courage; and thank you for the kindness with which you have saved me from a state of suffering that must not be told to human ears. Do not start when I tell you that I am not an inhabitant of the earth. For a great crime committed during the time I dwelt upon it, I was doomed, as a punishment in the

other world, to be constantly pursued either above or below ground by evil spirits, until I could get behind their tails, whilst they passed on in search of me. This difficult object, by your means, I have now happily effected; and as a reward for your kindness I promise that all your hens shall lay two eggs instead of one, and that your cows shall yield the most plentiful store of milk all the year round; that you shall talk twice as much as you ever did before, and your husband stand no chance in any matter between you to be settled by the tongue. But beware of the devil, and don't grumble about tithes; for my enemy and yours may do you an ill turn when he finds out you were clever enough to cheat even him; since, like all great impostors, he does not like to be cheated himself. He can assume all shapes, excepting the lamb and the dove."

The lady in white vanished, as all such white ladies ought to do; the old market woman found the best possible luck that morning in her traffic; and to this day the story goes in our town, that from the Saviour of the World having hallowed the form of the lamb, and the Holy Ghost that of the dove, they can never be assumed by the mortal enemy of the human race under any circumstances.

THE WELL OF ST. LUDGVAN.[1]

St. Ludgvan, an Irish missionary, had finished his work. On the hill-top, looking over the most beautiful of bays, the church stood with all its blessings. Yet the saint, knowing human nature, determined on associating with it some object of a miraculous character, which should draw people from all parts of the world to Ludgvan. The saint prayed over the dry earth, which was beneath him, as he knelt on the church stile. His prayer was for water, and presently a most beautiful crystal stream welled up from below. The holy man prayed on, and then, to try the virtues of the water, he washed his eyes. They were rendered at once more powerful, so penetrating, indeed, as to enable him to see microscopic objects. The saint prayed again, and then he drank of the water. He discovered that his powers of utterance were greatly improved, his tongue formed words with scarcely any effort of his will. The saint now prayed that all children baptised in the waters of this well might be protected against the hangman and his hempen cord; and an angel from heaven came down into the water, and promised the saint that his prayers should be granted. Not long after this, a good farmer and his wife brought their babe to the saint, that it might derive all the blessings belonging to this holy well. The priest stood at the baptismal font, the parents, with

[1] Robert Hunt, *Popular Romances of the West of England*, 2nd series, p. 39.

their friends around. The saint proceeded with the baptismal ceremonial, and at length the time arrived when he took the tender babe into his holy arms. He signed the sign of the cross over the child, and when he sprinkled water on the face of the infant its face glowed with a divine intelligence. The priest then proceeded with the prayer; but, to the astonishment of all, whenever he used the name of Jesus, the child, who had received the miraculous power of speech from the water, pronounced distinctly the name of the devil, much to the consternation of all present. The saint knew that an evil spirit had taken possession of the child, and he endeavoured to cast him out; but the devil proved stronger than the saint for some time. St. Ludgvan was not to be beaten; he knew that the spirit was a restless soul, which had been exorcised from Treassow, and he exerted all his energies in prayer. At length the spirit became obedient, and left the child. He was now commanded by the saint to take his flight to the Red Sea. He rose before the terrified spectators into a gigantic size, he then spat into the well; he laid hold of the pinnacles of the tower, and shook the church until they thought it would fall. The saint was alone unmoved. He prayed on, until, like a flash of lightning, the demon vanished, shaking down a pinnacle in his flight. The demon, by spitting in the water, destroyed the spells of the water upon the eyes[1] and the tongue too; but it fortunately retains its virtue of preventing any child baptised in it from being hanged with a cord of hemp. Upon a cord of silk it is stated to have no power.

This well had nearly lost its reputation once—a Ludgvan woman was hanged, under the circumstances told in the following narrative :—

[1] It is curious that the farm over which some of this water flows is called "Collurian" to this day.

A small farmer, living in one of the most western districts of the county, died some years back of what was supposed at that time to be "English cholera." A few weeks after his decease his wife married again. This circumstance excited some attention in the neighbourhood. It was remembered that the woman had lived on very bad terms with her late husband, that she had on many occasions exhibited strong symptoms of possessing a very vindictive temper, and that during the farmer's lifetime she had openly manifested rather more than a Platonic preference for the man whom she subsequently married. Suspicion was generally excited; people began to doubt whether the first husband had died fairly. At length the proper order was applied for, and his body was disinterred. On examination, enough arsenic to have poisoned three men was found in the stomach. The wife was accused of murdering her husband, was tried, convicted on the clearest evidence, and hanged. Very shortly after she had suffered capital punishment horrible stories of a ghost were widely circulated. Certain people declared that they had seen a ghastly resemblance of the murderess, robed in her winding-sheet, with the black mark of the rope round her swollen neck, standing on stormy nights upon her husband's grave, and digging there with a spade, in hideous imitation of the actions of the men who had disinterred the corpse for medical examination. This was fearful enough; nobody dared go near the place after nightfall. But soon another circumstance was talked of in connection with the poisoner, which affected the tranquillity of people's minds in the village where she had lived, and where it was believed she had been born, more seriously than even the ghost story itself. The well of St. Ludgvan, celebrated among the peasantry of the district for its one remarkable property, that every child baptised

in its water (with which the church was duly supplied on christening occasions) was secure from ever being hanged.

No one doubted that all the babies fortunate enough to be born and baptised in the parish, though they might live to the age of Methuselah, and might during that period commit all the capital crimes recorded in the "Newgate Calendar," were still destined to keep quite clear of the summary jurisdiction of Jack Ketch. No one doubted this until the story of the apparition of the murderess began to be spread abroad, then awful misgivings arose in the popular mind.

A woman who had been born close by the magical well, and who had therefore in all probability been baptised in its water, like her neighbours of the parish, had nevertheless been publicly and unquestionably hanged. However, probability is not always the truth. Every parishioner determined that the baptismal register of the poisoner should be sought for, and that it should be thus officially ascertained whether she had been christened with the well water or not. After much trouble, the important document was discovered—not where it was first looked after, but in a neighbouring parish. A mistake had been made about the woman's birthplace; she had not been baptised in St. Ludgvan church, and had therefore not been protected by the marvellous virtue of the local water. Unutterable was the joy and triumph of this discovery. The wonderful character of the parish well was wonderfully vindicated; its celebrity immediately spread wider than ever. The peasantry of the neighbouring districts began to send for the renowned water before christenings; and many of them actually continue, to this day, to bring it corked up in bottles to their churches, and to beg particularly that it may be used whenever they present their children to be baptised.

THE HEDLEY KOW.[1]

THE Hedley Kow was a bogie, mischievous rather than malignant, which haunted the village of Hedley, near Ebchester. His appearance was never very alarming, and he used to end his frolics with a horse-laugh at the expense of his victims. He would present himself to some old dame gathering sticks, in the form of a truss of straw, which she would be sure to take up and carry away. Then it would become so heavy she would have to lay her burden down, on which the straw would become "quick," rise upright, and shuffle away before her, till at last it vanished from her sight with a laugh and shout. Again, in the shape of a favourite cow, the sprite would lead the milkmaid a long chase round the field, and after kicking and routing during milking-time would upset the pail, slip clear of the tie, and vanish with a loud laugh. Indeed the "Kow" must have been a great nuisance in a farmhouse, for it is said to have constantly imitated the voice of the servant-girl's lovers, overturned the kail-pot, given the cream to the cats, unravelled the knitting, or put the spinning-wheel out of order. But the sprite made himself most obnoxious at the birth of a child. He would torment the man who rode for the howdie, frightening the horse, and often making him upset both messenger and howdie, and leave them in the road. Then he would mock the gudewife, and, when her

[1] William Henderson, *Notes on the Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders*, p. 270.

angry husband rushed out with a stick to drive away the "Kow" from the door or window, the stick would be snatched from him, and lustily applied to his own shoulders.

Two adventures with the Hedley Kow are thus related. A farmer named Forster, who lived near Hedley, went out into the field one morning, and caught, as he believed, his own grey horse. After putting the harness on, and yoking him to the cart, Forster was about to drive off, when the creature slipped away from the limmers "like a knotless thread," and set up a great nicker as he flung up his heels and scoured away, revealing himself clearly as the Hedley Kow. Again, two young men of Newlands, near Ebchester, went out one evening to meet their sweethearts; and arriving at the trysting-place, saw them, as it appeared, a short distance before them. The girls walked on for two or three miles; the lads followed, quite unable to overtake them, till at last they found themselves up to the knees in a bog, and their beguilers vanished, with a loud Ha! ha! The young men got clear of the mire and ran homewards, as fast as they could, the bogie at their heels hooting and mocking them. In crossing the Derwent they fell into the water, mistook each other for the sprite, and finally reached home separately, each telling a fearful tale of having been chased by the Hedley Kow, and nearly drowned in the Derwent.

Surely this Northern sprite is closely akin to Robin Goodfellow, whom Ben Jonson introduced to us as speaking thus:

> "Sometimes I meete them like a man,
> Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound,
> And to a horse I turn me can,
> To trip and trot about them round.

But if to ride
My backe they stride,
More swift than wind away I go:
O'er the hedge and lands,
Through pools and ponds,
I whirry laughing, Ho! ho! ho!"

WITCHCRAFT.

THE LORD OF PENGERSWICK.[1]

I.

THE LORD OF PENGERSWICK AN ENCHANTER.

THE Lord of Pengerswick came from some Eastern clime, bringing with him a foreign lady of great beauty. She was considered by all an "outlandish" woman; and by many declared to be a "Saracen." No one, beyond the selected servants, was ever allowed within the walls of Pengerswick Castle; and they, it was said, were bound by magic spells. No one dared tell of anything transacted within the walls; consequently all was conjecture amongst the neighbouring peasantry, miners, and fishermen. Certain it was, they said, that Pengerswick would shut himself up for days together in his chamber, burning strange things, which sent their strong odours,—not only to every part of the castle,—but for miles around the country. Often at night, and especially in stormy weather, Pengerswick was heard for hours together calling up the spirits, by reading from his books in some unknown tongue. On those occasions his voice would roll through the halls louder than the surging waves which beat against the neighbouring rocks, the spirits replying like the roar of thunder. Then would all the servants rush in fright

[1] Robert Hunt, *Popular Romances of the West of England*, 2nd series, p. 86.

from the building, and remain crowded together, even in the most tempestuous night, in one of the open courts. Fearful indeed would be the strife between the man and the demons; and it sometimes happened that the spirits were too powerful for the enchanter. He was, however, constantly and carefully watched by his wife; and whenever the strife became too serious, her harp was heard making the softest, the sweetest music. At this the spirits fled; and they were heard passing through the air towards the Land's End, moaning like the soughing of a departing storm. The lights would then be extinguished in the enchanter's tower, and all would be peace. The servants would return to their apartments with a feeling of perfect confidence. They feared their master, but their mistress inspired them with love. Lady Pengerswick was never seen beyond the grounds surrounding the castle. She sat all day in lonely state and pride in her tower, the lattice-window of her apartment being high on the seaward side. Her voice, accompanying the music of her harp, was rarely heard, but when she warbled the soft love strains of her Eastern land. Often at early dawn the very fishes of the neighbouring bay would raise their heads above the surface of the waters, enchanted by the music and the voice; and it is said that the mermaids from the Lizard, and many of the strange spirits of the waters, would come near to Pengerswick cove, drawn by the same influence. On moonlight nights the air has often seemed to be full of sound, and yet the lady's voice was seldom louder than that of a warbling bird. On these occasions men have seen thousands of spirits gliding up and down the moonbeams, and floating idly on the silvered waves, listening to, and sometimes softly echoing, the words which Lady Pengerswick sang. Long did this strange pair inhabit this lonely castle; and although the Lord of

Pengerswick frequently rode abroad on a most magnificent horse—which had the reputation of being of Satanic origin, it was at once so docile to its master and so wild to any other person—yet he made no acquaintance with any of the neighbouring gentry. He was feared by all, and yet they respected him for many of the good deeds performed by him. He completely enthralled the Giants of the Mount; and before he disappeared from Cornwall, they died, owing, it was said, to grief and want of food.

Where the Lord of Pengerswick came from, no one knew; he, with his lady, with two attendants, who never spoke in any but an Eastern tongue, which was understood by none around them, made their appearance one winter's day, mounted on beautiful horses, evidently from Arabia or some distant land.

They soon—having gold in abundance—got possession of a cottage; and in a marvellously short time the castle, which yet bears his name, was rebuilt by this lord. Many affirm that the lord by the force of his enchantments, and the lady by the spell of her voice, compelled the spirits of the earth and air to work for them; and that three nights were sufficient to rear an enormous pile, of which but one tower now remains.

Their coming was sudden and mysterious; their going was still more so. Years had rolled on, and the people around were familiarised with those strange neighbours, from whom also they derived large profits, since they paid whatsoever price was demanded for any article which they required. One day a stranger was seen in Market-Jew, whose face was bronzed by long exposure to an Eastern sun. No one knew him; and he eluded the anxious inquiries of the numerous gossips, who were especially anxious to learn something of this man, who, it was surmised by

every one, must have some connection with Pengerswick or his lady; yet no one could assign any reason for such a supposition. Week after week passed away, and the stranger remained in the town, giving no sign. Wonder was on every old woman's lips, and expressed in every old man's eyes; but they had to wonder on. One thing, it was said, had been noticed; and this seemed to confirm the suspicions of the people. The stranger wandered out on dark nights—spent them, it was thought, on the sea-shore; and some fishermen said they had seen him seated on the rock at the entrance of the valley of Pengerswick. It was thought that the lord kept more at home than usual, and of late no one had heard his incantation songs and sounds; neither had they heard the harp of the lady. A very tempestuous night, singular for its gloom—when even the ordinary light, which, on the darkest night, is evident to the traveller in the open country, did not exist—appears to have brought things to their climax. There was a sudden alarm in Market-Jew, a red glare in the eastern sky, and presently a burst of flames above the hill, and St. Michael's Mount was illuminated in a remarkable manner. Pengerswick Castle was on fire; the servants fled in terror; but neither the lord nor his lady could be found. From that day to the present they were lost to all.

The interior of the castle was entirely destroyed; not a vestige of furniture, books, or anything belonging to the "Enchanter" could be found. He and everything belonging to him had vanished; and, strange to tell, from that night the bronzed stranger was never again seen. The inhabitants of Market-Jew naturally crowded to the fire; and when all was over they returned to their homes, speculating on the strange occurrences of the night. Two of the oldest people always declared that, when the flames

were at the highest, they saw two men and a lady floating in the midst of the fire, and that they ascended from amidst the falling walls, passed through the air like lightning, and disappeared.

II.

THE WITCH OF FRADDAM AND THE ENCHANTER OF PENGERSWICK.

AGAIN and again had the Lord of Pengerswick reversed the spells of the Witch of Fraddam, who was reported to be the most powerful weird woman in the west country. She had been thwarted so many times by this "white witch" that she resolved to destroy him by some magic more potent than anything yet heard of. It is said that she betook herself to Kynance Cove, and that there she raised the devil by her incantations, and that she pledged her soul to him in return for the aid he promised. The enchanter's famous mare was to be seduced to drink from a tub of poisoned water placed by the roadside, the effect of which was to render him in the highest degree restive, and cause him to fling his rider. The wounded Lord of Pengerswick was, in his agony, to be drenched by the old witch with some hell-broth, brewed in the blackest night, under the most evil aspects of the stars; by this he would be in her power for ever, and she might torment him as she pleased. The devil felt certain of securing the soul of the Witch of Fraddam, but he was less certain of securing that of the enchanter. They say indeed that the sorcery which Pengerswick learned in the East was so potent that the devil feared him. However, as the proverb is, he held with the hounds and ran with the hare. The witch collected with the utmost care all the deadly things she could obtain, with which to brew her famous drink. In the darkest

night, in the midst of the wildest storms, amidst the flashings of lightnings and the bellowings of the thunder, the witch was seen riding on her black ram-cat over the moors and mountains in search of her poisons. At length all was complete—the horse drink was boiled, the hell-broth was brewed. It was in March, about the time of the equinox; the night was dark, and the King of Storms was abroad. The witch planted her tub of drink in a dark lane, through which she knew the Lord of Pengerswick must pass, and near to it she sat, croning over her crock of broth. The witch-woman had not long to wait; amidst the hurrying winds was heard the heavy tramp of the enchanter's mare, and soon she perceived the outline of man and horse defined sharply against the line of lurid light which stretched along the western horizon. On they came; the witch was scarcely able to contain herself—her joys and her fears, struggling one with the other, almost overpowered her. On came the horse and his rider: they neared the tub of drink; the mare snorted loudly, and her eyes flashed fire as she looked at the black tub by the roadside. Pengerswick bent him over the horse's neck and whispered into her ear; she turns round, and, flinging out her heels, with one kick she scattered all to the wild winds. The tub flew before the blow; it rushed against the crock, which it overturned, and striking against the legs of the old Witch of Fraddam, she fell along with the tub, which assumed the shape of a coffin. Her terror was extreme: she who thought to have unhorsed the conjurer, found herself in a carriage for which she did not bargain. The enchanter raised his voice and gave utterance to some wild words in an unknown tongue, at which even his terrible mare trembled. A whirlwind arose, and the devil was in the midst of it. He took the coffin in which lay the terrified

witch high into the air, and the crock followed them. The derisive laughter of Pengerswick, and the savage neighing of the horse, were heard above the roar of the winds. At length, with a satisfied tone, he exclaimed: "She is settled till the day of doom," gave the mare the spurs, and rode rapidly home.

The Witch of Fraddam still floats up and down, over the seas, around the coast, in her coffin, followed by the crock, which seems like a punt in attendance on a jolly-boat. She still works mischief, stirring up the sea with her ladle and broom till the waves swell into mountains, which heave off from their crests so much mist and foam that these wild wanderers of the winds can scarcely be seen through the mist. Woe to the mariner who sees the witch!

The Lord of Pengerswick alone had power over her. He had but to stand on his tower, and blow three blasts on his trumpet, to summon her to the shore, and compel her to peace.

THE WITCH AND THE TOAD.[1]

An old woman called Alsey—usually Aunt Alsey—occupied a small cottage in Anthony, one of a row which belonged to a tradesman living in Dock—as Devonport was then designated, to distinguish it from Plymouth. The old woman possessed a very violent temper, and this, more than anything else, fixed upon her the character of being a witch. Her landlord had frequently sought his rent, and as frequently he received nothing but abuse. He had, on the special occasion to which our narrative refers, crossed the Tamar and walked to Anthony, with the firm resolve of securing his rent, now long in arrear, and of turning the old termagant out of the cottage. A violent scene ensued, and the vicious old woman, more than a match for a really kind-hearted and quiet man, remained the mistress of the situation. She seated herself in the door of her cottage and cursed her landlord's wife, "the child she was carrying," and all belonging to him, with so devilish a spite that Mr. —— owned he was fairly driven away in terror.

On returning home, he, of course, told his wife all the circumstances; and while they were discoursing on the subject—the whole story being attentively listened to by their daughter, then a young girl, who is my informant—a woman came into the shop requiring some articles which they sold.

[1] Robert Hunt, *Popular Romances of the West of England*, 2nd series, p. 105.

"Sit still, father," said Mrs. —— to her husband; "you must be tired. I will see to the shop."

So she went from the parlour into the shop, and, hearing the wants of her customer, proceeded to supply them; gossiping gaily, as was her wont, to interest the buyer.

Mrs. —— was weighing one of the articles required, when something falling heavily from the ceiling of the shop, struck the beam out of her hand, and both—the falling body and the scales—came together with much noise on to the counter. At the same instant both women screamed; —the shopkeeper calling also: "Father! father!"—meaning her husband thereby—with great energy.

Mr. —— and his daughter were in the shop instantly, and there, on the counter, they saw an enormous and most ugly toad sprawling amidst the chains of the scales. The first action of the man was to run back to the parlour, seize the tongs, and return to the shop. He grasped the swollen toad with the tongs, the vicious creature spitting all the time, and, without a word, he went back and flung it behind the block of wood which was burning in the grate. The object of terror being removed, the wife, who was shortly to become the mother of another child, though usually a woman who had great command over her feelings, fainted.

This circumstance demanding all their attention, the toad was forgotten. The shock was a severe one; and although Mrs. —— was restored in a little time to her senses, she again and again became faint. Those fits continuing, her medical attendant, Dr. ——, was sent for, and on his arrival he ordered that his patient should be immediately placed in bed, and the husband was informed that he must be prepared for a premature birth.

The anxiety occasioned by these circumstances, and the

desire to afford every relief to his wife, so fully occupied Mr. ——, that for an hour or two he entirely forgot the cause of all this mischief; or, perhaps satisfying himself that the toad was burnt to ashes, he had no curiosity to look after it. He was, however, suddenly summoned from the bedroom, in which he was with his wife, by his daughter calling to him, in a voice of terror:

"O father, the toad, the toad!"

Mr. —— rushed downstairs, and he then discovered that the toad, though severely burnt, had escaped destruction.

It must have crawled up over the log of wood, and from it have fallen down amongst the ashes. There it was now making useless struggles to escape, by climbing over the fender.

The tongs were again put in requisition, with the intention this time of carrying the reptile out of the house. Before, however, he had time to do so, a man from Anthony came hastily into the shop with the information that Aunt Alsey had fallen into the fire, as the people supposed, in a fit, and that she was nearly burnt to death. This man had been sent off with two commissions—one to fetch the doctor, and the other to bring Mr. —— with him, as much of the cottage had been injured by fire, communicated to it by the old woman's dress.

In as short a time as possible the parish surgeon and Mr. —— were at Anthony, and too truly they found the old woman most severely burnt—so seriously indeed there was no chance that one so aged could rally from the shock which her system must have received. However, a litter was carefully prepared, the old woman was placed in it, and carried to the workhouse. Every attention was given to her situation, but she never recovered perfect consciousness, and during the night she died.

The toad, which we left inside the fender in front of a blazing fire, was removed from a position so trying to any cold-blooded animal, by the servant, and thrown, with a "hugh" and a shudder, upon one of the flower-beds in the small garden behind the house.

There it lay the next morning dead, and when examined by Mr. ——, it was found that all the injuries sustained by the toad corresponded with those received by the poor old wretch, who had no doubt fallen a victim to passion.

As we have only to deal with the mysterious relation which existed between the witch and the toad, it is not necessary that we should attend further to the innocent victim of an old woman's vengeance, than to say that eventually a babe was born—that that babe grew to be a handsome man, was an officer in the navy, and having married, went to sea, and perished, leaving a widow with an unborn child to lament his loss. Whether this was a result of the witch's curse, those who are more deeply skilled in witchcraft than I am may perhaps tell.

WITCH AND HARE.[1]

An old witch, in days of yore, lived in this neighbourhood; and whenever she wanted money she would assume the shape of a hare, and would send out her grandson to tell a certain huntsman who lived hard by that he had seen a hare sitting at such a particular spot, for which he always received the reward of sixpence. After this deception had many times been practised, the dogs turned out, the hare pursued, often seen but never caught, a sportsman of the party began to suspect, in the language of the tradition, "that the devil was in the dance," and there would be no end to it. The matter was discussed, a justice consulted, and a clergyman to boot; and it was thought that, however clever the devil might be, law and church combined would be more than a match for him. It was therefore agreed that, as the boy was singularly regular in the hour at which he came to announce the sight of the hare, all should be in readiness for a start the instant such information was given: and a neighbour of the witch, nothing friendly to her, promised to let the parties know directly the old woman and her grandson left the cottage and went off together; the one to be hunted, and the other to set on the hunt. The news came, the hounds were unkennelled, and huntsmen and sportsmen set off with surprising speed. The witch, now a hare, and her little colleague in iniquity, did not expect so very speedy a turn out; so that the game was

[1] Mrs. Bray, *The Borders of the Tamar and the Tavy*, vol. ii. p. 112.

pursued at a desperate rate, and the boy, forgetting himself in a moment of alarm, was heard to exclaim: "Run, Granny, run; run for your life!" At last the pursuers lost the hare, and she once more got safe into the cottage by a little hole in the door; not large enough to admit a hound in chase. The huntsman and all the squires with their train lent a hand to break open the door, yet could not do it till the parson and the justice came up; but as law and church were certainly designed to break through iniquity, even so did they now succeed in bursting the magic bonds that opposed them. Upstairs they all went. There they found the old hag bleeding, and covered with wounds, and still out of breath. She denied she was a hare, and railed at the whole party. "Call up the hounds," said the huntsman, "and let us see what they take her to be; maybe we may yet have another hunt."

On hearing this the old woman cried quarter. The boy dropped on his knees, and begged hard for mercy, which was granted on condition of its being received together with a good whipping; and the huntsman, having long practised amongst the hounds, now tried his hand on other game. Thus the old woman escaped a worse fate for the time present; but on being afterwards put on her trial for bewitching a young woman and making her spit pins, the tale just told was given as evidence against her, before a particularly learned judge, and a remarkably sagacious jury, and the old woman finished her days, like a martyr, at the stake.

THE HAND OF GLORY.[1]

One evening, between the years 1790 and 1800, a traveller, dressed in woman's clothes, arrived at the Old Spital Inn, the place where the mail coach changed horses, in High Spital, on Bowes Moor. The traveller begged to stay all night, but had to go away so early in the morning that if a mouthful of food were set ready for breakfast there was no need the family should be disturbed by her departure. The people of the house, however, arranged that a servant maid should sit up till the stranger was out of the premises, and then went to bed themselves. The girl lay down for a nap on the longsettle by the fire, but before she shut her eyes she took a good look at the traveller, who was sitting on the opposite side of the hearth, and espied a pair of man's trousers peeping out from under the gown. All inclination for sleep was now gone; however, with great self-command, she feigned it, closed her eyes, and even began to snore. On this the traveller got up, pulled out of his pocket a dead man's hand, fitted a candle to it, lighted the candle, and passed hand and candle several times before the servant girl's face, saying as he did so: "Let those who are asleep be asleep, and let those who are awake be awake." This done, he placed the light on the table, opened the outer door, went down two or three of the steps which led from the house to the road, and began

[1] William Henderson, *Notes on the Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders*, p. 241.

to whistle for his companions. The girl (who had hitherto had presence of mind enough to remain perfectly quiet) now jumped up, rushed behind the ruffian, and pushed him down the steps. She then shut the door, locked it, and ran upstairs to try and wake the family, but without success: calling, shouting, and shaking were alike in vain. The poor girl was in despair, for she heard the traveller and his comrades outside the house. So she ran down again, seized a bowl of blue (*i.e.*, skimmed milk), and threw it over the hand and candle; after which she went upstairs again, and awoke the sleepers without any difficulty. The landlord's son went to the window, and asked the men outside what they wanted. They answered that if the dead man's hand were but given them, they would go away quietly, and do no harm to any one. This he refused, and fired among them, and the shot must have taken effect, for in the morning stains of blood were traced to a considerable distance.

These circumstances were related to my informant, Mr. Charles Wastell, in the spring of 1861, by an old woman named Bella Parkin, who resided close to High Spital, and was actually the daughter of the courageous servant girl.

It is interesting to compare them with the following narrations, communicated to me by the Rev. S. Baring Gould:—"Two magicians having come to lodge in a public-house with a view to robbing it, asked permission to pass the night by the fire, and obtained it. When the house was quiet, the servant girl, suspecting mischief, crept downstairs and looked through the key-hole. She saw the men open a sack, and take out a dry, withered hand. They anointed the fingers with some unguent, and lighted them. Each finger flamed, but the thumb they could not light; that was because one of the household was not asleep.

The girl hastened to her master, but found it impossible to arouse him. She tried every other sleeper, but could not break the charmed sleep. At last, stealing down into the kitchen, while the thieves were busy over her master's strong box, she secured the hand, blew out the flames, and at once the whole household was aroused."[1]

But the next story bears a closer resemblance to the Stainmore narrative. One dark night, when all was shut up, there came a tap at the door of a lone inn in the middle of a barren moor. The door was opened, and there stood without, shivering and shaking, a poor beggar, his rags soaked with rain, and his hands white with cold. He asked piteously for a lodging, and it was cheerfully granted him; there was not a spare bed in the house, but he could lie on the mat before the kitchen fire, and welcome.

So this was settled, and every one in the house went to bed except the cook, who from the back kitchen could see into the large room through a pane of glass let into the door. She watched the beggar, and saw him, as soon as he was left alone, draw himself up from the floor, seat himself at the table, extract from his pocket a brown withered human hand, and set it upright in the candlestick. He then anointed the fingers, and applying a match to them, they began to flame. Filled with horror, the cook rushed up the back stairs, and endeavoured to arouse her master and the men of the house. But all was in vain—they slept a charmed sleep; so in despair she hastened down again, and placed herself at her post of observation.

She saw the fingers of the hand flaming, but the thumb remained unlighted, because one inmate of the house was awake. The beggar was busy collecting the valuables around him into a large sack, and having taken all he cared

[1] Delrio. See also Thorpe's *Mythology*, vol. iii. p. 274.

for in the large room, he entered another. On this the woman ran in, and, seizing the light, tried to extinguish the flames. But this was not so easy. She blew at them, but they burnt on as before. She poured the dregs of a beer jug over them, but they blazed up the brighter. As a last resource, she caught up a jug of milk, and dashed it over the four lambent flames, and they died out at once. Uttering a loud cry, she rushed to the door of the apartment the beggar had entered, and locked it. The whole family was aroused, and the thief easily secured and hanged. This tale is told in Northumberland.

BETTY CHIDLEY THE WITCH.[1]

A FAMILY of the name of Ambler occupied a farm at Wilderley, near Pulverbatch, and in a little cottage in a neighbouring dale lived an old woman, commonly called "Betty Chidley from the bottom of Betchcot," who was much in the habit of begging at the farmhouse, and generally got what she asked for. One day Betty came on her usual errand, and found the farmer's wife mixing some "supping" for the calves. She watched the good meal and milk stirred together over the fire, took a fancy to it, and begged for a share. Mrs. Ambler, rather vexed, spoke sharply, and refused to give her any.

Betty only said in a meaning tone: "The calves wenna eat the suppin' now."

Little notice was taken of her speech at the time, but when the maid carried out the pail of carefully-prepared "suppin'" to the calves, they utterly refused to touch it. Three times over was the attempt made to give it them, but in vain.

Then Betty's ominous words were called to mind, and as quickly as might be she was sent for to the farm, and desired to bless the calves. "Me bless your calves!" she said; "what have I to do with your calves?" but at last she yielded to their entreaties, and said: "My God bless the calves." But the creatures still refused to eat. Then Mrs. Ambler begged her to leave out the word "my."

[1] Miss C. S. Burne, *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, p. 151.

After much pressure she gave way, and consented to repeat the simple words: "God bless the calves." Mrs. Ambler then herself took the "suppin'" to the hungry calves, and to her delight they came to meet her at the door of their house, and ate their food with hearty appetite. The story has been handed down in the family ever since, and was related to the present writer by a great-grand-daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ambler, who had it from her great-aunt, one of their daughters.

THE BAG OF FLOUR.[1]

THERE was a woman who lived near Cheadle, who went to the mill one day to get a bag of flour for baking, and as she came back she met an old witch. "Good day," said the witch. "Good day," said the woman again. "What's that you've got on your head?" said the witch. "It's flour I'm taking home for my baking," said the woman. "It isn't flour, it's manure," said the witch. "It's sound flour!" said the woman; "I've fetched it straight from the mill, and I'm going to bake with it as soon as ever I get home." "It's nothing at all but a bag of manure," said the witch, and off she went.

Now the woman knew very well that it was flour she had in her bag, but this made her feel so uncomfortable, that as soon as the witch was out of sight, she put down the bag off her head and opened it and looked in. And there, sure enough, it was not flour at all, nothing but manure! Well she thought, as she had carried it so far, she might as well carry it all the way, so she took it up again, and went home and set it down by the pig-sty. In the evening her husband came home.

"Whatever have you put that bag of flour down by the pig-sty for?" he said, as soon as he came into the house. "Oh," said she, "that's not flour, that's only a bag of manure." "Nonsense!" said he, "what are you talking of? I tell you it's flour. Why, it's sheeding [spilling] all

[1] Miss C. S. Burne, *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, p. 159.

over the place!" So they went to look, and there actually it was flour again the same as at first; and they took it into the house, and very glad the woman was to get it back. And that was the only thing the witch was ever known to turn [transform] back again. She turned a many things, but never a one back again but that.

KENTSHAM BELL.[1]

GREAT TOM of Kentsham was the greatest bell ever brought to England, but it never reached Kentsham safely, nor hung in any English tower. Where Kentsham is I cannot tell you, but long, long ago the good folk of the place determined to have a larger and finer bell in their steeple than any other parish could boast. At that time there was a famous bell-foundry abroad, where all the greatest bells were cast, and thither too sent many others who wanted greater bells than could be cast in England. And so it came to pass at length that Great Tom of Lincoln, and Great Tom of York, and Great Tom of Christchurch, and Great Tom of Kentsham, were all founded at the same time, and all embarked on board the same vessel, and carried safely to the shore of dear old England. Then they set about landing them, and this was anxious work, but little by little it was done, and Tom of Lincoln, Tom of York, Tom of Christchurch, were safely laid on English ground. And then came the turn of Tom of Kentsham, which was the greatest Tom of all. Little by little they raised him, and prepared to draw him to the shore; but just in the midst of the work the captain grew so anxious and excited that he swore an oath. That very moment the ropes which held the bell snapped in two, and Great Tom of Kentsham slid over the ship's side into the water, and rolled away to the bottom of the sea.

[1] *Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. ii. p. 20.

Then the people went to the cunning man and asked him what they should do. And he said: "Take six yoke of white milch-kine which have never borne the yoke, and take fresh withy bands which have never been used before, and let no man speak a word either good or bad till the bell is at the top of the hill."

So they took six yoke of white milch-kine which had never borne the yoke, and harnessed them with fresh withy-bands which had never been used, and bound these to the bell as it lay in the shallow water, and long it was ere they could move it. But still the kine struggled and pulled, and the withy-bands held firm, and at last the bell was on dry ground. Slowly, slowly they drew it up the hill, moaning and groaning with unearthly sounds as it went; slowly, slowly, and no one spoke, and they nearly reached the top of the hill. Now the captain had been wild with grief when he saw that he had caused his precious freight to be lost in the waters just as they had reached the shore; and when he beheld it recovered again and so nearly placed in safety, he could not contain his joy, but sang out merrily:

> "In spite of all the devils in hell,
> We have got to land old Kentsham Bell."

Instantly the withy-bands broke in the midst, and the bell bounded back again down the sloping hillside, rolling over and over, faster and faster, with unearthly clanging, till it sank far away in the very depths of the sea. And no man has ever seen it since, but many have heard it tolling beneath the waves, and if you go there you may hear it too.

GHOSTS.

A BISHOP'S GHOST.[1]

Henry Burgwash, who became Bishop of Lincoln on the 28th of May 1320, is chiefly memorable on account of a curious ghost story recorded of him in connection with the manor of Fingest, in Bucks. Until the year 1845, Buckinghamshire was in the diocese of Lincoln, and formerly the bishops of that see possessed considerable estates and two places of residence in the county. They had the palace of Wooburn, near Marlow, and a manorial residence at Fingest, a small secluded village near Wycomb. Their manor-house of Fingest, the ruins of which still exist, stood near the church, and was but a plain mansion, of no great size or pretensions. And why those princely prelates, who possessed three or four baronial palaces, and scores of manor-houses superior to this, chose so often to reside here, is unknown. Perhaps it was on account of its sheltered situation, or from its suitableness for meditation, or because the surrounding country was thickly wooded and well stocked with deer; for in the "merrie days of Old England," bishops thought no harm in heading a hunting party. Be this as it may, certain it is that many of the early prelates of Lincoln, although their palace of

[1] Chambers's *Book of Days*, vol. i. p. 690.

Wooburn was near at hand, often preferred to reside at their humble manor-house of Fingest. One of these was Henry Burgwash, who has left reminiscences of his residence here more amusing to posterity than creditable to himself. "He was," says Fuller, "neither good for church nor state, sovereign nor subjects; but was covetous, ambitious, rebellious, injurious. Yet he was twice lord treasurer, once chancellor, and once sent ambassador to Bavaria. He died A.D. 1340. Such as wish to be merry," continues Fuller, "may read the pleasant story of his apparition being condemned after death to be *viridis viridarius*—a green forester." In his *Church History*, Fuller gives this pleasant story: "This Burgwash was he who, by mere might, against all right and reason, took in the common land of many poor people (without making the least reparation), therewith to complete his park at Tinghurst (Fingest). These wronged persons, though seeing their own bread, beef, and mutton turned into the bishop's venison, durst not contest with him who was Chancellor of England, though he had neither law nor equity in his proceeding." He persisted in this cruel act of injustice even to the day of his death; but having brought on himself the hatred and maledictions of the poor, he could not rest quietly in his grave; for his spirit was doomed to wander about that land which he had, while living, so unjustly appropriated to himself. It so happened, however, as we are gravely informed by his biographer, that on a certain night he appeared to one of his former familiar friends, apparelled like a forester, all in green, with a bow and quiver, and a bugle-horn hanging by his side. To this gentleman he made known his miserable case. He said, that on account of the injuries he had done the poor while living, he was now compelled to be the park-keeper of that place which he

had so wrongfully enclosed. He therefore entreated his friend to repair to the canons of Lincoln, and in his name to request them to have the bishop's park reduced to its former extent, and to restore to the poor the land which he had taken from them. His friend duly carried his message to the canons, who, with equal readiness, complied with their dead bishop's ghostly request, and deputed one of their prebendaries, William Bacheler, to see the restoration properly effected. The bishop's park was reduced, and the common restored to its former dimensions; and the ghostly park-keeper was no more seen.

A CLERGYMAN'S GHOST.[1]

In the south of Devon, some eighteen or twenty years ago, a reverend gentleman, of large landed property, held a small benefice in his immediate neighbourhood, for the purpose of evading residence in another quarter. He was accustomed to perform the duty every Sunday, and was conveyed to the church in his chariot through one of those narrow, shady lanes for which that country was then so justly famed. He died, and his remains were consigned to the vault in the church of the above-mentioned benefice, with much pomp and ceremony, and followed by a long procession of friends, tenants, and the surrounding neighbourhood. But his spirit was not supposed to rest in peace. Villagers returning from their labours had been terrified by the sound of carriage-wheels in the shady lane; and one had even seen the chariot itself drawn by headless horses. The rumour spread, till it was confidently asserted in the cider shops that "twelve parsons" had been convened to lay the spirit in the Red Sea. Still, the lane was believed to be haunted; and on investigating the reason why the spell had not taken effect, it was conjectured that, as one of the twelve parsons had been the intimate friend of the deceased—as he *knawed the trick*—he would communicate it to him, and so render it abortive. *That* parson was therefore struck out of the list, and the vicar of an

[1] *Athenæum*, 7th November 1846, p. 1142, quoted by Jabez Allies, *On the Antiquities and Folk-Lore of Worcestershire*, p. 464.

adjoining parish, lately come into residence, from "Lunnun town," did it all *hisself*, and neither chariot nor horses *was ever knawed to walk again.* This superstition was current under the immediate knowledge of the writer of this anecdote.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE.[1]

About half a mile from Tavistock there is a farm called Down House; the dwelling itself was rebuilt about eleven or twelve years ago. It was considered before an ancient place, and haunted by ghosts. Here is a story of one. The family who resided there well knew the hour of the night in which the ghosts made their appearance, and always took care to go to bed before they came. But it happened on a time that a child was very ill, and asked its mother for water. She went to the pitcher to get some, when the child refused any but such as might be got directly from the pump. The mother became quite distressed, unwilling to displease the child, yet afraid to go down to the pump, as it was about the hour in which the ghost walked. She considered upon it a little while, and at last said: "In the name of God I will go down." She did so. Passing over the stairs she perceived a shadow, and then she heard footsteps; and when she came to the pump she felt a hand on her shoulder. She turned and perceived a tall man. Summoning a good resolution, however, she said: "In the name of God, why troublest thou me?" The ghost replied: "It is well for thee that thou hast spoken to me in the name of God; this being the last time allotted me to trouble this world, or else I should have injured thee. Now do as I tell thee, and be not afraid. Come with me,

[1] Mrs. Bray, *The Borders of the Tamar and the Tavy*, vol. ii. p. 129.

and I will direct thee to a something which shall remove this pump. Under it is concealed treasure."

This something was procured, and applied as the ghost directed. The pump was quickly removed, when under it there lay a great deal of money. She was desired to take up the treasure and stock her farm with it. And the spirit told her that if ever any person molested or deprived her of her property, he would suffer well for it. He then ordered her to go and give the water to the child, who, in reward for her courage and trust in God, should recover. The cock crew; directly the figure dwindled again to a shadow, ascended through the air, and she watched till he soon became a small bright cloud.

GHOST-LAYING STORIES.

I.[1]

SOME years back a clergyman, on taking possession of a living on the confines of Dartmoor, found it necessary to enlarge the house, which was really little better than the peasants' cottages around it. He lengthened the one sitting-room, and made it into a tolerable dining-room, adding a drawing-room and two or three bedrooms. These improvements satisfied his wife and children; but there was one interested party whom he had left out of consideration —the spirit of his predecessor, an old gentleman who had outlived all his family, and passed many solitary years in the remote parsonage.

And ere long the consequences of this neglect appeared. Sounds were soon heard of an evening as though a figure in a dressing-gown were sweeping in and out of the rooms, and treading with a soft yet heavy tread, and this particularly in the dining-room, where the old Vicar had spent the last years of his life, sitting over the fire, or pacing up and down in his dressing-gown and slippers. The eerie sounds began at nightfall, and continued at intervals till morning. Uneasiness pervaded the household. Servants gave warning and went away; no one applied for their vacant places. The daughters fell ill, and were sent away for change of air;

[1] W. Henderson, *Notes on the Folk-Lore of the Northern Counties of England and the Borders*, p. 336.

then their mother was anxious about them, and went to see how they were going on; and so the Vicar was left alone, at the mercy of his predecessor's ghost. At first he bore up bravely, but one Saturday night, while he was sitting up late, and wearily going over his Sunday sermons, the "pad, pad" of the measured tread struck so painfully upon his nerves that he could bear it no longer. He started up, opened the window, jumped out, and made the best of his way to the nearest farm, where lived his churchwarden, an honest Dartmoor farmer.

There the Vicar found a kind welcome; and when he told his tale, in a hesitating sort of way, owning his dislike to solitude and apologising for the weakness of nerves which made him fancy he heard the sounds so often described to him, his host broke in with a declaration of his belief that the old Vicar was at the bottom of it, just because of the alterations in the house he had lived in so many years. "He never could abide changes," pursued the farmer, "but he's had his day, and you should have yours now. He must be laid, that's certain; and if you'll go away next week to your missis and the young ladies, I'll see to it."

And see to it he did. A jury of seven parsons was convoked, and each sat for half-an-hour with a candle in his hand, and it burned out its time with each, showing plainly that none of them could lay the ghost. Nor was this any wonder, for were they not all old acquaintances of his, so that he knew all their tricks? The spirit could afford to defy them; it was not worth his while to blow their candles out. But the seventh parson was a stranger, and a scholar fresh from Oxford. In his hand the light went out at once. He was clearly the man to lay the ghost, and he did not shrink from his task; he laid it at once, and in a beer barrel.

But now a fresh difficulty arose. What was to be done with the beer-barrel and its mysterious tenant? Where could it be placed secure from the touch of any curious hand, which might be tempted to broach the barrel, and set free the ghost? Nothing occurred to the assembled company but to roll the thing into one corner, and send for the mason to inclose it with stones and mortar. This done, the room looked very odd with one corner cut off. Uniformity would be attained if the other three were filled up as well; and besides, the ghost would be safer if no one knew the very spot in which he was reposing. So the other corners were blocked up, and with success. What matters it if the room be smaller! – the parsonage has never been haunted since.

II.[1]

There lived in the town of ——, in that part of England which lies towards the borders of Wales, a very curious simple kind of a man; though, simple as he seemed, people all said there was more cunning in him than there appeared to be, and that he knew a good deal that other people did not know. Now there was in the same town a certain large and very old house, and one of the rooms was haunted by a ghost, which not only hindered people from making any use of that room, but was also very troublesome to them in other ways. The man whom I have just mentioned was reported to be very clever at dealing with ghosts, and the proprietor of the haunted house, by the advice of some of his friends, sent for him and asked him if he would undertake to make the ghost quit the house. Tommy, for that was the name the man generally went by, agreed to do this, on condition that he should have with him in the room

[1] *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. ii. p. 176.

which the ghost frequented three things—an empty bottle, a bottle of brandy with a tumbler, and a pitcher of water. So Tommy had a fine fire in the room, for it was a cold winter evening, and he locked the door safely in the inside, and sat down to pass the night drinking brandy and water. Well, just as the clock struck twelve, he was roused by a slight noise, and looking up, lo! there was the ghost standing before him. Says the ghost: "Well, Tommy, how are ye?" "Pretty well, thank ye," says he; "but pray how did ye know my name?" "Oh, very well indeed," said the ghost. "And how did ye get in?" "Oh, very easily." "Not through the door, I'm sure." "No, not at all, but through the keyhole." "D'ye say so? None of your tricks upon me; I won't believe you came through the keyhole." "Won't ye? but I did." "I'm sure you can't get through the keyhole." "I'm sure I can." "Well, then," says Tommy, pointing to the empty bottle, which he pretended to have emptied, "if you can come through the keyhole you can get into this bottle, but I won't believe you can do either." Now the ghost began to be very angry that Tommy should doubt his powers of getting into the bottle, so he asserted most confidently that the thing was easy to be done. "No," said Tommy, "I won't believe it till I see you get in." "Here goes then," said the ghost, and sure enough into the bottle he went, and Tommy corked him up quite tight, so that he could not get out, and he took the bottle to the bridge where the river was wide and deep, and he threw the bottle exactly over the keystone of the middle arch into the river, and the ghost was never heard of after.

THE ROARING BULL O' BAGBURY.[1]

THERE was a very bad man lived at Bagbury Farm, and when he died it was said that he had never done but two good things in his life, and the one was to give a waistcoat to a poor old man, and the other was to give a piece of bread and cheese to a poor boy, and when this man died he made a sort of confession of this. But when he was dead his ghost would not rest, and he would get in the buildings in the shape of a bull, and roar till the boards and the shutters and the tiles would fly off the building, and it was impossible for any one to live near him. He never came till about nine or ten at night, but he got so rude at last that he would come about seven or eight at night, and he was so troublesome that they sent for twelve parsons to lay him. And the parsons came, and they got him under, but they could not lay him; but they got him, in the shape of a bull all the time, up into Hyssington Church. And when they got him into the church, they all had candles, and one old blind parson, who knowed him, and knowed what a rush he would make, he carried his candle in his top boot. And he made a great rush, and all the candles went out, all but the blind parson's, and he said: "You light your candles by mine." And while they were in the church, before they laid him, the bull made such a burst that he cracked the wall of the church from the top to the bottom, and the crack was left as it was for years, till the church

[1] Miss C. S. Burne, *Shropshire Folk-Lore*, p. 108.

was done up; it was left on purpose for people to see. I've seen it hundreds of times. Well, they got the bull down at last, into a snuff-box, and he asked them to lay him under Bagbury Bridge, and that every mare that passed over should lose her foal, and every woman her child; but they would not do this, and they laid him in the Red Sea for a thousand years.

I remember the old clerk at Hyssington. He was an old man then, sixty years ago, and he told me he could remember the old blind parson well. "But long after the ghost had been laid in the Red *Say*, folk were always frightened to go over Bagbury Bridge," said John Thomas. "I've bin over it myself many a time with horses, and I always got off the horse and made him go quietly, and went pit-pat, ever so softly, for fear of *him* hearing me and coming out."

THE WHITE LADY OF BLENKINSOPP.[1]

LIKE almost all the old Northumbrian castles and peels, Blenkinsopp has the reputation of being haunted. A gloomy vault under the castle is said to have buried in it a large chest of gold, hidden in the troublous times: some say by a lady whose spirit cannot rest so long as it is there, and who used formerly to appear—though not, that we have heard, for the last four or five decades—clothed in white from head to foot, and so was known as "The White Lady."

About the beginning of this century several of the least ruinous apartments in the castle were still occupied by a hind on the estate and some cotters. Indeed, two or three of them continued to be so down to the year 1820 or thereabouts. The visits of the White Lady seem to have been unfrequent latterly, and for some considerable time they had ceased. One night, however, shortly after retiring to rest, the hind and his wife (so the story goes) were alarmed on hearing loud and reiterated screams coming from an adjoining room, in which one of the children, a boy of about eight years of age, had been laid to sleep. On hastily rushing in to see what was the matter, they found the boy sitting trembling on his pillow, terror-struck and bathed in perspiration. "The White Lady! the White Lady!" he screamed, as soon as he saw them. "What

[1] *Monthly Chronicle of North-Country Lore and Legend*, March 1888, p. 105.

lady?" cried the astonished parents, looking round the room; "there is no lady here." "She is gone," replied the boy, "and she looked so angry at me because I would not go with her. She was a fine lady, and she sat down on my bedside and wrung her hands and cried sore. Then she kissed me and asked me to go with her, and she would make me a rich man, as she had buried a large box of gold, many hundred years since, down in the vault; and she would give it to me, as she could not rest so long as it was there. When I told her I durst not go, she said she would carry me, and she was lifting me up when I cried out and frightened her away." The hind and his wife, both very sensible people, concluded that the child had been dreaming, and at length succeeded in quieting him and getting him to sleep. But for three successive nights they were disturbed in the same manner, the boy repeating the same story with little variation, so that they were forced to let him sleep in the same apartment with themselves, when the apparition no longer visited him. The effect upon the boy's mind, however, was such that nothing ever afterwards would induce him to enter into any part of the old castle alone, even in daylight.

The legend of the White Lady is not one of those that unsophisticated country people willingly let die; and the belief that treasure lies hidden under the grim old ruin, waiting to be disinterred, is probably still entertained by not a few. Indeed, there is hardly a place of the kind, either in this country or any other, regarding which some such impression does not exist. (See Layard on the subject.)

About fifty years since, we are told, a strange lady arrived at the village of Greenhead, and took up her quarters at the inn there. She told the landlady, in confidence, that she

had had a wonderful dream, to the effect that a large chest of gold lay buried in the vault of Blenkinsopp Castle, and that she was to be the person to find it. She stayed several weeks, awaiting the return of the owner of the property to ask leave to search; but she either got tired of waiting, or could not obtain permission, and so she went away without accomplishing her purpose, and the hidden treasure, if there be such a thing there, remains for some more fortunate person to bring to the light of day.

Tradition accounts for the alleged hiding of the gold in the following way:—One of the castellans in the middle ages, named Bryan de Blenkinsopp, familiarly Bryan Blenship, was as avaricious as he was bold, daring, and lawless. He was once heard to say, when taunted with being a fusty old bachelor, that he would never marry until he met with a lady possessed of a chest of gold heavier than ten of his strongest men could carry into his castle; and fate, it seems, had ordained that he would keep his word. For, going to the wars abroad, whether to the Holy Land to fight against the Saracens, or to Hungary to oppose the Turks, we cannot tell, and staying away several years, he met with a lady in some far country, who came up to his expectations, courted her, married her, and brought her home, together with a chest of gold which it took twelve strong men to lift. Bryan Blenship was now the richest man in the North of England; but it soon transpired that his riches had not brought him happiness, but the reverse. He and his lady quarrelled continually—a fact which could not long be concealed; and one day when the unhappy couple had had a more serious difference than usual, Sir Bryan was heard to utter threats, in reply to his wife's bitter reproaches, which seemed to indicate that he meant to get rid of her as soon as he could without any more formality

or fuss than if they had merely been "handfasted," that is, pledged to each other for a year and a day. The lady muttered something in return, which could not be distinctly heard by the servants, and so the affair, for the nonce, seemed to end. But a very short time afterwards—possibly the next night—the indignant, ill-used lady got the foreign men-servants who had accompanied her to the castle to take up the precious chest and bury it deep in some secret place out of her miserly husband's reach, where it lies to this day. Accounts differ as to what followed. Some say Sir Bryan disappeared shortly after he discovered his loss; others say the lady disappeared first; but it is affirmed that they both disappeared in a mysterious manner, and that neither of them was ever afterwards seen. It was, moreover, sagely hinted that the lady was "something uncanny,"—in plain terms, an imp of darkness, sent with her wealth to ensnare Sir Bryan's greedy soul. At any rate folks were sure that she was an infidel, for she never went to church, and used on Sundays to sing hymns to Mahoun, or some other false god, in an unknown tongue in her own room.

THE HAUNTED WIDOWER.[1]

A LABOURING man, very shortly after his wife's death, sent to a servant girl, living at the time in a small shipping port, requesting her to come to the inn to him. The girl went, and over a "ha' pint" she agreed to accept him as her husband.

All went on pleasantly enough for a time. One evening the man met the girl. He was silent for some time and sorrowful, but at length he told her his wife had come back.

"What do'st mean?" asked the girl; "have 'e seen hur?"

"Naw, I han't seed her."

"Why, how do'st knaw it is her then?"

The poor man explained to her, that at night, when in bed, she would come to the side of it, and "flop" his face; and there was no mistaking her "flop."

"So you knawed her flop, did 'e?" asked the girl.

"Ay, it couldn't be mistook."

"If she do hunt thee," said the girl, "she'll hunt me; and if she do flop 'e, she'll flop me,—so it must be off atween us."

The unfortunate flop of the dead wife prevented the man from securing a living one.

[1] Robert Hunt, *Popular Romances of the West of England*, 1st series, p. 264.

THE GHOST OF ROSEWARNE.[1]

"EZEKIEL GROSSE, gent., attorney-at-law," bought the lands of Rosewarne from one of the De Rosewarnes, who had become involved in difficulties by endeavouring, without sufficient means, to support the dignity of his family. There is reason for believing that Ezekiel was the legal adviser of this unfortunate Rosewarne, and that he was not over-honest in his transactions with his client. However this may be, Ezekiel Grosse had scarcely made Rosewarne his dwelling-place before he was alarmed by noises, at first of an unearthly character, and subsequently, one very dark night, by the appearance of the ghost himself in the form of a worn and aged man. The first appearance was in the park, but he subsequently repeated his visits in the house, but always after dark. Ezekiel Grosse was not a man to be terrified at trifles, and for some time he paid but slight attention to his nocturnal visitor. Howbeit the repetition of visits, and certain mysterious indications on the part of the spectre, became annoying to Ezekiel. One night, when seated in his office examining some deeds, and being rather irritable, having lost an important suit, his visitor approached him, making some strange indications which the lawyer could not understand. Ezekiel suddenly exclaimed, "In the name of God, what wantest thou?"

[1] Robert Hunt, *Popular Romances of the West of England*, 1st series, p. 286.

"To show thee, Ezekiel Grosse, where the gold for which thou longest lies buried."

No one ever lived upon whom the greed of gold was stronger than on Ezekiel, yet he hesitated now that his spectral friend had spoken so plainly, and trembled in every limb as the ghost slowly delivered himself in sepulchral tones of this telling speech.

The lawyer looked fixedly on the spectre; but he dared not utter a word. He longed to obtain possession of the secret, yet he feared to ask him where he was to find this treasure. The spectre looked as fixedly at the poor trembling lawyer, as if enjoying the sight of his terror. At length, lifting his finger, he beckoned Ezekiel to follow him, turning at the same time to leave the room. Ezekiel was glued to his seat; he could not exert strength enough to move, although he desired to do so.

"Come!" said the ghost, in a hollow voice. The lawyer was powerless to come.

"Gold!" exclaimed the old man, in a whining tone, though in a louder key.

"Where?" gasped Ezekiel.

"Follow me, and I will show thee," said the ghost. Ezekiel endeavoured to rise; but it was in vain.

"I command thee, come!" almost shrieked the ghost. Ezekiel felt that he was compelled to follow his friend; and by some supernatural power rather than his own, he followed the spectre out of the room, and through the hall, into the park.

They passed onward through the night—the ghost gliding before the lawyer, and guiding him by a peculiar phosphorescent light, which appeared to glow from every part of the form, until they arrived at a little dell, and had reached a small cairn formed of granite boulders. By this the spectre

rested; and when Ezekiel had approached it, and was standing on the other side of the cairn, still trembling, the aged man, looking fixedly in his face, said, in low tones:

"Ezekiel Grosse, thou longest for gold, as I did. I won the glittering prize, but I could not enjoy it. Heaps of treasure are buried beneath those stones; it is thine, if thou diggest for it. Win the gold, Ezekiel. Glitter with the wicked ones of the world; and when thou art the most joyous, I will look in upon thy happiness." The ghost then disappeared, and as soon as Grosse could recover himself from the extreme trepidation—the result of mixed feelings—he looked about him, and finding himself alone, he exclaimed: "Ghost or devil, I will soon prove whether or not thou liest!" Ezekiel is said to have heard a laugh, echoing between the hills, as he said those words.

The lawyer noted well the spot; returned to his house; pondered on all the circumstances of his case; and eventually resolved to seize the earliest opportunity, when he might do so unobserved, of removing the stones, and examining the ground beneath them.

A few nights after this Ezekiel went to the little cairn, and by the aid of a crowbar, he soon overturned the stones, and laid the ground bare. He then commenced digging, and had not proceeded far when his spade struck against some other metal. He carefully cleared away the earth, and he then felt—for he could not see, having no light with him—that he had uncovered a metallic urn of some kind. He found it quite impossible to lift it, and he was therefore compelled to cover it up again, and to replace the stones sufficiently to hide it from the observation of any chance wanderer.

The next night Ezekiel found that this urn, which was of bronze, contained gold coins of a very ancient date. He

loaded himself with his treasure, and returned home. From time to time, at night, as Ezekiel found he could do so without exciting the suspicions of his servants, he visited the urn, and thus by degrees removed all the treasure to Rosewarne house. There was nothing in the series of circumstances which had surrounded Ezekiel which he could less understand than the fact that the ghost of the old man had left off troubling him from the moment when he had disclosed to him the hiding-place of this treasure.

The neighbouring gentry could not but observe the rapid improvements which Ezekiel Grosse made in his mansion, his grounds, in his personal appearance, and indeed in everything by which he was surrounded. In a short time he abandoned the law, and led in every respect the life of a country gentleman. He ostentatiously paraded his power to procure all earthly enjoyments, and, in spite of his notoriously bad character, he succeeded in drawing many of the landed proprietors around him.

Things went well with Ezekiel. The man who could in those days visit London in his own carriage and four was not without a large circle of flatterers. The lawyer who had struggled hard, in the outset of life, to secure wealth, and who did not always employ the most honest means for doing so, now found himself the centre of a circle to whom he could preach honesty, and receive from them expressions of the admiration in which the world holds the possessor of gold. His old tricks were forgotten, and he was put in places of honour. This state of things continued for some time; indeed, Grosse's entertainments became more and more splendid, and his revels more and more seductive to those he admitted to share them with him. The Lord of Rosewarne was the Lord of the West. To him every one

bowed the knee: he walked the Earth as the proud possessor of a large share of the planet.

It was Christmas-eve, and a large gathering there was at Rosewarne. In the hall the ladies and gentlemen were in the full enjoyment of the dance, and in the kitchen all the tenantry and the servants were emulating their superiors. Everything went joyously; and when mirth was in full swing, and Ezekiel felt to the full the influence of wealth, it appeared as if in one moment the chill of death had fallen over every one. The dancers paused, and looked one at another, each one struck with the other's paleness; and there, in the middle of the hall, every one saw a strange old man looking angrily, but in silence, at Ezekiel Grosse, who was fixed in terror, blank as a statue.

No one had seen this old man enter the hall, yet there he was in the midst of them. It was but for a minute, and he was gone. Ezekiel, as if a frozen torrent of water had thawed in an instant, roared with impetuous laughter.

"What do you think of that for a Christmas play? There was an old Father Christmas for you! Ha, ha, ha, ha! How frightened you all look! Butler, order the men to hand round the spiced wines! On with the dancing, my friends! It was only a trick, ay, and a clever one, which I have put upon you. On with your dancing, my friends!"

Notwithstanding his boisterous attempts to restore the spirit of the evening, Ezekiel could not succeed. There was an influence stronger than any which he could command; and one by one, framing sundry excuses, his guests took their departure, every one of them satisfied that all was not right at Rosewarne.

From that Christmas-eve Grosse was a changed man. He tried to be his former self; but it was in vain. Again and again he called his gay companions around him; but at

every feast there appeared one more than was desired. An aged man—weird beyond measure—took his place at the table in the middle of the feast; and although he spoke not, he exerted a miraculous power over all. No one dared to move; no one ventured to speak. Occasionally Ezekiel assumed an appearance of courage, which he felt not; rallied his guests, and made sundry excuses for the presence of his aged friend, whom he represented as having a mental infirmity, as being deaf and dumb. On all such occasions the old man rose from the table, and, looking at the host, laughed a demoniac laugh of joy, and departed as quietly as he came.

The natural consequence of this was that Ezekiel Grosse's friends fell away from him, and he became a lonely man, amidst his vast possessions—his only companion being his faithful clerk, John Call.

The persecuting presence of the spectre became more and more constant; and wherever the poor lawyer went, there was the aged man at his side. From being one of the finest men in the county, he became a miserably attenuated and bowed old man. Misery was stamped on every feature —terror was indicated in every movement. At length he appears to have besought his ghostly attendant to free him of his presence. It was long before the ghost would listen to any terms; but when Ezekiel at length agreed to surrender the whole of his wealth to any one whom the spectre might indicate, he obtained a promise that upon this being carried out, in a perfectly legal manner, in favour of John Call, that he should no longer be haunted.

This was, after numerous struggles on the part of Ezekiel to retain his property, or at least some portion of it, legally settled, and John Call became possessor of Rosewarne and the adioining lands. Grosse was then informed that this

evil spirit was one of the ancestors of the Rosewarne, from whom by his fraudulent dealings he obtained the place, and that he was allowed to visit the earth again for the purpose of inflicting the most condign punishment on the avaricious lawyer. His avarice had been gratified, his pride had been pampered to the highest; and then he was made a pitiful spectacle, at whom all men pointed, and no one pitied. He lived on in misery, but it was for a short time. He was found dead; and the country people ever said that his death was a violent one; they spoke of marks on his body, and some even asserted that the spectre of De Rosewarne was seen rejoicing amidst a crowd of devils, as they bore the spirit of Ezekiel over Carn Brea.

Hals thus quaintly tells this story:—

"Roswarne, in this parish, gave to its owner the name of De Roswarne, one of which tribe sold those lands, temp. James I., to Ezekiel Grosse, gent., attorney-at-law, who made it his dwelling, and in this place got a great estate by the inferior practice of the law; but much more, as tradition saith, by means of a spirit or apparition that haunted him in this place, till he spake to it (for it is notable that sort of things called apparitions are such proud gentry, that they never speak first); whereupon it discovered to him where much treasure lay hid in this mansion, which, according to the (honest) ghost's direction, he found, to his great enriching. After which, this phantasm or spectrum became so troublesome and direful to him, day and night, that it forced him to forsake this place (as rich, it seems, as this devil could make him), and to quit his claim thereto, by giving or selling it to his clerk, John Call; whose son, John Call, gent., sold it again to Robert Hooker, gent., attorney-at-law, now in possession thereof. The arms of Call were, in a field three trumpets—in allusion to the name in English; but in Cornish-British, 'call,' 'cal,' signifies any hard, flinty, or obdurate matter or thing, and 'hirgorue' is a trumpet."

THE LADY WITH THE LANTERN.[1]

THE night was dark and the wind high. The heavy waves rolled round the point of "the Island" into St. Ives Bay, as Atlantic waves only can roll. Everything bespoke a storm of no ordinary character. There were no ships in the bay—not a fishing-boat was afloat. The few small trading vessels had run into Hayle for shelter, or had nestled themselves within that very unquiet resting place, St. Ives pier. The fishing-boats were all high and dry on the sands.

Moving over the rocks which run out into the sea from the eastern side of "the Island" was seen a light. It passed over the most rugged ridges, formed by the intrusive Greenstone masses, and over the sharp edges of the upturned slate-rocks, with apparent ease. Forth and back —to and from—wandered the light.

"Ha!" said an old sailor with a sigh, as he looked out over the sea; "a sad night! a sad night! The Lady and the Lantern is out."

"The Lady and the Lantern," repeated I; "what do you mean?"

"The light out yonder——"

"Is from the lantern of some fisherman looking for something he has lost," interrupted I.

"Never a fisherman nor a 'salt' either would venture there to-night," said the sailor.

"What is it, then?" I curiously inquired.

[1] Robert Hunt, *Popular Romances of the West of England*, 2nd series, p. 143.

"Ha'ast never heard of the Lady and the Lantern?" asked a woman who was standing by.

"Never."

Without any preface, she began at once to enlighten me. I am compelled, however, to reduce her rambling story to something like order, and to make her long-drawn tale as concise as possible.

In the year —— there were many wrecks around the coast. It was a melancholy time. For more than a month there had been a succession of storms, each one more severe than the preceding one. At length, one evening, just about dusk, a large ship came suddenly out of the mist. Her position, it was at once discovered, equally by those on board and by the people on the shore, was perilous beyond hope. The sailors, as soon as they saw how near they were to the shore, made every effort to save the ship, and then to prepare for saving themselves. The tempest raged with such fury from the west that the ship parted her anchors at the moment her strain came upon them, and she swung round—her only sail flying into ribbons in the gale —rushing, as it were, eagerly upon her fate. Presently she struck violently upon a sunken rock, and her masts went by the board, the waves sweeping over her, and clearing her decks. Many perished at once, and, as each successive wave urged her onward, others of the hardy and daring seamen were swept into the angry sea.

Notwithstanding the severity of the storm, a boat was manned by the St. Ives fishermen, and launched from within the pier. Their perfect knowledge of their work enabled them, by the efforts of willing hearts, anxiously desiring to succour the distressed, to round the pier-head, and to row towards the ship.

These fishermen brought their boat near to the ship. It

was impossible to get close to her, and they called to the sailors on board to throw them ropes. This they were enabled to do, and some two or three of the sailors lowered themselves by their aid, and were hauled into the boat.

Then a group appeared on the deck, surrounding and supporting a lady, who held a child in her arms. They were imploring her to give her charge into the strong arms of a man ere they endeavoured to pass her from the ship to the boat.

The lady could not be prevailed on to part with the infant. The ship was fast breaking up, not a moment could be lost. So the lady, holding her child, was lowered into the sea, and eagerly the fishermen drew her through the waves towards the boat.

In her passage the lady had fainted, and she was taken into the boat without the infant. The child had fallen from her arms, and was lost in the boiling waters.

Many of the crew were saved by these adventurous men, and taken safely into St. Ives. Before morning the shore was strewed with fragments of wreck, and the mighty ship had disappeared.

Life returned to the lady; but, finding that her child was gone, it returned without hope, and she speedily closed her eyes in death. In the churchyard they buried her; but, shortly after her burial, a lady was seen to pass over the wall of the churchyard, on to the beach, and walk towards the Island. There she spent hours amidst the rocks, looking for her child, and, not finding it, she would sigh deeply and return to her grave. When the nights were tempestuous or very dark, she carried a lantern; but on fine nights she made her search without a light. The Lady and the Lantern have ever been regarded as predictors of disaster on this shore.

SPECTRE-DOGS.[1]

NEITHER Brand in his *Popular Antiquities*, nor Sir Walter Scott in his *Witchcraft and Demonology*, mentions spectre-dogs as a peculiar class of apparitions, yet they seem to occupy a distinct branch of English mythology. They are supposed to exist in one form or another in almost every county, and few kinds of superstition have more strongly influenced the credulous mind. To have the "black dog on the back" has become a general phrase, though perhaps few who use it have an idea of its origin. The following anecdotes about spectre-dogs will illustrate this phrase, and show how generally this branch of superstition is received.

According to popular psychology, the subject may be divided into three parts: 1. Black dogs, which are really fiends that have assumed the form of dogs. 2. The spirits of evil persons, who, as part of their punishment, have been transformed into the appearance of dogs. 3. Evil spirits, that, to mimic the sports of men, or to hunt their souls, have assumed the form and habits of hounds. We will begin with the black dog apparition.

In almost every county there is a popular belief in a spectral dog, which, although slightly varying in appearance in different parts, always bears the same general characteristics. It is described as large, shaggy, and black, with long ears and tail. It does not belong to any species of living dogs, but is severally said to resemble a hound, a

[1] Chambers's *Book of Days*, vol. ii. p. 433.

setter, a terrier, or a shepherd-dog, though often larger than a Newfoundland. It bears different names, but is always alike supposed to be an evil spirit, haunting places where evil deeds have been done, or where some calamity may be expected. In the Isle of Man it is called the *Mauthe Doog*, and, according to tradition, was accustomed to haunt Peel Castle, where it was seen in every room, but especially in the guard-chamber. Here, as soon as candles were lighted, it used to go and lie down before the fire, in presence of the soldiers, who became so accustomed to its appearance, that they lost much of the awe which they first felt at its presence. But knowing its malicious character, they never ventured to molest it, till one of them, in a drunken fit, swore that "he would try whether it were dog or devil!" He made his trial, and was instantly sobered, but rendered speechless. He lived only three days afterwards, and then "died in agonies more than is common in a natural death." "I heard this attested," says Mr. Waldron, "by several, but especially by an old soldier, who assured me he had seen it oftener than he had then hairs on his head." Sir Walter Scott, in his *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, thus alludes to this tradition:

> "For he was speechless, ghastly, wan,
> Like him, of whom the story ran,
> Who spoke the spectre-hound in Man."

A similar story is related of a man who lived at a village near Aylesbury, in Buckinghamshire. This man was accustomed to go every morning and night to milk his cows in a field, which was some distance from the village. To shorten his walk, he often crossed over a neighbour's field, and passed through a gap in the hedge; but one night, on approaching the gap, he found it occupied by a large, black,

fierce-looking dog. He paused to examine the animal, and as he looked at him his fiery eyes grew larger and fiercer, and he had altogether such a fiend-like and "unkid" appearance, that he doubted whether he were "a dog or the bad spirit." Whichever he was, he thought he would be no pleasant antagonist to encounter. So he turned aside, and passed through a gate at the end of the field. Night after night he found the same dog in the gap, and turned aside in the same manner. One night, having fallen in with a companion, he returned homeward with him across his neighbour's field, being determined, if he found the dog in the gap, to make an attack upon him, and drive him away. On reaching the gap there stood the dog looking even fiercer and bigger than ever. But the milkman, wishing to appear valiant before his companion, put down his milk-pails, which were suspended from a yoke across his shoulders, and attempting to speak very bravely, though trembling all over, he exclaimed: "Now, you black fiend, I'll try what ye're made of!" He raised his yoke in both his hands, and struck at the dog with all his might. The dog vanished, and the milkman fell senseless to the ground. He was carried home alive, but remained speechless and paralytic to the end of his days.

A certain spot near the writer's residence is said to be haunted at midnight by "the black dog." Once, at the awful hour of midnight, he happened to pass the dreaded spot, and, sure enough, he met the black dog apparition. It was a light summer's night, and as he approached the awful apparition, he soon saw it was far too substantial "to try what it was made of." He knew it to be a fine black dog, half Newfoundland and retriever, belonging to a gamekeeper, who, doubtless, was near at hand watching his master's preserves. It is no uncommon manœuvre for

poachers and such characters to give certain spots the reputation of being haunted.

In the adjoining county of Hertford the same superstition prevails, and the black dog apparition is still a dreaded bogie. Within the parish of Tring, but about three miles from the town, a poor old woman was, in 1751, drowned for suspected witchcraft. A chimney-sweep, who was the principal perpetrator of this atrocious deed, was hanged and gibbeted near the place where the murder was effected. While the gibbet stood, and long after it had disappeared, the spot was haunted by a black dog. The writer was told by the village schoolmaster, who had been "abroad," that he himself had seen this diabolical dog. "I was returning home," said he, "late at night in a gig with the person who was driving. When we came near the spot where a portion of the gibbet had lately stood, we saw on the bank of the roadside, along which a ditch or narrow brook runs, a flame of fire as large as a man's hat. 'What's that?' I exclaimed. 'Hush!' said my companion, all in a tremble; and, suddenly pulling in his horse, made a dead stop. I then saw an immense black dog lying on the road just in front of our horse, which also appeared trembling with fright. The dog was the strangest looking creature I ever beheld. He was as big as a Newfoundland, but very gaunt, shaggy, with long ears and tail, eyes like balls of fire, and large, long teeth, for he opened his mouth and seemed to grin at us. He looked more like a fiend than a dog, and I trembled as much as my companion. In a few minutes the dog disappeared, seeming to vanish like a shadow, or to sink into the earth, and we drove on over the spot where he had lain." The same canine apparition is occasionally still witnessed at the same place or near it.

In Norfolk, and in some parts of Cambridgeshire, the

same kind of apparition is well known to the peasantry by the name of "Shuck," the provincial word for shag. Here he is said chiefly to haunt churchyards, but other lonesome places are not secure from his visitations. Thus a dreary lane, in the parish of Overstrand, is called, from his frequent visits there, Shuck's Lane. The spot on which he has been seen, if examined soon after his disappearance, is found to be scorched, and strongly impregnated with the smell of brimstone!

In some districts in the county of Lancaster, this spectre-dog bears the names of "Trash" and "Skriker." Its general appearance is the same as in other parts, but its habits, and the object of its visits, seem somewhat different. It does not haunt particular spots, but appears to certain persons to warn them of the speedy death of some relation or intimate friend. Occasionally, however, it gives its warning, not by its appearance, but only by uttering a peculiar screech, from whence it is called, in the local dialect, Skriker. Its name, Trash, is applied to it because the noise made by its feet is supposed to resemble that of a person walking with heavy shoes along a miry, sloppy road. If followed, it retreats, but always with its eyes fronting the pursuer, and either sinks into the earth with a frightful shriek, or, if the pursuer averts his eyes from it for a moment, it disappears he knows not how. If struck at with a stick or weapon, it keeps its ground, but, to the horror of the striker, his weapon passes as harmlessly through it as if it were a mere shadow.[1]

Lyme-Regis, in Dorsetshire, has a famous story about one of these canine apparitions. About a mile from the town stands a farmhouse, which once formed part of an old mansion that was demolished in the parliamentary wars,

[1] *Notes and Queries.*

except the small portion still existing. The sitting-room now used by the farmer, and also by his predecessors for a century or two, retains the large old-fashioned fireplace, with a fixed seat on each side under the capacious chimney. Many years ago, when the then master of the house, as his custom was after the daily toils were over, used to settle himself on one of these snug seats in the chimney corner, a large black dog as regularly took possession of the opposite one. This dog in all essentials resembled the spectre-dog already described. For many nights, weeks, and months this mysterious visitor, sitting *vis-à-vis* to the farmer, cast a gloom over his evening enjoyment. At length, as he received no harm from his companion, and became accustomed to his appearance, he began to look on him as one of the family circle. His neighbours, however, often advised him to drive away the fiend-like intruder; but the farmer, not relishing a contest with him, jestingly replied: "Why should I? He costs me nothing—he eats nothing, he drinks nothing, he interferes with no one. He is the quietest and frugalest creature in the house."

One night, however, the farmer, having been drinking too freely with a neighbour, and excited by his taunts about the black dog to an unusual degree of irritation, was determined his courage should no more be called in question. Returning home in a rage, he no sooner saw the dog on his usual seat, than, seizing the poker, he rushed with it towards his mysterious companion. The dog, perceiving his intention, sprang from its seat, and ran upstairs, followed by the infuriated farmer. The dog fled into an attic at the top of the house, and just as the farmer entered the same room, he saw it spring from the floor, and disappear through the ceiling. Enraged at being thus foiled, he struck with the poker the ceiling where the dog had passed through, and

down fell a small old-fashioned box, which, on being opened, was found to contain a large sum in gold and silver coins of Charles I.'s reign. The dog was never more seen within doors, but to the present day continues at midnight to haunt a lane which leads to this house, and which has long borne the name of "Dog Lane," while a small inn by the roadside still invites the passing stranger by the ominous sign of "The Black Dog," portrayed in all his spectral frightfulness. So late as the year 1856, a respectable intelligent woman told the writer that she herself had seen the dog-ghost. "As I was returning to Lyme," said she, "one night with my husband down Dog Lane, as we reached about the middle of it, I saw an animal about the size of a dog meeting us. 'What's that?' I said to my husband. 'What?' said he, 'I see nothing.' I was so frightened I could say no more then, for the animal was within two or three yards of us, and had become as large as a young calf, but had the appearance of a black shaggy dog with fiery eyes, just like the description I had heard of the 'black dog.' He passed close by me, and made the air cold and dank as he passed along. Though I was afraid to speak, I could not help turning round to look after him, and I saw him growing bigger and bigger as he went along, till he was as high as the trees by the roadside, and then seeming to swell into a large cloud, he vanished in the air. As soon as I could speak, I asked my husband to look at his watch, and it was then five minutes past twelve. My husband said he saw nothing but a vapour or fog coming up from the sea." A case of this kind shows how even a sensible person may become the victim of self-delusion; for in all practical matters this woman was remarkably sober-minded, intelligent, and judicious; and well educated for a person of her calling—

that of sick-nurse, the duties of which she discharged in the writer's house for several weeks to his fullest satisfaction, showing no symptoms of nervousness or timidity.

The foregoing examples belong to the class of fiends who have assumed the appearance of dogs. We will now give a few instances of human spirits that, as a punishment, have been transformed into similar apparitions.

Lady Howard, a Devonshire notable of the time of James I., was remarkable for her beauty, her wealth, her talents, and accomplishments. But she had many bad qualities. Amongst others, she was unnaturally cruel to her only daughter, and had a sad knack of getting rid of her husbands, having been married no less than four times. At last she died herself, and, for her misdemeanours while living, her spirit was transformed into a hound, and compelled to run every night, between midnight and cock-crowing, from the gateway of Fitz-ford, her former residence, to Oakhampton Park, and bring back to the place from whence she started a single blade of grass in her mouth; and this penance she is doomed to continue till every blade of grass is removed from the park, which she will not be able to effect till the end of the world. How these particulars were communicated to our fellow-living mortals we are not informed, and we dare not venture a conjecture. Our rustic psychologists have been rather more explicit in the following story:—

There once lived in the hamlet of Dean Combe, Devon, a weaver of great fame and skill. After long prosperity he died and was buried. But the next day he appeared sitting at the loom in his chamber, working as diligently as when he was alive. His sons applied to the vicar, who accordingly went to the foot of the stairs, and heard the noise of the weaver's shuttle in the room above. "Knowles," he

cried, "come down; this is no place for thee." "I will," replied the weaver, "as soon as I have worked out my quill" (the quill is the shuttle full of wool). "Nay," said the vicar, "thou hast been long enough at thy work; come down at once." So when the spirit came down the vicar took a handful of earth from the churchyard and threw it in its face. And in a moment it became a black hound. "Follow me," said the vicar, and it followed him to the gate of the wood. And when they came there, "it seemed as if all the trees in the wood were coming together, so great was the wind." Then the vicar took a nutshell with a hole in it, and led the hound to the pool below the waterfall. "Take this shell," said he, "and when thou shalt have dipped out the pool with it, thou mayest rest—not before!" And at midday and at midnight the hound may still be seen at its work.[1] It is difficult to understand why the industrious weaver was consigned to such a hopeless doom. Many spectral dogs, believed to be the souls of wicked persons, are said to haunt the sides of rivers and pools, and sometimes their yelping is so dreadful, that all who hear them lose their senses.[2]

Besides such apparitions of solitary dogs, whole packs of spectral hounds are said to be occasionally heard and seen in full cry in various parts of England and Wales, but chiefly in mountainous districts. They are everywhere described much in the same way, but with different names. In the north they are called "Gabriel's Hounds;" in Devon, the "Wisk," "Yesk," or "Heath Hounds;" in Wales, "Cwn Annwn," or "Cwn Wybir;" and in Cornwall, the "Devil and his Dandy-dogs." But few have ever imagined that they have seen these hounds, though popular

[1] *Notes and Queries*, vol. ii. p. 515.
[2] *Ibid.*, vol. i. p. 295.

superstition has described them as black, with fiery eyes and teeth, and sprinkled all over with blood. Generally, they are only heard, and seem to be passing swiftly along in the air, as if in hot pursuit of their prey; and though not very high up, yet they cannot be seen, because they generally choose cloudy nights. Their yelping is said to be sometimes as loud as the note of a bloodhound, but sharper and more terrific. Why they have anywhere received the name of Gabriel's hounds appears unaccountable, for they are always supposed to be evil spirits hunting the souls of the dead, or, by their diabolical yelping, to betoken the speedy death of some person. Thus Mr. Holland, of Sheffield, describes in the following sonnet the superstition as held in Yorkshire:—

"Oft have I heard my honoured mother say
How she hath listened to the Gabriel Hounds;
Those strange unearthly and mysterious sounds
Which on the ear through murkiest darkness fell;
And how, entranced by superstitious spell,
The trembling villager not seldom heard,
In the quaint notes of the nocturnal bird
Of death premonished, some sick neighbour's knell.
I, too, remember once, at midnight dark,
How these sky-yelpers startled me, and stirred
My fancy so, I could have then averred
A mimic pack of beagles low did bark!
Nor wondered I that rustic fear should trace
A spectral huntsman doomed to that long moonless chase."

Wordsworth, alluding to another form of this superstition, similar to the German story of the Wild Huntsman, thus writes:—

"He oftentimes will start,
For overhead are sweeping Gabriel's Hounds,
Doomed, with their impious lord, the flying hart
To chase for ever through aërial grounds."

Many wild and amusing stories are told respecting these aërial hounds, especially in the secluded districts of Devon and Cornwall. The following is a specimen :—A herdsman was journeying homeward across the moors of Cornwall one windy night when he heard at a distance the baying of hounds, which he was not long in recognising to be the dismal yelp of the Devil's Dandy-dogs. He was three or four miles distant from his home; and, much terrified, he hurried onward as fast as the treacherous nature of the soil and uncertainty of the path would allow; but the melancholy yelping of the hounds and the fiendish shout of the hunter came nearer and nearer. After a long run they appeared so close upon him that he could not help turning round to look at them. He was horror-struck, for he could distinctly see the hunter and his dogs. The huntsman was terrible to behold. He was black, had large fiery eyes, horns, a tail, and carried in his clawy-hand a long hunting-pole. The dogs, a numerous pack, blackened the ground as far as it could be seen, each snorting fire and yelping in the most frightful tone. What was the poor rustic to do? No cottage was near, no rock, no tree to shelter him—nothing remained but to abandon himself to the fury of these hell-hounds. Suddenly a happy thought flashed into his mind. He had been told that no evil spirit can resist the power of prayer. He fell on his knees, and at the first holy words he uttered the hounds stood still, but yelped more dismally than ever; and the huntsman shouted, "Bo Shrove!" which "means," says the narrator, "in the old language, *The boy prays!*" The black huntsman then drew off his dandy-dogs, and the poor herdsman hastened home as fast as his trembling frame permitted.[1]

[1] *Notes and Queries.*

BILLY B——'S ADVENTURE.[1]

"You see, sir, as how I'd been a clock-dressing at Gurston (Grassington), and I'd staid rather lat, and maybe gitten a li'le sup o' spirit; but I war far from being drunk, and knowed everything that passed. It war about eleven o'clock when I left, and it war at back end o' t' year, and a most admirable (beautiful) neet it war. The moon war varra breet, and I nivver seed Kylstone-fell plainer in a' my life. Now, you see, sir, I war passin' down t' mill loine, and I heerd summut come past me—brush, brush, brush, wi' chains rattling a' the while, but I seed nothing; and thowt I to mysel, now this is a most mortal queer thing. And I then stuid still, and luik'd about me; but I seed nothing at aw, nobbut the two stane wa's on each o' t' mill loine. Then I heerd again this brush, brush, brush, wi' the chains; for you see, sir, when I stuid still it stopped, and then, thowt I, this mun be a Bargest, that sae much is said about; and I hurried on towards t' wood brig; for they say as how this Bargest cannot cross a watter; but Lord, sir, when I gat o'er t' brig, I heerd this same thing again; so it mud either hev crossed t' watter, *or have gane round by t' spring heed* (about thirty miles)! And then I becam a valliant man, for I war a bit freekn'd afore; and, thinks I, I'll turn and hev a peep at this thing; so I went up Greet Bank towards Linton, and heerd this brush, brush, brush, wi' the chains a'

[1] Robert Hunt, *Popular Romances of the West of England*, 1st series, p. 315, quoting from Hone's *Every-day Book*.

the way, but I seed nothing; then it ceased all of a sudden. So I turned back to go hame; but I'd hardly reached the door when I heerd again this brush, brush, brush, and the chains, going down towards t' Holin House; and I followed it, and the moon there shone varra breet, and I *seed its tail!* Then, thowt I, thou owd thing, I can say Ise seen thee now; so I'll away hame. When I gat to t' door, there war a grit thing like a sheep, but it war larger, ligging across t' threshold of t' door, and it war woolly like; and says I: 'Git up,' and it wouldn't git up. Then says I: 'Stir thysel,' and it wouldn't stir itsel! And I grew valliant, and I raised t' stick to baste it wi'; and then it luik'd at me, and sich oies (eyes) they did glower, and war as big as saucers, and like a cruelled ball. First there war a red ring, then a blue one, then a white one; and these rings grew less and less *till they came to a dot!* Now, I war nane feer'd on it, tho' it grin'd at me fearfully, and I kept on saying 'Git up,' and 'Stir thysel,' and t' wife heerd as how I war at t' door, and she cam to oppen it; and then this thing gat up and walked off, *for it war mare freet'd o' t' wife than it war o' me;* and I told the wife, and she said it war Bargest; but I nivver seed it since—and that's a true story."

DROLLS.

DROLLS.

THE WISE FOOLS OF GOTHAM.[1]

Cuckoo Bush, near Gotham, tradition says, was planted or set to commemorate a trick which the inhabitants of Gotham put upon King John. The tale is told thus:—King John, passing through this place towards Nottingham, intending to go over the meadows, was prevented by the villagers, they apprehending that the ground over which a king passed was for ever after to become a public road. The king, incensed at their proceedings, sent from his court soon after some of his servants, to inquire of them the reason of their incivility and ill-treatment, that he might punish them by way of fine, or some other way he might judge most proper. The villagers, hearing of the approach of the king's servants, thought of an expedient to turn away his Majesty's displeasure from them. When the messengers arrived at Gotham, they found some of the inhabitants engaged in endeavouring to drown an eel in a pool of water; some were employed in dragging carts upon a large barn, to shade the wood from the sun; others were tumbling their cheeses down a hill, that they might find their way to Nottingham for sale; and some were employed

[1] Blount's *Tenures of Land*, edited by W. Carew Hazlitt, p. 133. London, 1874.

in hedging in a cuckoo which had perched upon an old bush which stood where the present one now stands; in short, they were all employed in some foolish way or other, which convinced the king's servants that it was a village of fools, whence arose the old adage, "The wise men," or, "The fools of Gotham."

The words of an humble poet may be here applicable:—

"Tell me no more of Gotham fools,
Or of their eels in little pools,
Which they were told were drowning;
Nor of their carts drawn up on high,
When King John's men were standing by,
To keep a wood from browning.

"Nor of their cheese shoved down the hill,
Nor of a cuckoo sitting still,
While it they hedgèd round;
Such tales of them have long been told,
By prating boobies, young and old,
In drunken circles crowned.

"The fools are those who thither go
To see the cuckoo bush, I trow,
The wood, the barn, and pools;
For such are seen both here and there,
And passed by without a sneer
By all but errant fools."

THE THREE WISHES.[1]

A WOODMAN went to the forest to fell some timber. Just as he was applying the axe to the trunk of a huge old oak out jumped a fairy, who beseeched him with the most supplicating gestures to spare the tree. Moved more by fright and astonishment than anything else, the man consented, and as a reward for his forbearance was promised the fulfilment of his three next wishes. Whether from natural forgetfulness or fairy illusion we know not, but certain it is, that long before evening all remembrance of his visitor passed from his noddle. At night, when he and his dame were dozing before a blazing fire, the old fellow waxed hungry, and audibly wished for a link of hog's pudding. No sooner had the words escaped his lips than a rustling was heard in the chimney, and down came a bunch of the wished-for delicacies, depositing themselves at the feet of the astounded woodman, who, thus reminded of his morning visitor, began to communicate the particulars to his wife. "Thou bist a fool, Jan," said she, incensed at her husband's carelessness in neglecting to make the best of his good luck; "I wish em wer atte noäse!" Whereupon, the legend goes on to state, they immediately attached themselves to the member in question, and stuck

[1] T. Sternberg, *The Dialect and Folk-Lore of Northamptonshire*, p. 135.

so tight that the woodman, finding no amount of force would remove these unsightly appendages from his proboscis, was obliged, reluctantly, to wish them off, thus making the third wish, and at once ending his brilliant expectations.

THE MILLER AT THE PROFESSOR'S EXAMINATION.[1]

THERE once came to England a famous foreign professor, and before he came he gave notice that he would examine the students of all the colleges in England. After a time he had visited all but Cambridge, and he was on his road thither to examine publicly the whole university. Great was the bustle in Cambridge to prepare for the reception of the professor, and great also were the fears of the students, who dreaded the time when they must prove their acquirements before one so famous for his learning. As the period of his arrival approached their fears increased, and at last they determined to try some expedient which might avert the impending trial, and for this purpose several of the students were disguised in the habits of common labourers, and distributed in groups of two or three at convenient distances from each other along the road by which the professor was expected.

He had in his carriage arrived at the distance of a few miles from Cambridge when he met the first of these groups of labourers, and the coachman drew up his horses to inquire of them the distance. The professor was astonished to hear them answer in Latin. He proceeded on his way, and after driving about half a mile, met with another group of labourers at work on the road, to whom a similar question was put by the coachman. The professor was still

[1] *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. ii. p. 173.

more astonished to hear them give answer in Greek. "Ah," thought he, "they must be good scholars at Cambridge, when even the common labourers on the roads talk Latin and Greek. It won't do to examine them in the same way as other people." So all the rest of the way he was musing on the mode of examination he should adopt, and just as he reached the outskirts of the town, he came to the determination that he would examine them by signs. As soon, therefore, as he had alighted from his carriage, he lost no time in making known this novel method of examination.

Now the students had never calculated on such a result as this from their stratagem, and they were, as might well be expected, sadly disappointed. There was one student in particular who had been studying very hard, and who was expected by everybody to gain the prize at the examination, and, as the idlest student in the university had the same chance of guessing the signs of the professor as himself, he was in very low spirits about it. When the day of examination arrived, instead of attending it, he was walking sadly and mournfully by the banks of the river, near the mill, and it happened that the miller, who was a merry fellow, and used to talk with this student as he passed the mill in his walks, saw him, and asked him what was the matter with him. Then the student told him all about it, and how the great professor was going to examine by signs, and how he was afraid that he should not get through the examination. "Oh! if that's all," said the miller, "don't be low about the matter. Did you never hear that a clown may sometimes teach a scholar wisdom? Only let me put on your clothes, with your cap and gown, and I'll go to the examination instead of you; and if I succeed you shall have the credit of it, and if I fail I will tell them who I am." "But,"

said the student, "everybody knows that I have but one eye." "Never mind that," said the miller; "I can easily put a black patch over one of mine." So they changed clothes, and the miller went to the professor's examination in the student's cap and gown, with a patch on his eye.

Well, just as the miller entered the lecture-room, the professor had tried all the other students, and nobody could guess the meaning of his signs or answer his questions. So the miller stood up, and the professor, putting his hand in his coat pocket, drew out an apple, and held it up towards him. The miller likewise put his hand in his pocket and drew out a crust of bread, which he in like manner held out towards the professor. Then the professor put the apple in his pocket and pointed at the miller with one finger: the miller in return pointed at him with two: the professor pointed with three; and the miller held out his clenched fist. "Right!" said the professor; and he adjudged the prize to the miller.

The miller made all haste to communicate these good tidings to his friend the student, who was waiting at the mill; and the student, having resumed his own clothes, hastened back to hear the prize given out to him. When he arrived at the lecture-room the professor was on his legs explaining to the assembled students the meaning of the signs which himself and the student who had gained the prize made use of.

"First," said he, "I held out an apple, signifying thereby the fall of mankind through Adam's sin, and he very properly held up a piece of bread, which signified that by Christ, the bread of life, mankind was regenerated. Then I held out one finger, which meant that there is one God in the Trinity; he held out two fingers, signifying that there are two; I held out three fingers, meaning that there

are three; and he held out his clenched fist, which was as much as to say that the three are one."

Well, the student who got the prize was sadly puzzled to think how the miller knew all this, and as soon as the ceremony of publishing the name of the successful candidate was over he hastened to the mill, and told him all the professor had said. "Ah!" said the miller, "I'll tell you how it was. When I went in the professor looked mighty fierce, and he put his hand in his pocket, and fumbled about for some time, and at last he pulled out an apple, and he held it out as though he would throw it at me. Then I put my hand in my pocket, and could find nothing but an old crust of bread, and so I held it out in the same way, meaning that if he threw the apple at me I would throw the crust at him. Then he looked still more fiercely, and held out his one finger, as much as to say he would poke my one eye out, and I held two fingers, meaning that if he poked out my one eye I would poke out his two, and then he held out three of his fingers, as though he would scratch my face, and I clenched my fist and shook it at him, meaning that if he did I would knock him down. And then he said I deserved the prize."

STUPID'S MISTAKEN CRIES.[1]

THERE was once a little boy, and his mother sent him to buy a sheep's head and pluck; afraid he should forget it, the lad kept saying all the way along:

"Sheep's head and pluck!
Sheep's head and pluck!"

Trudging along, he came to a stile; but in getting over he fell and hurt himself, and, beginning to blubber, forgot what he was sent for. So he stood a little while to consider; at last he thought he recollected it, and began to repeat:

"Liver and lights and gall and all!
Liver and lights and gall and all!"

Away he went again, and came to where a man was sick, bawling out:

"Liver and lights and gall and all!
Liver and lights and gall and all!"

Whereon the man laid hold of him and beat him, bidding him say:

"Pray God send no more up!
Pray God send no more up!"

The youngster strode along, uttering these words, till he reached a field where a hind was sowing wheat:

[1] *Folk-Lore Record*, vol. iii. p. 153.

"Pray God send no more up!
Pray God send no more up!"

This was all his cry. So the sower began to thrash him, and charged him to repeat:

"Pray God send plenty more!
Pray God send plenty more!"

Off the child scampered with these words in his mouth till he reached a churchyard and met a funeral, but he went on with his:

"Pray God send plenty more!
Pray God send plenty more!"

The chief mourner seized and punished him, and bade him repeat:

"Pray God send the soul to heaven!
Pray God send the soul to heaven!"

Away went the boy, and met a dog and a bitch going to be hung, but his cry rang out:

"Pray God send the soul to heaven!
Pray God send the soul to heaven!"

The good folk nearly were furious, seized and struck him, charging him to say:

"A dog and a bitch agoing to be hung!
A dog and a bitch agoing to be hung!"

This the poor fellow did, till he overtook a man and a woman going to be married. "Oh! oh!" he shouted:

"A dog and a bitch agoing to be hung!
A dog and a bitch agoing to be hung!"

The man was enraged, as we may well think, gave him many a thump, and ordered him to repeat:

"I wish you much joy!
I wish you much joy!"

This he did, jogging along, till he came to two labourers who had fallen into a ditch. The lad kept bawling out:

"I wish you much joy!
I wish you much joy!"

This vexed one of the folk so sorely that he used all his strength, scrambled out, beat the crier, and told him to say:

"The one is out, I wish the other was!
The one is out, I wish the other was!"

On went young 'un till he found a fellow with only one eye; but he kept up his song:

"The one is out, I wish the other was!
The one is out, I wish the other was!"

This was too much for Master One-eye, who grabbed him and chastised him, bidding him call:

"The one side gives good light, I wish the other did!
The one side gives good light, I wish the other did!"

So he did, to be sure, till he came to a house, one side of which was on fire. The people here thought it was he who had set the place a-blazing, and straightway put him in prison. The end was, the judge put on his black cap, and condemned him to die.

THE THREE SILLIES.[1]

ONCE upon a time there was a farmer and his wife who had one daughter, and she was courted by a gentleman. Every evening he used to come and see her, and stop to supper at the farmhouse, and the daughter used to be sent down into the cellar to draw the beer for supper. So one evening she was gone down to draw the beer, and she happened to look up at the ceiling while she was drawing, and she saw an axe stuck into one of the beams.[2] It must have been there a long, long time, but somehow or other she had never noticed it before, and she began a-thinking. And she thought it was very dangerous to have that axe there, for she said to herself: "Suppose him and me was to be married, and we was to have a son, and he was to grow up to be a man, and come down into the cellar to draw the beer, like as I'm doing now, and the axe was to fall on his head and kill him, what a dreadful thing it would be!" And she put down the candle and the jug, and sat herself down and began a-crying.

Well, they began to wonder upstairs how it was that she was so long drawing the beer, and her mother went down to see after her, and she found her sitting on the setluss

[1] *Folk-Lore Journal*, vol. ii. p. 40.

[2] Miss Burne, who collected this story, informs me that she finds the dangerous tool was, not an axe, but "a great big wooden mallet, as some one had left sticking there when they'd been *making-up* the beer," *i.e.*, stopping up the barrels.

crying, and the beer running over the floor. "Why whatever is the matter?" said her mother. "Oh, mother!" says she, "look at that horrid axe! Suppose we was to be married, and was to have a son, and he was to grow up, and was to come down to the cellar to draw the beer, and the axe was to fall on his head and kill him, what a dreadful thing it would be!" "Dear, dear! what a dreadful thing it would be!" said the mother, and she sat her down aside of the daughter and started a-crying too. Then after a bit the father began to wonder that they didn't come back, and he went down into the cellar to look after them himself, and there they two sat a-crying, and the beer running all over the floor. "Whatever is the matter?" says he. "Why," says the mother, "look at that horrid axe. Just suppose, if our daughter and her sweetheart was to be married, and was to have a son, and he was to grow up, and was to come down into the cellar to draw the beer, and the axe was to fall on his head and kill him, what a dreadful thing it would be!" "Dear, dear, dear! so it would!" said the father, and he sat himself down aside of the other two, and started a-crying.

Now the gentleman got tired of stopping up in the kitchen by himself, and at last he went down into the cellar too, to see what they were after; and there they three sat a-crying side by side, and the beer running all over the floor. And he ran straight and turned the tap. Then he said: "Whatever are you three doing, sitting there crying, and letting the beer run all over the floor?" "Oh!" says the father, "look at that horrid axe! Suppose you and our daughter was to be married, and was to have a son, and he was to grow up, and was to come down into the cellar to draw the beer, and the axe was to fall on his head and kill him!" And then they all started a-crying worse than

before. But the gentleman burst out a-laughing, and reached up and pulled out the axe, and then he said: "I've travelled many miles, and I never met three such big sillies as you three before; and now I shall start out on my travels again, and when I can find three bigger sillies than you three, then I'll come back and marry your daughter." So he wished them good-bye, and started off on his travels, and left them all crying because the girl had lost her sweetheart.

Well, he set out, and he travelled a long way, and at last he came to an old woman's cottage that had some grass growing on the roof. And the old woman was trying to get her cow to go up a ladder to the grass, and the poor thing durst not go. So the gentleman asked the old woman what she was doing. "Why, lookye," she said, "look at all that beautiful grass. I'm going to get the cow on to the roof to eat it. She'll be quite safe, for I shall tie a string round her neck, and pass it down the chimney, and tie it to my wrist as I go about the house, so she can't fall off without my knowing it." "Oh, you poor old silly!" said the gentleman, "you should cut the grass and throw it down to the cow!" But the old woman thought it was easier to get the cow up the ladder than to get the grass down, so she pushed her and coaxed her and got her up, and tied a string round her neck, and passed it down the chimney, and fastened it to her own wrist. And the gentleman went on his way, but he hadn't gone far when the cow tumbled off the roof, and hung by the string tied round her neck, and it strangled her. And the weight of the cow tied to her wrist pulled the old woman up the chimney, and she stuck fast half-way, and was smothered in the soot.

Well, that was one big silly.

And the gentleman went on and on, and he went to an

inn to stop the night, and they were so full at the inn that they had to put him in a double-bedded room, and another traveller was to sleep in the other bed. The other man was a very pleasant fellow, and they got very friendly together; but in the morning, when they were both getting up, the gentleman was surprised to see the other hang his trousers on the knobs of the chest of drawers and run across the room and try to jump into them, and he tried over and over again, and couldn't manage it; and the gentleman wondered whatever he was doing it for. At last he stopped and wiped his face with his handkerchief. "Oh dear," he says, "I do think trousers are the most awkwardest kind of clothes that ever were. I can't think who could have invented such things. It takes me the best part of an hour to get into mine every morning, and I get so hot! How do you manage yours?" So the gentleman burst out a-laughing, and showed him how to put them on; and he was very much obliged to him, and said he never should have thought of doing it that way. So that was another big silly.

Then the gentleman went on his travels again; and he came to a village, and outside the village there was a pond, and round the pond was a crowd of people. And they had got rakes, and brooms, and pikels (pitchforks), reaching into the pond; and the gentleman asked what was the matter. "Why," they says, "matter enough! Moon's tumbled into the pond, and we can't get her out anyhow!" So the gentleman burst out a-laughing, and told them to look up into the sky, and that it was only the shadow in the water. But they wouldn't listen to him, and abused him shamefully, and he got away as quick as he could.[1]

[1] Miss Burne writes to me as follows:—"I find my sister-in-law, also a Staffordshire woman, knew the story when a child, with the

So there was a whole lot of sillies bigger than them all, and the gentleman turned back home again and married the farmer's daughter.

variation of an old woman weeding by candlelight at noonday, instead of the moonrakers." The story has many variants; but I know of none better told than this.

MR. VINEGAR.[1]

Mr. and Mrs. Vinegar lived in a vinegar bottle. Now, one day, when Mr. Vinegar was from home, Mrs. Vinegar, who was a very good housewife, was busily sweeping her house, when an unlucky thump of the broom brought the whole house clitter-clatter, clitter-clatter, about her ears. In a paroxysm of grief she rushed forth to meet her husband. On seeing him she exclaimed, "Oh, Mr. Vinegar, Mr. Vinegar, we are ruined, we are ruined: I have knocked the house down, and it is all to pieces!" Mr. Vinegar then said: "My dear, let us see what can be done. Here is the door; I will take it on my back, and we will go forth to seek our fortune." They walked all that day, and at night-fall entered a thick forest. They were both excessively tired, and Mr. Vinegar said: "My love, I will climb up into a tree, drag up the door, and you shall follow." He accordingly did so, and they both stretched their weary limbs on the door, and fell fast asleep. In the middle of the night Mr. Vinegar was disturbed by the sound of voices beneath, and to his inexpressible dismay perceived that a party of thieves were met to divide their booty. "Here, Jack," said one, "here's five pounds for you; here, Bill, here's ten pounds for you; here, Bob, here's three pounds for you." Mr. Vinegar could listen no longer; his terror was so intense that he trembled most violently, and shook down the door on their heads. Away scampered the thieves, but

[1] J. O. Halliwell, *Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales*, p. 26.

Mr. Vinegar dared nor quit his retreat till broad daylight. He then scrambled out of the tree, and went to lift up the door. What did he behold but a number of golden guineas. "Come down, Mrs. Vinegar," he cried; "come down, I say; our fortune's made, our fortune's made! Come down, I say." Mrs. Vinegar got down as fast as she could, and saw the money with equal delight. "Now, my dear," said she, "I ll tell you what you shall do. There is a fair at the neighbouring town; you shall take these forty guineas and buy a cow. I can make butter and cheese, which you shall sell at market, and we shall then be able to live very comfortably." Mr. Vinegar joyfully assents, takes the money, and goes off to the fair. When he arrived, he walked up and down, and at length saw a beautiful red cow. It was an excellent milker, and perfect in every respect. "Oh," thought Mr. Vinegar, "if I had but that cow, I should be the happiest man alive." So he offers the forty guineas for the cow, and the owner declaring that, as he was a friend, he'd oblige him, the bargain was made. Proud of his purchase, he drove the cow backwards and forwards to show it. By-and-by he saw a man playing the bagpipes—Tweedle-dum, tweedle-dee. The children followed him about, and he appeared to be pocketing money on all sides. "Well," thought Mr. Vinegar, "if I had but that beautiful instrument, I should be the happiest man alive—my fortune would be made." So he went up to the man. "Friend," says he, "what a beautiful instrument that is, and what a deal of money you must make." "Why, yes," said the man, "I make a great deal of money, to be sure, and it is a wonderful instrument." "Oh!" cried Mr. Vinegar, "how I should like to possess it!" "Well," said the man, "as you are a friend, I don't much mind parting with it; you shall have it for that red cow." "Done!" said the delighted Mr.

Vinegar. So the beautiful red cow was given for the bagpipes. He walked up and down with his purchase; but in vain he attempted to play a tune, and instead of pocketing pence, the boys followed him hooting, laughing, and pelting.

Poor Mr. Vinegar, his fingers grew very cold, and heartily ashamed and mortified, he was leaving the town, when he met a man with a fine thick pair of gloves. "Oh, my fingers are so very cold," said Mr. Vinegar to himself. "If I had but those beautiful gloves I should be the happiest man alive." He went up to the man, and said to him: "Friend, you seem to have a capital pair of gloves there." "Yes, truly," cried the man; "and my hands are as warm as possible this cold November day." "Well," said Mr. Vinegar, "I should like to have them." "What will you give?" said the man; "as you are a friend, I don't much mind letting you have them for those bagpipes." "Done!" cried Mr. Vinegar. He put on the gloves, and felt perfectly happy as he trudged homewards.

At last he grew very tired, when he saw a man coming towards him with a good stout stick in his hand.

"Oh," said Mr. Vinegar, "that I had but that stick! I should then be the happiest man alive." He accosted the man: "Friend! what a rare good stick you have got." "Yes," said the man; "I have used it for many a long mile, and a good friend it has been; but if you have a fancy for it, as you are a friend, I don't mind giving it to you for that pair of gloves." Mr. Vinegar's hands were so warm, and his legs so tired, that he gladly exchanged. As he drew near to the wood where he had left his wife, he heard a parrot on a tree calling out his name: "Mr. Vinegar, you foolish man, you blockhead, you simpleton; you went to the fair, and laid out all your money in buying

a cow. Not content with that, you changed it for bagpipes, on which you could not play, and which were not worth one-tenth of the money. You fool, you—you had no sooner got the bagpipes than you changed them for the gloves, which were not worth one-quarter of the money; and when you had got the gloves, you changed them for a poor miserable stick; and now for your forty guineas, cow, bagpipes, and gloves, you have nothing to show but that poor miserable stick, which you might have cut in any hedge." On this the bird laughed immoderately, and Mr. Vinegar, falling into a violent rage, threw the stick at its head. The stick lodged in the tree, and he returned to his wife without money, cow, bagpipes, gloves, or stick, and she instantly gave him such a sound cudgelling that she almost broke every bone in his skin.

LAZY JACK.[1]

ONCE upon a time there was a boy whose name was Jack, and he lived with his mother on a dreary common. They were very poor, and the old woman got her living by spinning, but Jack was so lazy that he would do nothing but bask in the sun in the hot weather, and sit by the corner of the hearth in the winter time. His mother could not persuade him to do anything for her, and was obliged at last to tell him that if he did not begin to work for his porridge she would turn him out to get his living as he could.

This threat at length roused Jack, and he went out and hired himself for the day to a neighbouring farmer for a penny; but as he was coming home, never having had any money in his possession before, he lost it in passing over a brook. "You stupid boy," said his mother, "you should have put it in your pocket." "I'll do so another time," replied Jack.

The next day Jack went out again and hired himself to a cowkeeper, who gave him a jar of milk for his day's work. Jack took the jar and put it into the large pocket of his jacket, spilling it all long before he got home. "Dear me!" said the old woman; "you should have carried it on your head." "I'll do so another time," said Jack.

The following day Jack hired himself again to a farmer, who agreed to give him a cream cheese for his services.

[1] J. O. Halliwell, *Popular Rhymes and Nursery Tales*, p. 37.

In the evening Jack took the cheese, and went home with it on his head. By the time he got home the cheese was completely spoilt, part of it being lost, and part matted with his hair. "You stupid lout," said his mother, "you should have carried it very carefully in your hands." "I'll do so another time," replied Jack.

The day after this Jack again went out, and hired himself to a baker, who would give him nothing for his work but a large tom-cat. Jack took the cat, and began carrying it very carefully in his hands, but in a short time pussy scratched him so much that he was compelled to let it go. When he got home, his mother said to him: "You silly fellow, you should have tied it with a string, and dragged it along after you." "I'll do so another time," said Jack.

The next day Jack hired himself to a butcher, who rewarded his labours by the handsome present of a shoulder of mutton. Jack took the mutton, tied it to a string, and trailed it along after him in the dirt, so that by the time he had got home the meat was completely spoilt. His mother was this time quite out of patience with him, for the next day was Sunday, and she was obliged to content herself with cabbage for her dinner. "You ninney-hammer," said she to her son, "you should have carried it on your shoulder." "I'll do so another time," replied Jack.

On the Monday Jack went once more, and hired himself to a cattle-keeper, who gave him a donkey for his trouble. Although Jack was very strong, he found some difficulty in hoisting the donkey on his shoulders, but at last he accomplished it, and began walking slowly home with his prize. Now it happened that in the course of his journey there lived a rich man with his only daughter, a beautiful girl, but unfortunately deaf and dumb; she had never laughed in her life, and the doctors said she would never

recover till somebody made her laugh. This young lady happened to be looking out of the window when Jack was passing with the donkey on his shoulders, the legs sticking up in the air, and the sight was so comical and strange that she burst out into a great fit of laughter, and immediately recovered her speech and hearing. Her father was overjoyed, and fulfilled his promise by marrying her to Jack, who was thus made a rich gentleman. They lived in a large house, and Jack's mother lived with them in great happiness until she died.

THE HISTORY OF TOM THUMB.[1]

It is said that in the days of the celebrated Prince Arthur, who was king of Britain in the year 516, there lived a great magician, called Merlin, the most learned and skilful enchanter in the world at that time.

This famous magician, who could assume any form he pleased, was travelling in the disguise of a poor beggar, and being very much fatigued, he stopped at the cottage of an honest ploughman to rest himself, and asked for some refreshment.

The countryman gave him a hearty welcome, and his wife, who was a very good-hearted, hospitable woman, soon brought him some milk in a wooden bowl, and some coarse brown bread on a platter.

Merlin was much pleased with this homely repast and the kindness of the ploughman and his wife; but he could not help observing that though everything was neat and comfortable in the cottage, they seemed both to be very dispirited and unhappy. He therefore questioned them on the cause of their melancholy, and learned that they were miserable because they had no children.

The poor woman declared, with tears in her eyes, that she should be the happiest creature in the world if she had a son; and although he was no bigger than her husband's thumb, she would be satisfied.

[1] From a Chap-book—*The Comical and Merry Tricks of Tom Thumb.* Paisley (*circa* 1820).

Merlin was so much amused with the idea of a boy no bigger than a man's thumb, that he determined to pay a visit to the queen of the fairies, and request her to gratify the poor woman's wish. The droll fancy of such a little personage among the human race pleased the fairy queen too, exceedingly, and she promised Merlin that the wish should be granted. Accordingly, in a short time after, the ploughman's wife was safely delivered of a son, who, wonderful to relate! was not a bit bigger than his father's thumb.

The fairy queen, wishing to see the little fellow thus born into the world, came in at the window while the mother was sitting up in the bed admiring him. The queen kissed the child, and, giving it the name of Tom Thumb, sent for some of the fairies, who dressed her little favourite according to the instructions she gave them:

> "An oak-leaf hat he had for his crown;
> His shirt of web by spiders spun;
> With jacket wove of thistle's down;
> His trowsers were of feathers done.
> His stockings, of apple-rind, they tie
> With eyelash from his mother's eye:
> His shoes were made of mouse's skin,
> Tann'd with the downy hair within."

It is remarkable that Tom never grew any larger than his father's thumb, which was only of an ordinary size; but as he got older he became very cunning and full of tricks. When he was old enough to play with the boys, and had lost all his own cherry-stones, he used to creep into the bags of his playfellows, fill his pockets, and, getting out unobserved, would again join in the game.

One day, however, as he was coming out of a bag of cherry-stones, where he had been pilfering as usual, the

boy to whom it belonged chanced to see him. "Ah, ha! my little Tommy," said the boy, "so I have caught you stealing my cherry-stones at last, and you shall be rewarded for your thievish tricks." On saying this, he drew the string tight round his neck, and gave the bag such a hearty shake, that poor little Tom's legs, thighs, and body were sadly bruised. He roared out with pain, and begged to be let out, promising never to be guilty of such bad practices again.

A short time afterwards his mother was making a batter-pudding, and Tom, being very anxious to see how it was made, climbed up to the edge of the bowl; but unfortunately his foot slipped, and he plumped over head and ears into the batter, unobserved by his mother, who stirred him into the pudding-bag, and put him in the pot to boil.

The batter had filled Tom's mouth, and prevented him from crying; but, on feeling the hot water, he kicked and struggled so much in the pot, that his mother thought that the pudding was bewitched, and, instantly pulling it out of the pot, she threw it to the door. A poor tinker, who was passing by, lifted up the pudding, and, putting it into his budget, he then walked off. As Tom had now got his mouth cleared of the batter, he then began to cry aloud, which so frightened the tinker that he flung down the pudding and ran away. The pudding being broke to pieces by the fall, Tom crept out covered over with the batter, and with difficulty walked home. His mother, who was very sorry to see her darling in such a woful state, put him into a tea-cup, and soon washed off the batter; after which she kissed him, and laid him in bed.

Soon after the adventure of the pudding, Tom's mother went to milk her cow in the meadow, and she took him along with her. As the wind was very high, for fear of

being blown away, she tied him to a thistle with a piece of fine thread. The cow soon observed the oak-leaf hat, and, liking the appearance of it, took poor Tom and the thistle at one mouthful. While the cow was chewing the thistle Tom was afraid of her great teeth, which threatened to crush him in pieces, and he roared out as loud as he could: "Mother, mother!"

"Where are you, Tommy, my dear Tommy?" said his mother.

"Here, mother," replied he, "in the red cow's mouth."

His mother began to cry and wring her hands; but the cow, surprised at the odd noise in her throat, opened her mouth and let Tom drop out. Fortunately his mother caught him in her apron as he was falling to the ground, or he would have been dreadfully hurt. She then put Tom in her bosom and ran home with him.

Tom's father made him a whip of a barley straw to drive the cattle with, and having one day gone into the fields, he slipped a foot and rolled into the furrow. A raven, which was flying over, picked him up, and flew with him to the top of a giant's castle that was near the sea-side, and there left him.

Tom was in a dreadful state, and did not know what to do; but he was soon more dreadfully frightened; for old Grumbo the giant came up to walk on the terrace, and observing Tom, he took him up and swallowed him like a pill.

The giant had no sooner swallowed Tom than he began to repent what he had done; for Tom began to kick and jump about so much that he felt very uncomfortable, and at last threw him up again into the sea. A large fish swallowed Tom the moment he fell into the sea, which was soon after caught, and bought for the table of King

Arthur. When they opened the fish in order to cook it, every one was astonished at finding such a little boy, and Tom was quite delighted at regaining his liberty. They carried him to the king, who made Tom his dwarf, and he soon grew a great favourite at court; for by his tricks and gambols he not only amused the king and queen, but also all the knights of the Round Table.

It is said that when the king rode out on horseback, he frequently took Tom along with him, and if a shower came on, he used to creep into his majesty's waistcoat pocket, where he slept till the rain was over.

King Arthur one day interrogated Tom about his parents, wishing to know if they were as small as he was, and what circumstances they were in. Tom told the king that his father and mother were as tall as any of the persons about court, but in rather poor circumstances. On hearing this, the king carried Tom to his treasury, the place where he kept all his money, and told him to take as much money as he could carry home to his parents, which made the poor little fellow caper with joy. Tom went immediately to procure a purse, which was made of a water-bubble, and then returned to the treasury, where he received a silver threepenny-piece to put into it.

Our little hero had some difficulty in lifting the burden upon his back; but he at last succeeded in getting it placed to his mind, and set forward on his journey. However, without meeting with any accident, and after resting himself more than a hundred times by the way, in two days and two nights he reached his father's house in safety.

Tom had travelled forty-eight hours with a huge silver-piece on his back, and was almost tired to death, when his mother ran out to meet him, and carried him into the house.

Tom's parents were both happy to see him, and the more so as he had brought such an amazing sum of money with him; but the poor little fellow was excessively wearied, having travelled half a mile in forty-eight hours, with a huge silver threepenny-piece on his back. His mother, in order to recover him from the fatigue he had undergone, placed him in a walnut shell by the fireside, and feasted him for three days on a hazel-nut, which made him very sick; for a whole nut used to serve him a month.

Tom soon recovered; but as there had been a fall of rain, and the ground very wet, he could not travel back to King Arthur's court; therefore his mother, one day when the wind was blowing in that direction, made a little parasol of cambric paper, and tying Tom to it, she gave him a puff into the air with her mouth, which soon carried him to the king's palace. The king, queen, and all the nobility were happy to see Tom again at court, where he delighted them by his dexterity at tilts and tournaments; but his exertions to please them cost him very dear, and brought on such a severe fit of illness that his life was despaired of.

However, the queen of the fairies, hearing of his indisposition, came to court in a chariot drawn by flying mice, and placing Tom by her side, drove through the air without stopping till they arrived at her palace. After restoring him to health, and permitting him to enjoy all the gay diversion of Fairy-land, the queen commanded a strong current of air to arise, on which she placed Tom, who floated upon it like a cork in the water, and sent him instantly to the royal palace of King Arthur.

Just at the time when Tom came flying across the court-yard of the palace, the cook happened to be passing with the king's great bowl of furmenty, which was a dish his majesty was very fond of; but unfortunately the poor little

fellow fell plump into the middle of it, and splashed the hot furmenty about the cook's face.

The cook, who was an ill-natured fellow, being in a terrible rage at Tom for frightening and scalding him with the furmenty, went straight to the king, and represented that Tom had jumped into the royal furmenty, and thrown it down out of mere mischief. The king was so enraged when he heard this, that he ordered Tom to be seized and tried for high treason; and there being no person who dared to plead for him, he was condemned to be beheaded immediately.

On hearing this dreadful sentence pronounced, poor Tom fell a-trembling with fear, but, seeing no means of escape, and observing a miller close to him gaping with his great mouth, as country boobies do at a fair, he took a leap, and fairly jumped down his throat. This exploit was done with such activity that not one person present saw it, and even the miller did not know the trick which Tom had played upon him. Now, as Tom had disappeared, the court broke up, and the miller went home to his mill.

When Tom heard the mill at work, he knew he was clear of the court, and therefore he began to tumble and roll about, so that the poor miller could get no rest, thinking he was bewitched; so he sent for a doctor. When the doctor came, Tom began to dance and sing; and the doctor, being as much frightened as the miller, sent in haste for five other doctors and twenty learned men.

When they were debating upon the cause of this extraordinary occurrence, the miller happened to yawn, when Tom, embracing the opportunity, made another jump, and alighted safely upon his feet on the middle of the table.

The miller, who was very much provoked at being

tormented by such a little pigmy creature, fell into a terrible rage, and, laying hold of Tom, he then opened the window, and threw him into the river. At the moment the miller let Tom drop a large salmon swimming along at the time saw him fall, and snapped him up in a minute. A fisherman caught the salmon, and sold it in the market to the steward of a great lord. The nobleman, on seeing the fish, thought it so uncommonly fine that he made a present of it to King Arthur, who ordered it to be dressed immediately. When the cook cut open the fish, he found poor Tom, and ran to the king with him; but his majesty, being engaged with state affairs, ordered him to be taken away, and kept in custody till he sent for him.

The cook was determined that Tom should not slip out of his hands this time, so he put him into a mouse-trap, and left him to peep through the wires. Tom had remained in the trap a whole week, when he was sent for by King Arthur, who pardoned him for throwing down the furmenty, and took him again into favour. On account of his wonderful feats of activity, Tom was knighted by the king, and went under the name of the renowned Sir Thomas Thumb. As Tom's clothes had suffered much in the batter-pudding, the furmenty, and the insides of the giant, miller, and fishes, his majesty ordered him a new suit of clothes, and to be mounted as a knight.

"Of Butterfly's wings his shirt was made,
His boots of chicken's hide;
And by a nimble fairy blade,
Well learned in the tailoring trade,
His clothing was supplied.—
A needle dangled by his side;
A dapper mouse he used to ride,
Thus strutted Tom in stately pride!"

It was certainly very diverting to see Tom in this dress, and mounted on the mouse, as he rode out a-hunting with the king and nobility, who were all ready to expire with laughter at Tom and his fine prancing charger.

One day, as they were riding by a farmhouse, a large cat, which was lurking about the door, made a spring, and seized both Tom and his mouse. She then ran up a tree with them, and was beginning to devour the mouse; but Tom boldly drew his sword, and attacked the cat so fiercely that she let them both fall, when one of the nobles caught him in his hat, and laid him on a bed of down, in a little ivory cabinet.

The queen of the fairies came soon after to pay Tom a visit, and carried him back to Fairy-land, where he remained several years. During his residence there, King Arthur, and all the persons who knew Tom, had died; and as he was desirous of being again at court, the fairy queen, after dressing him in a suit of clothes, sent him flying through the air to the palace, in the days of King Thunstone, the successor of Arthur. Every one flocked round to see him, and being carried to the king, he was asked who he was—whence he came—and where he lived? Tom answered:

"My name is Tom Thumb,
From the fairies I've come.
When King Arthur shone,
This court was my home.
In me he delighted,
By him I was knighted;
Did you never hear of Sir Thomas Thumb?"

The king was so charmed with this address that he ordered a little chair to be made, in order that Tom might sit upon his table, and also a palace of gold, a span high,

with a door an inch wide, to live in. He also gave him a coach, drawn by six small mice.

The queen was so enraged at the honours conferred on Sir Thomas that she resolved to ruin him, and told the king that the little knight had been saucy to her.

The king sent for Tom in great haste, but being fully aware of the danger of royal anger, he crept into an empty snail-shell, where he lay for a considerable time, until he was almost starved with hunger; but at last he ventured to peep out, and perceiving a fine large butterfly on the ground, near the place of his concealment, he approached very cautiously, and getting himself placed astride on it, was immediately carried up into the air. The butterfly flew with him from tree to tree and from field to field, and at last returned to the court, where the king and nobility all strove to catch him; but at last poor Tom fell from his seat into a watering-pot, in which he was almost drowned.

When the queen saw him she was in a rage, and said he should be beheaded; and he was again put into a mouse-trap until the time of his execution.

However, a cat, observing something alive in the trap, patted it about till the wires broke, and set Thomas at liberty.

The king received Tom again into favour, which he did not live to enjoy, for a large spider one day attacked him; and although he drew his sword and fought well, yet the spider's poisonous breath at last overcame him;

> "He fell dead on the ground where he stood,
> And the spider suck'd every drop of his blood."

King Thunstone and his whole court were so sorry at the loss of their little favourite, that they went into mourning,

and raised a fine white marble monument over his grave, with the following epitaph:

"Here lyes Tom Thumb, King Arthur's knight,
Who died by a spider's cruel bite.
He was well known in Arthur's court,
Where he afforded gallant sport;
He rode at tilt and tournament,
And on a mouse a-hunting went.
Alive he filled the court with mirth;
His death to sorrow soon gave birth.
Wipe, wipe your eyes, and shake your head
And cry,—Alas! Tom Thumb is dead!"

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